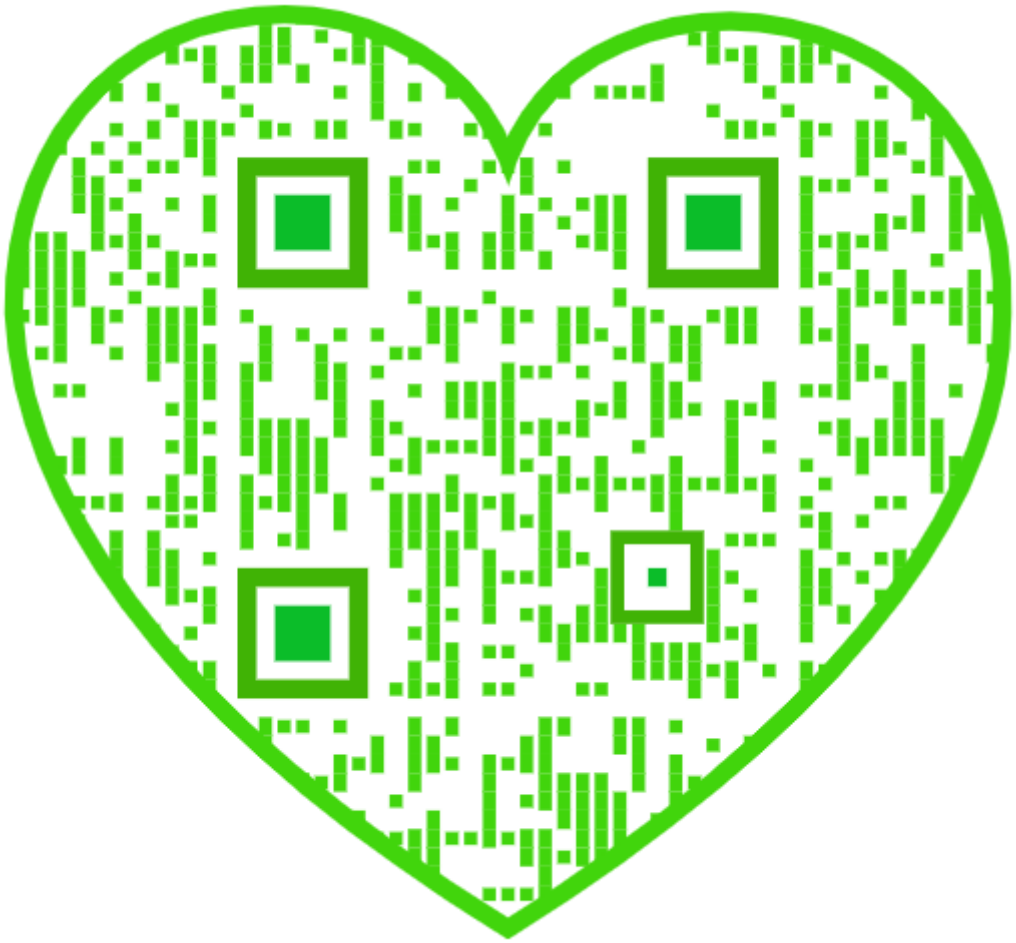
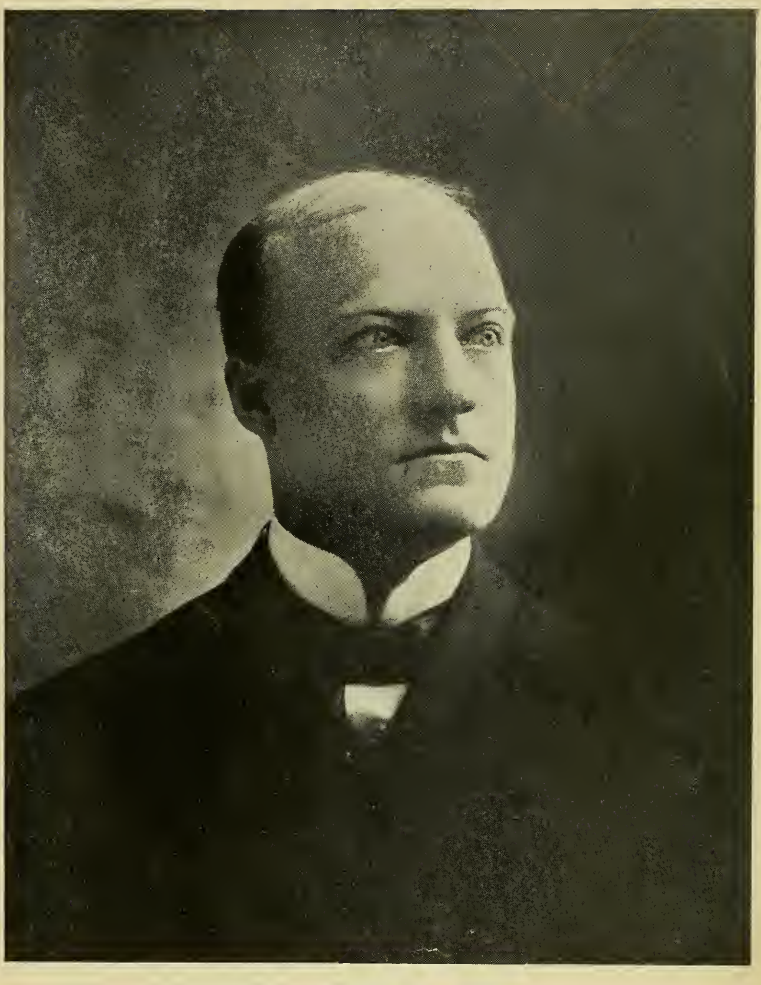




HON. HEBER M. WELLS.
(The War Governor.)

[Photo by Johnson.]

THE HISTORY

OF THE

UTAH VOLUNTEERS

IN THE

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

AND IN THE

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

A Complete History of all the Military Organizations in which Utah Men Served. Life and Service from the Time of the Muster in to the Day of the Muster Out.

IN TWO PARTS.

Incidents of Camp and Field Life.

Biographical Sketches of Officers and Men Engaged in the Service. Rosters. Official Reports. Special Articles by Eminent Writers.

Copiously Illustrated.

W. F. FORD, Publisher. A. PRENTISS, Editor.

TWO COPIES RECEIVED.
Library of Congress,
Office of the
MAY 5 - 1900
Register of Copyrights.

56540

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1900, by WILLIAM F. FORD, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

D
S683
.U5F9

SECOND COPY.

5093
Feb. 24, 1900.

TRIBUNE JOB PRINTING CO., SALT LAKE.

In Memory

OF THE HEROIC DEAD, WHO OFFERED UP THEIR LIVES UPON THE ALTAR OF THEIR COUNTRY;

In Honor

OF THE OTHER UTAH VOLUNTEERS WHO OFFERED THEIR LIVES TO THEIR COUNTRY'S CALL;

In Grateful Appreciation

OF THE LIBERALITY AND PATRIOTISM OF

MRS. A. R. C. SMITH

AND OTHER PATRONS WHO SO NOBLY SUSTAINED THE EFFORTS OF THE UTAH VOLUNTEER HISTORY ASSOCIATION, THIS WORK IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED BY ITS EDITOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL CAUSES LEADING UP TO THE WAR.

Racial Antipathies—Two Exponents of Civilization..... 13

CHAPTER II.

THE CONFLICT BEGINS.

How the News of the Blowing Up of the "Maine" was Received in Salt Lake City—United States Troops Leave Utah for Chickamauga—Requisitions of the Government upon Utah for Volunteers— Governor Wells' Proclamation 18

CHAPTER III.

THE CAVALRY TROOP.

(By Sergeant H. H. Atkinson.)

Troop Accepted—Departure for San Francisco—Camp Life—Ordered to Yosemite—Life in the Parks—Muster Out—Roster—Biographical Sketches of Captain Joseph E. Caine, Lieutenant Benner X. Smith and Lieutenant Gordon N. Kimball..... 32

CHAPTER V.

TORREY'S ROUGH RIDERS.

Troop I, Second Regiment, U. S. Cavalry—Enlistment—Equipment—Service—Muster Out—Roster—Biographical Sketches of General Jno. Q. Cannon, Captain J. Wash Young and Lieutenant Andrew J. Burt..... 50

CHAPTER V.

(By Captain Frank W. Jennings).

BATTERY C, UTAH U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

Recruiting—Drilling Without Equipment—Departure to Presidio—Ordered to Angel Island—Equipped as Cavalry—Barracks Life—Muster Out—Roster—Notes by Captain Jennings on Angel Island—Biographical Sketches of Captain Frank W. Jennings and Lieutenant J. D. Murphy..... 59

CHAPTER VI.

U. S. VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS.

(By Private Will A. Leatham.)

Created by Special Act of Congress—Formation—Trip to San Francisco—Presidio—Ordered to Honolulu—Camp McKinley—Sights and Scenes—Return—Muster Out—Roster..... 68

CHAPTER VII.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

Discovery—Geography—Soil, Climate and Resources—Importance in Pacific—Character and Condition of Present Population—Volcanoes..... 77

CHAPTER VIII.

HAWAIIAN HISTORY.

Abandoned Character of Moral Life—Kamehameha the Great—Kanakas a Dying Race—Cause..... 81

CHAPTER IX.

U. S. PACKERS.

Old Mining Prospectors Gather at the Fort—Throwing the Diamond Hitch—Departure for Jacksonville, Fla.—Packing in Cuba—Life at the Front—San Juan—Partial Roster..... 86

CHAPTER X.

SAN JUAN.

Fearful Physical Difficulties—Dependence upon Eight Pack Teams—Necessity for Rushing the Soldiers Forward—First Engagement—Storming San Juan—The Gallant Twenty-fourth—They Remember Something..... 92

CHAPTER XI.

THE VOLUNTEERS IN THE REGULAR ARMY.

(By Private A. B. Edler.)

High Hopes and Aspirations—Camp Life—Parting Scenes—Inner Life of a Soldier—Chasm Between Officers and Privates—The Soldier Sick—The Hospital—A Volunteer's Death—Roster..... 106

CHAPTER XII.

THE REGULAR ARMY.

(By General W. H. Penrose.)

Its Place and Value to the Nation—Function to Provide Nucleus for the Volunteer Army and Furnish it Competent Officers—Time it Takes to Make Volunteer Army Efficient..... 119

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COLORED SOLDIER.

Found Battling in Every American War—His Part Forms the Romance of North American History—His Superb Courage on the Bloody Balaklava of Cuba—His Sublime Heroism in the Hospital at Siboney—Splendid Tributes from General J. Ford Kent..... 124

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY.

Summary of Work in Salt Lake City and Ogden—Reports by Respective Secretaries..... 128

CERTIFICATE OF REVIEWING COMMITTEE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

Departure of the Famous Twenty-fourth—The President's Call—The War Governor's Proclamation—The Muster in at Fort Douglas—The Assignment to the Philippines—San Francisco—Embarkation.. 137

CHAPTER II.

BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

(Contributed by Lieutenant Pearson.)

The Sudden Call—The Desperate Issue Before the Great Admiral—Equipment—Seeking the Foe—Desperate Odds—Final Commands The Entrance—Battle—Victory..... 143

CHAPTER III.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

An Epoch-making Event—Discovery—Philip II.—Li Ma Hong—Church and State—Successive Revolts 153

CHAPTER IV.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS TODAY.

Area and Square Miles—Situation—Population—Character of the Eighty Tribes—the Malays—Resources 154

CHAPTER V.

SOLDIER LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Into the Bay—Landing—Rain—Difficulties—Camp Life—The Spaniards' Last Attack—Occidental Grit in an Oriental Typhoon and Battle —The Result 164

CHAPTER VI.

Spain's Forlorn Hope—Will the American Volunteer Stand—A Wild Night—The Answer of the Utah Guns 179

CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE MANILA.

A Most Wretched Week—In the Trenches—It Ends in Action—Spain's Last Stand—Coolidge's Story 187

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF MANILA.

Sunday, the 13th—The International Sympathies of the Warship—The Fleet Opens the Engagement—The Assault—The Surrender—The Sequel 192

CHAPTER IX.

THE INTERIM.

The Close of the War with Spain—Inaction—Dissatisfaction—Petition to Return—Diversions—The Widening Breach 199

CHAPTER X.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

Desperate Efforts of the Natives to Burn Manila—Street Encounters—Failure of Conspiracy—Beaten at Every Turn 206

CHAPTER XI.

TWO QUESTIONS.

Lack of a Definite Policy—The Independence Idea—The American Government's Hard Problem—Malay Character—Strained Relations—Utter Absurdity of Native Self-Government 210

CHAPTER XII.

THE RUPTURE.

Conciliation—Insurgent Scare—Katipunan Society—Tagalo Contempt for American Soldiers—The Reason—The Clash 222

CHAPTER XIII.

TAGALO WAR.

Evidences and Reasons for Tagalo Contempt—The Result—A Regular's Story—A Volunteer's Journal—The Hopelessness of the Situation The Tagalo Scheme 232

CHAPTER XIV.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF MAJOR YOUNG TO THE ADJUTANT- GENERAL FROM FEBRUARY 4TH TO 15TH.

Individual Reports of Subordinate Officers 243

CHAPTER XV.

BATTLE OF LA LOMA.

The Campaign Begins—Brilliant Report by Correspondent McCutcheon —Arrangement of Forces—Special Official Report of Major Young —Description of the Actions of the Batterymen—The Advance—Firing—The Bloody Plain of Polo—The Cost 269

CHAPTER XIV.

CALOOCAN.

Advance of the American Forces and Bombardment of Malabon, March 23, 1899 282

CHAPTER XVII.

MARILAO.

The Third Day of the Advance—Splendid Work of the Infantry—Crossing the River—Colonel Funston—Special Report of Major Young on the Superb Work of the Batterymen 285

CHAPTER XVIII.

GUIGUINTO.

The First Confusion—The Rally—The Utah Guns to the Rescue—Chasing Pigs and Chickens..... 292

CHAPTER XIX

MALOLOS.

The Enemy's Capital—Its Easy Fall—Vicarious Atonement—An Epitaph..... 295

CHAPTER XX.

THE BAG BAG.

Utah Guns to the Front—Hot Work—Major Young and His Four Guns—Colonel Stotsenberg's Death.. 299

CHAPTER XXI.

CALUMPIT.

The Sepulchre of the American Army—General Luna's Confidence—Reasons for It—Effective Work of the Artillery—Swimming Across the River—Crossing on Rafts—Colonel Funston Again—Crawling Over on the Wrecked Bridge—Rally of Insurgents—Attack—Repulse—Apalit Taken 304

CHAPTER XXII.

SANTO TOMAS.

Peace Overtures—Warm Work of the Artillery—Bridge Destroyed by Insurgents—Flight and Chase—Suffering from Heat and Thirst—Trainload of Insurgents Leave Santo Tomas as Americans Enter It..... 312

CHAPTER XXIII.

SAN FERNANDO.

A Tame Capture—Difficulties of Approach—Wading Through Mud and Water—Stand at the Bridge—Running Street Fight—Burned by Insurgents..... 316

CHAPTER XXIV.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

Major Young and Other Artillery Officers Report Their Operations During the Months of April and May, 1899..... 318

CHAPTER XXV.

SANTA CRUZ.

General Lawton and His Troops Embark in Cascoes from San Pedro Macati—Major Grant's Flagship—Work of the Tin-Clad Fleet—Advance of Cavalry—Capture—Terrible Slaughter of Natives..... 351

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAWTON'S EXPEDITION.

Column Starts North to Head off Enemy—Insurgents Taken by Surprise—Slight Resistance—Second Expedition—Resistance Sufficient to Check Advance and Enable Natives to Escape—Tay Tay—Paranaque—Las Pinas..... 354

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOME AGAIN.

The Last Engagement—Official Confirmation of Rumor of Return—Embarkation—Exemplary Conduct in Japan and in San Francisco—Muster Out—Governor's Proclamation in Regard to Reception—Enthusiastic and Extensive Preparations at Home—Arrival—Parade—Speeches—Ceremonies—A Royal Banquet..... 356

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAJOR RICHARD W. YOUNG.

A Biographical Sketch by B. H. Roberts..... 369

CHAPTER XXIX.

MAJOR F. A. GRANT.

A Biographical Sketch by Very Rev. Father D. Kiely—Additional Notes by the Editor..... 375

CHAPTER XXX.

CAPTAIN E. A. WEDGWOOD. 379

CHAPTER XXXI.

CAPTAIN JOHN F. CRITCHLOW. 381

CHAPTER XXXII.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE A. SEAMON. 382

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LIEUTENANT FRANK T. HINES. 384

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LIEUTENANT R. C. NAYLOR. 386

CHAPTER XXXV.

LIEUTENANT ORRIN R. GROW. 388

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM C. WEBB. 390

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FIRST LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. GIBBS. 392

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LIEUTENANT J. A. ANDERSON.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ROSTER OF BATTERIES A AND B, UTAH LIGHT ARTILLERY, U. S. V. 394

Muster In—Names and Addresses—Note by Major Young—Battalion Organization—Killed in Action—Died of Disease—Wounded—Promotions of Commissioned Officers—Principal Engagements—Notes—Additional List—Note..... 394

CHAPTER XL.

IN MEMORIA OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

(By Judge C. C. Goodwin.) 416

Obituaries of Those Who Died—"Our Silent Heroes," by J. G. Weaver, Upon the Return of the Bodies.

ADDENDA. 423

Utah Volunteer Monument Association—Joint Resolution of the Legislature of Utah in Commendation of the Utah Batteries. Biographical Sketches of Assistant Surgeon T. George Odell, Captain Walter C. Shoup and Lieutenant Sidney K. Hooper.

ERRATA. 430

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Hon. Heber M. Wells ..... Frontispiece
Mrs. A. R. C. Smith 1
Lieutenant Gordon N. Kimball 40
Lieutenant Sidney K. Hooper 41
First Landing on Spanish Soil 44
Group of First Troop, Utah Volunteer Cavalry 45
Captain Joseph E. Caine 48
Lieutenant Benner X. Smith 49
Group of Torrey's Rough Riders 52
A Bit of San Juan 53
Captain John Q. Cannon 56
Lieutenant Andrew J. Burt 57
Captain Frank W. Jennings 64
Lieutenant John D. Murphy 65
Camp Life 72
Battery C, Utah Volunteers 73
Colonel Willard Young 88
Kaliuwaa Falls, Hawaii—Women Bathing 89
Utah Volunteer Packers 96
Utah Boys in the Regulars 97-241
Mrs. J. Wash Young 128
Major Richard W. Young 137
Lieutenant Henry A. Pearson 152
Assistant Surgeon T. George Odell, United States Navy 153
Philippine Natives 161
Map of the Philippine Islands 168

Sighting a Gun 185
Our Famous Battery Boys 224-225-240-256-356-357
Utah Artillery at Blockhouse 257
Lieutenant W. C. Webb 392
Brigadier-General H. G. Otis in the field with staff and orderlies..... 353
Steamship "China" with Batteries A and B, Utah Light Artillery..... 361
Major Frank A. Grant 376
Captain Edgar A. Wedgwood 380
Captain John F. Critchlow 381
Lieutenant George A. Seaman 384
Lieutenant Frank T. Hines 385
Lieutenant Ray C. Naylor 388
Lieutenant Orrin R. Grow 389
Lieutenant George W. Gibbs 393
Gun Detachment 408
Where One of Utah Shells Struck 409
Sergeant Ford Fisher 412
Friends 413
Captain Walter C. Shoup 416

THE LIST OF PATRONS

To whose generosity and patriotism the success of this literary monument to the Utah Volunteers is to be accredited. Of them may it be handed down to all coming ages that they "have done what they could."

SALT LAKE CITY.

Heber M. Wells, Governor.
J. T. Hammond, Secretary of State.
Morgan Richards, Jr., Auditor of State.
James Chipman, Treasurer of State.
A. C. Bishop, Attorney-General.
G. W. Bartch, Chief Justice.
R. N. Baskin, Associate Justice.
A. G. Norrell, District Judge.
D. C. Dunbar, County Clerk.
G. A. Whitaker, County Commissioner.
G. H. Backman, ex-City Recorder.
B. B. Quinn, County Assessor.
George H. Wood, County Auditor.
C. S. Wilkes, County Surveyor.
C. S. Burton, Adjutant-General.
Col. N. W. Clayton, Quartermaster-General.
Dr. S. H. Pinkerton, Surgeon-General.
Dr. W. Y. Croxall, Assistant Surgeon-General.
Col. Theodore Bruback, Aide-de-Camp.
Col. W. G. Nebeker, Aide-de-Camp.
Col. M. L. Ritchie, Colonel First Infantry.
Col. J. Q. Cannon, Brigadier-General.
Maj. H. M. H. Lund, Major U. N. G.
Hon. Frank J. Cannon.
Hon. B. H. Roberts.
F. S. Harris, State Land Board.
William M. Roylance, Speaker of House.
W. W. Chisholm.
John Q. Packard.
A. W. McCune.
David Keith.
Thomas Kearns.
A. H. Tarbet.
Geo. A. Snow.
M. E. Mulvey.
H. W. Lawrence.
Ezra Thompson.
William Hatfield.
D. H. Peery, Jr.
W. A. Nelden.
John Clark.
Arthur L. Thomas, P. M.
Spencer Clawson.
Jacob B. Blair, Surveyor-General.
C. M. Freed.
W. F. Snyder.
E. W. Senior.
J. P. Gardner.
George M. Cannon, Manager.
Lorenzo Snow, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
C. W. Penrose, editor Deseret News.
George T. Odell.
Windsor V. Rice.
Moses Thatcher.
The Tribune Publishing Company.
The Herald Publishing Company.
W. H. Dale.
George E. Blair.
C. F. Wilcox, M. D.
Keogh-Hosmer Private Hospital.
W. F. Beer, M. D.
E. G. Rognon.

Edward S. Ferry.
Albert Richter.
G. Y. Wallace.
W. Mont Ferry.
P. P. Christensen.
Young & Young.
C. F. Hudson.
H. L. Driver.
Joseph Enzensperger.
Shores & Shores.
W. H. Edwards.
H. R. Anderson.
J. L. Davis.
W. A. Robinson.

OGDEN.

Mrs. A. R. C. Smith.
John Scowcroft & Sons, merchants.
William Glasmann, editor Standard.
H. H. Spencer.
George J. Kelly, assistant postmaster.
G. H. Corse, agent U. P. R. R.
Isaac Beitman, cigars.
E. W. Wade.
M. C. Breeden, attorney.
C. E. Layne, Sheriff.
George M. Hanson, Deputy Treasurer.
E. A. Littlefield, Utah State Journal.
George Halverson, County Attorney.
William Allison, Superintendent, Schools.
A. F. Richey.
Daniel Hamer, official stenographer.
C. A. Smurthwaite, merchant.
D. H. Ensign, manager Ogden Implement Co.
Charles Meighan, postmaster.
John R. Brown, wholesale produce dealer.
E. F. Schramm, jeweler.
Fred J. Kiesel, wholesale merchant.
M. S. Browning, Mayor.
Henry H. Rolapp, District Judge.
E. M. Allison, Jr., attorney.
L. S. Boggs, engineer.
R. A. Moyes, City Treasurer.
A. S. Condon, City Physician.
A. McLaren Boyle, furniture.
Alma D. Chambers, Treasurer Weber county.
James N. Kimball, attorney.
H. J. Powers, M. D.
John E. Bluth, City Recorder.
E. S. Rolapp, clerk, Board of Education.
H. C. Wardleigh, post commander G. A. R.
C. B. Hollingsworth, clerk District court.
J. C. Nye, real estate.
C. A. Linquist, undertaker.
Herbert R. MacMillan, City Attorney.
J. F. Grant, manager C. I. Co.
N. H. Ines, real estate.

PROVO.

C. E. Loose, banker.
Fred Nelson, Utah County Democrat.
S. D. Jones, Ex-Mayor.
Thomas M. Taylor, Mayor.
Mattie E. Vogel.
Samuel R. Thurman, attorney.
J. E. Booth, District Judge.
Milton H. Hardy, M. D., Supt. Insane Asylum.
George Havercamp, County Clerk.
George Storrs, Sheriff.
C. F. Decker, produce.
Samuel H. Allen, M. D., surgeon R. G. W.
Reed Smoot, President Provo Woolen Mills.
John R. Twelves, mining.
Benj. Cluff, Jr., President Brigham Young Academy.
Royal A. Barney, merchandise.
Andrew Egertson, merchandise.
George E. Robinson, County Physician.
Kitty A. Hines.
Thomas John, City Attorney.
Jacob Evans, County Attorney.
D. D. Houtz, attorney.
M. M. Warner, attorney.
Smoot & Rayland.

Albert Singleton, merchandise.
Walter R. Pike, M. D.

LOGAN.

George W. Thatcher.
Earl and England Publishing Co.
The Nation Co.
W. C. Cates.
Dr. J. M. Tanner.
W. J. Kerr.
T. D. Robert.
A. L. Fleming.

TINTIC.

Fred Staufer, M. D., Mayor.
Tintic Publishing Co.
J. W. Hurd.
Bullion-Beck Store.
J. A. Hunt.
J. P. Driscoll.
Joseph Fryer.
D. D. Hanks.
E. H. Watson, City Justice.
J. C. McChrystal.
Whitney Goodrich.
M. M. Donovan.
J. X. Ferguson.
Delos Lombard.
W. M. Nesbit.
M. D. Howlett.
John Moreley.
Stott & Jennifer.
Crooks & Morse.
Holzheimer & Holzheimer.
J. J. Mathews.
Gus H. Henroid, Marshal.
Donohue & Cassell.
J. T. Sullivan.
J. C. Kirkendall.
James Morgan.

MERCUR.

James N. Louder, publisher Mercury.
William Waterfall, City Recorder.
F. D. Kimball, banker.
M. C. Bowman, merchandise.
John W. Lawrence.
J. B. Palmer, Palmer hotel.
E. J. Warner, lumber.
Charles H. Heritage, liquor dealer.
J. L. May, assayer.
R. L. Whitehead.
A. M. Ashby, M. E.
Thomas B. Wilde, ex-Mayor.
A. H. Dunlevy, City Justice.
L. L. Woodruff.
F. H. Peters.
Gane & French, Clothiers.
M. Mahnken.
Francis Hall.
F. H. Smith.
N. B. Dresser, publisher Miner.
Peter Anderson, merchandise.

MANTI.

E. V. Hardy.
P. A. Poulson.
W. K. Reid.
R. B. Byron.
L. Tuttle.
William J. Hosford.
W. W. Crawford.
Louis Anderson.
Clarence Christensen.
Charles Christensen.
A. C. Nelson.
L. T. Tuttle.

MT. PLEASANT.

O. C. Anderson.
Webster Green.
J. W. Nicholson.
Thomas Braby.
S. X. Christensen.
C. J. Jensen.
James Wilson.

EPHRAIM.

Willard Peterson.
S. J. Johnson.
C. A. Larsen.
Adolph Hanson.
C. Z. Byergo.
A. C. Bosen.

SPRING CITY.

Fred Mickel.
Oscar Clawson.

MORGAN COUNTY.

D. Heiner.
T. S. Wadsworth, M. D.
J. Kippen.
R. Olsen.
S. Francis.
O. W. Covington.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. G. Lamb, Park City.
W. E. Boyd, Park City.
William Buys, Wasatch Wave, Heber.
M. A. Williamson, editor, Murray.
J. W. Clyde, Heber.
David Thomas, Farmington.
Vernal Express.
Washington County News.
Iron County Record.
Globe Header.
Millard Progress.
Richfield Reaper.
Sandy Sentinal.
Ephraim Enterprise.
Coalville Times.
Salina Press.
Panguitch Weekly Progress.
Morgan Mirror.
Park City Record.
Provo Enquirer.

OUR HEROES COME.

(From the Salt Lake Herald, February 4, 1900.)

I.

They come; our heroes come—
  Let music float upon the waking air,
Let cheers and sound of drum
  The deep emotions of our hearts declare

Unfurl the banners wide—
  Our starry banners, fling them to the breeze;
These are our joy, our pride—
  Our hero band come back from o'er the seas.

Wake, then, the cheer, the song—
  Let music echo in continuous strain;
We've missed our dear ones long,
  Give them a royal welcome home again.

II.

But what is this that breaks upon the sight?—
  A silent throng "with measured step and slow,"
All robed in garments sombre as the night—
  What meaneth it to greet our heroes so?

Where are the ones who, on that summer day,
  'Mid cheers of thousands and the prayers of all,
With heads erect, so proudly marched away—
  Gladly, in answer to their country's call?

We wait them now to bid them welcome home,
  O'er ocean's wave, from islands far away;
Not silent thus did their dear comrades come—
  Oh! can it be that this dumb band are they?

III.

But hark, from out this silent throng
That slowly, sadly moves along,
A voice is heard so still, so low
The heart alone can catch and know:

IV.

"They made us a grave in a land far away
From the home that we loved so well;
They buried us there at break of day,
Near the spot where we fought and fell.

"'Twas by comrades' hands we were laid to rest,
And they wept o'er our lowly bed;
'Twas the friends we knew and loved the best,
Who planted the flowers at our head.

"But the flowers were strange, and the trees above,
E'en the stars that vigils keep,
Were not the ones we had learned to love,
And beneath them we could not sleep.

"So we've journeyed far from an alien strand,
O'er the broad Pacific's wave,
To the home we loved in our native land;
And we only ask a grave."

V.

Oh, hearts true and brave, tho' in sorrow we've met you,
Our soul's deepest tribute of honor we give;
Nor through the long years can our spirit forget you—
Enshrined in our love you forever must live.

The spot where you rest must be sacred in story,
And dearer the land for whose honor you died,
Ours alone are the tears; for your deathless glory;
While a patriot heart in its country has pride.

—By J. G. Weaver.

MRS. A. R. C. SMITH.

EDITORIAL PREFACE.

The plan and scope of the History of the Utah Volunteers may be considered a unique and novel undertaking in literature from the standpoint of what is usually considered to be history.

Ordinarily it has been the custom of civilized peoples to erect permanent monuments to the memory of those whom they regard in the light of heroes. The commonest form for this monument to take is that of a stone shaft, erected generally long after the actors in the tragedy, which inspired their countrymen's tribute to their memory, have passed away and can have no earthly knowledge of the intended honor.

Later, when the events have become stale, the emotions aroused by them have been forgotten, the issues crystalized into political shibboleths, or the sentiments distorted by partisan feelings, comes the historian, who essays to reduce his mass of cold material to the form and symmetry of permanent history. How unsatisfactory this has been in the past is too well known to every historical student and scholar to need argument.

Later still, the poet may perpetuate in immortal verse, or the artist portray in deathless colors, isolated deeds and incidents.

But how superior to any and all of these is the literary

monument of a history compiled while the events are fresh in the memory of all, the personal sentiments and experiences of the *dramatis personæ* still green, and data, ephemeral in character but inestimable in value to the historian, are yet available!

This work, then, is primarily a literary monument erected, as it were, at the time and place the deeds and events intended to be recorded occurred. At any age prior to our own it would have been a physical impossibility to have produced "a full, complete and accurate account of the late wars"—to borrow the language of the Military Reviewing Committee. The typewriter, stenography, telegraphy and similar modern inventions place new mechanical powers within the control of the scholar; while the high intelligence and education pervading the ranks of an American army, together with the enterprise, trained powers of observation and fine scholarship of the war correspondents supply an abundance of ready-made material undreamed of by the historians of old. Should this departure prove a literary invention worthy of adoption by others the writer will feel amply compensated for this most exacting, exhausting and anxious labor lasting over a year. To the deep interest of the scholar is added the keen expectancy of the inventor, as he contemplates the reception of this work by the public.

His part has been modest and unpretentious enough—the work not of an author but of an editor, not to compose a story, but to marshal "a cloud of witnesses who encompass us around"—living, breathing, feeling witnesses. The design has been to let the actors and participants tell their own story wherever that has been possible, and where information or

opinion was demanded, to obtain the best living authority available. Sometimes there is little to tell of some organization, whose patriotism and devotion was just as lofty as any other; but that little has been told by its commanding officer in his own style and way, or by some soldier of lower rank selected for special qualifications therefor. The work thus becomes a treasury of facts and feelings, of experiences and impressions, of opinions and observations emanating from the volunteers themselves; and the effect sought is to leave upon the mind of the reader a composite picture of the American volunteer soldier as he actually existed.

This composite picture becomes permanent, and is as realistic to the reader a thousand years hence as to him of today. This design will be found to dominate the work and give to it a unity and homogeneity which the heterogeneous character of its composition would seem to defy, and calls for considerable thought and study to receive the full effects intended, which a mere cursory reading would fail to realize. Enough narrative and descriptive matter has been added to lend local coloring or serve for background shading. As a succession of living *dramatis personæ* sit to the camera of the mind, some composite picture must result and take shape as the general type of the United States Volunteer. For the truthfulness and fidelity of this effect the writer takes full responsibility, of course; and must look to time alone for the final verdict.

The enormous mass of material to be digested, the great number of organizations and persons to be considered has made the task one of exclusion rather than of comprehension; hence there may be many disappointments to those specially interested in any one particular event or person; but exclusion

of all details possible became imperative as the work progressed, and it now exceeds far the limits originally intended. Every reasonable effort was made to reach every returned soldier and secure from him a brief biographical sketch for the purpose of forming definite and accurate opinions upon all points involved, and his photograph for insertion. This has been a partial failure, attributable to the neglect of the volunteers themselves; but as a second edition is intended this can be remedied as to the pictures; fortunately, enough biographies have been received fully to answer the purposes intended.

The organizations have been treated in the order of their mustering out; all the space asked for by the contributor has been accorded each.

The writer desires to return his sincere thanks to a host of friends and patrons who have extended aid and sympathy in his work. The literary contributors receive credit generally in the work itself; but there are a great number, without whose material assistance this publication would have been impossible, who deserve special mention. To the patrons, a list of whose names are given elsewhere, is due the credit of contributing the necessary pecuniary assistance; and without their generous and patriotic aid the work would never have been undertaken. The sums donated vary from $5 to $100, but are not specified in order to avoid invidious distinctions.

One or two persons deserve special thanks. Mr. J. G. Weaver's reportorial skill and energy, in conjunction with his enthusiastic interest, contributed no mean aid to the success of the undertaking. Lieuts. Gibbs, Grow, Webb and other soldiers rendered valuable assistance; and almost every one

approached seemed animated with a desire to do what he could.

Conscious of the many imperfections occasioned by the haste and peculiar difficulties under which the work has been done, yet as a "work of faith and labor that proceedeth of love," this book is submitted to the generous consideration of the people of Utah by the EDITOR.

Salt Lake City, January 1, 1900.

INTRODUCTION

To the History of the Utah Volunteers by State Senator D. O. Rideout.

To maintain the divine rights of freemen upon the one hand, and to enforce the rule of tyrants upon the other, has been the ambition of man in all ages; in this never-ending struggle, "Wars have raged, thrones have tottered, nations perished, and heroes suffered." And yet the trend of human events has been upward and onward, and we see, or we think we see, over the hilltops of time the dawning of a brighter and a better day, when the nations shall learn the lessons of peace; and the divine injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self," become an ethical code, binding alike upon the nation and the individual; when each shall conceive that it is better to suffer a wrong than to do a wrong.

Such were the conditions that confronted the United States Government in 1897-8. War came, but it was not courted nor desired by the people. Every industry spoke of the value of peace, civilization, self interest and the pursuits of happiness pointed to and encouraged continued amity with all nations. To these, religion added its dictum: "Peace on earth and good will toward men."

In the year 1895 the people of Cuba declared for inde-

pendence and took up arms to maintain such declaration. To the observer the cause seemed hopeless, but the love of liberty had been planted deep in the dusky breasts of Cuba's defenders and no sacrifice was great enough to exhaust the measure of their patriotism. The warfare of Spain was so inhuman and so barbarous toward combatant and non-combatant alike, that this, coupled with the fact that the battleship "Maine," with her gallant crew had been destroyed whilst anchored at peace in Havana harbor, crystalized in the heart of the American people the determination that Spain's blighting influence in the Antilles should no longer retard the progress of civilization, nor longer blacken the pages of history. "Everything lovely in liberty, everything hallowed in the memory of those by whom it was won," everything sacred in our Declaration of Independence—cried out against the unholy purposes of Spain; and in behalf of Cuba's independence.

The news of the destruction of the "Maine" cast a deep gloom over the people. The sympathetic heart of the great Republic was filled with intermingled sorrow and indignation. It was an ordeal which tested the judgment of the most able and mature minds of the Nation. The people were undemonstrative and calm, but it was the calm that precedes the whirlwind; which like the "Burst of the ocean in the earthquake, rolls back in swift and mountainous ruin." Those who planned the demon act, planted the mine, smoothed the surface of the ruffled waters, and then guided the ship, freighted with precious human souls to the mooring, where cunning hands and cruel hearts had anchored the terrible invention of death, little knew that in that deed lay concealed the germ of a new

epoch in Spanish, as well as American history—an epoch that gave birth to armed intervention, the volunteer army, Cuba's independence, swept the boasted war fleet of the proud and haughty Spaniard from the face of the ocean; immortalized the name of Dewey; glorified the American army and navy, and sounded the death knell of Spain's suzerainty in the Philippines and upon the western hemisphere—an epoch at whose dawn Columbia's seventy millions of freemen awoke from an industrial, wealth-creating age, from whence destiny whirled them onward, along the shining pathway of evolution, to the dawn of a new era in the Nation's life—first and foremost among the naval and military powers of the world.

Utah is proud of her volunteers. They are worthy of the high place they occupy in the estimation of the people. To tell of their achievements and the many acts of heroism exhibited by them, whilst serving their country, and to preserve to this and to future generations a full and complete history of the work done by them as volunteers, are the desires of those who undertook the publication of this volume.

This, or some future generation, may seek in some other way to perpetuate the remembrance of deeds so nobly done; but this work will prove of greater and more lasting value than the customary monument of moulded brass or chisled stone.

The value of contemporaneous history cannot be overestimated. Thoughts fresh from the battlefield, impressions made upon the minds of those who were actual participants in the war with Spain; recorded and preserved, will prove of inestimable value to the future historian.

How the Christian world would prize a record written by one of the apostles of Christ, of experiences and observations during all the eventful days of his ministry and with what joy it would hail the news that some ancient ruin or catacomb, had given up an autographical record by the hand of Mary; of all those days of devotion, of intermingled joy and sorrow, of the death sentence, the cross, the sleepless night and the visit upon that early morn with broken heart to the tomb.

Through the medium of this work will be preserved a record of the part taken by Utah in the Spanish-American and Filipino wars. The call for volunteers and the cheerful response, the devotion to their country and to their country's cause, exhibited by them in the camp and upon the battlefield. A compilation of letters, public and private, many of which were written by those at the front to loved ones at home; a history that shall tell, to future generations, that Utah's sons were of those who responded to the call "To arms," and offered their lives in the interest of country and humanity—a history that shall perpetuate the memory of their valor, their devotion, their sacrifice—both the living and the dead; and thereby assist to rear a monument that shall live through the ages and become a source of inspiration to the weak, and a fountain of loyalty to the wavering.

Let us say to the volunteers who came back to us in full strength of manhood: "You have written a new chapter in the history of Utah and interwoven with each beautiful line lessons of pure and lofty patriotism—you have added a shining course to the expanding walls of human liberty."

To those who came back to us, wounded and maimed: "The defenders of home and country are the true heroes of

this world, and the blood so freely shed by you is the ligament, in which the foundations of free governments are imbeded."

And of those who gave their lives: "Farewell! Sweet and tender will live the memory of their valor and devotion. In answer to the 'bugle call,' with willing hands they brought and placed upon the altar, life—the most precious gift of the Creator, humanity's greatest offering."

Down through the ages—Freedom's sons will tell,
Of where they fought, and how they fell;

And link their names with the beautiful legends of self-sacrifice, which have consecrated all those glorious battlefields, where men, in obedience to a higher duty, have yielded up their lives, for home, for country and for humanity.

D. O. RIDEOUT, JR.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL CAUSES LEADING UP TO THE WAR BETWEEN SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES—THE BATTLE OF MANILA ONE OF THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

Of the "decisive battles of the world," according to Craesey, all but two were fought between men of different and distinct races, and these exceptions are the Seige of Syracuse and the American Saratoga. But it is quite questionable if the battle of Saratoga was decisive in any such sense as was Marathon, Arbele, Metaurus or even Waterloo. Whatever be the cause or causes, the fact is indisputable, that a given race is the product of an enormous evolution carried on through enormous stretches of time. This process of racial genesis is governed by laws as definite and fixed as those which rule over the development of the individual, and when the racial type is once attained it remains as fixed and stereotyped as does a matured man's character. The racial character of a people can no more change than an old man's disposition.

It is beyond the scope of this work to attempt any analysis of the causes which have made the negroid races differ from the mongoloid, or the Semite from the Aryan, or the Celtic from the Teutonic. The fact remains that, apart from the possession of some common civilized institutions there exist fixed racial differences whose elimination can be ef-

fected in but one way: mainly, miscegenation. Where these differences are too widely divergent, miscegenation is almost hopeless; a striking instance of which is the racial distinctness of the Jew; but where the racial differences are not too marked, amalgamation will take place under certain favorable conditions, as in the general intermarriages in England and America. But the race runs its career or fulfills its destiny, just as does the individual, when generally slow atrophy begins, during which it lingers a racial mummy, like the Egyptian or a sepultureless corpse, like the Hebraic, or a civilized caricature, like the Spanish. Between no two people is there a wider racial divergence than between the Spaniard and American. The bloodimindedness of the Spaniard, while the trait most abhorrent to the Anglo-Saxon, is not his most fatal defect, which defect I would describe as a certain taint of medieval romanticism. He lives in a world of unrealities peopled by memories and vanities. All that he stands for the American is not, and all that Americanism means is alien to him. All hate arises from difference. We love spontaneously one who is congenial, we hate involuntarily one who is dissimilar. The wider the chasm of difference the profounder the abyss of hate. Where bodies are active and are brought together by any circumstance conflict is inevitable. Human reason, philosophy, religion or enlightment have little to do with the question. It is a mere question of cause and effect, as much under the dominion of law as is the combustion of coal when brought into closest contact with the oxygen of the air by the circumstance of initial heat. When two such human antagonisms as Spanish and American character were brought into closest contact by the circumstances of the Cuban insurrection, a conflict was as inevitable as is the production of a spark by sharp contact between flint and steel, and the fierceness of that conflict would be in exact ratio to the intensity of the difference in the nature of the two elements.

The atrocity of the "Maine's" destruction fanned the smoking combustion into flame. That was all.

Men will interpret these great historic movements according to the dominant thought of their minds or ruling sentiment of their hearts. To one it is the hand of God, to another it is fate, to another destiny, to another chance or Nemesis; to the philosopher it is the culmination of numerous circumstances; to the scientist it is the result of law. To illustrate, the French and English have fought sixty-five pitched battles, the Germans and English none. Why? Not because the two latter have not had as serious occasions for war as the two former, but simply they were too similar in character to engage in actual conflict. I am aware that Kings have made war for mere personal dispute and that civil wars have devastated every land; but I am not discussing family quarrels or national hostilities which break out from ephemeral causes, but those epoch-making events which alter the world's map, change the current of human history and create a new era in man's destiny. For such I take the late Hispano-American conflict to have been.

Had Spain's apparent naval and military strength been real, had she gained the least advantage at the commencement of hostilities by what is called the fortunes of war, had Europe actively supported her, with England neutral, it is easy to imagine that the twentieth century would have been ushered in with events so momentous to the progress and character of its civilization that human history would have to be written in terms totally different from those which now obtain.

Spain stood for the highest exponent of the old world's past civilization, namely militarism: the United States for that of the new world's progress, namely industrialism and commercialism. The triumph of the former meant not only the arrest of the world's progress, but a reversal of its blood-bought civilization. Those European countries in which mil-

itarism was the chief factor of civilization spontaneously recognized that Spain represented them and that her cause was intrinsically their cause. It was not kinship, sentiment or similarity of language and institutions, but identity of interests, which caused the Anglo-Saxon to range himself along side of the Americans. Both were the exponent of the same civilization.

The struggle between the two racial antagonisms had been growing steadily more and more intense, and the conflict was inevitable sooner or later. Happy indeed for the world was it, that the conflict did occur between that power which was at once the strongest expression and the feeblest defender of the old on the one side and the power which was both the most perfect expression and ablest champion of the new, on the other. The transcendant importance to humanity of American triumph will be realized only after time has afforded the opportunities for the vital issues involved to ramify and bear fruit among "all the kindreds and families of the earth." This much seems certain. The question is settled beyond reopening, that the character of twentieth century civilization will be Anglo-Saxon, and not Latin.

The supreme lesson to be learned is: The movements of nations are as much under law as the revolutions of the planets. Naturally the results have been as tremendous and far-reaching as they were unanticipated and surprising. First was the marvelous unification of the Nation. Nothing better exemplifies the reign of law in the affairs of nations than the perfect unanimity of sentiment which burst like some resistless volcanic eruption from the newly formed crater of the national heart. The federation of States had been bound together by reciprocal ties of mutual interests, common laws and institutions, but with sharp distinctions, local irritation, racial antipathies and sectional jealousies. In the twinkling of an eye all these differences were swept away, the great heart of a new born nation was quickened into bounding life,

the great soul of the mightiest power earth had yet seen with one mouth and one accord spoke its stern command, and for the first time in history the legislature of that mighty people without one murmur of dissent gave a kingdom's ransom to the chief executive to free an alien race of miserables.

Second, it brought home, as nothing else had ever done or could do, the consciousness of her strength, to the Nation's mind. Henceforth her splendid, if selfish, isolation was gone forever. Henceforth she must take her place among the great powers of the earth and bear her full share of "the white man's burden."

Third, it demonstrated the ability of American institutions to make high-grade men out of supposedly poor material. The magnificent charge of the colored troops up San Juan hill was not only a superb vindication of the negro's manhood but a splendid tribute to the creative power of our American life and liberty.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONFLICT BEGINS.

HOW THE NEWS OF THE BLOWING UP OF THE "MAINE" WAS RECEIVED IN SALT LAKE CITY—UNITED STATES TROOPS LEAVE UTAH FOR CHICAMAUGA—REQUISITIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT UPON UTAH FOR VOLUNTEERS—GOVERNOR WELLS' PROCLAMATION.

The morning of the 16th of February, 1898, broke dark and cloudy. But few people were on the streets of Salt Lake City. The newsboys were out in force and about every passer-by was purchasing papers. Knots of men were standing on the streets discussing the news which the Associated Press had telegraphed during the night. There were a few of the agitated citizens who came to the immediate conclusion that the disaster in Havana harbor by which the battleship "Maine" had been destroyed and the lives of nearly three hundred sailors were sacrificed, was due to the machinations of the Spanish or their Cuban sympathizers, and that the Government of the Queen Regent was in some way responsible. The majority, however, followed the advice of Captain Sigsbee and withheld their judgment for the time, while all commended the Captain's course in the matter.

The dispatches of the following day threw but little light upon the affair and all day long great throngs were gathered around the bulletin boards of the three daily papers, eagerly devouring every bit of news that was posted up and

discussing each phase of the question as it was brought to light. Great satisfaction was expressed over the prompt action of the Navy department in starting an investigation and the promise given that every act incident to the catastrophe would be made subject to the most minute scrutiny and that nohing would be left undone to place the guilt, if guilt there was, where it belonged.

Throughout the length and breadth of Utah public sentiment followed that of the Nation's capital and the people settled down to await the result of the court of inquiry. The press of the State echoed the convictions of the people and refrained from making any sensational comments. In common with the remainder of the country, though, the Utah people, while withholding judgment, expressed the determination to avenge the treacherous death of their countrymen if it should be proven that the "Maine" had been blown up by design.

As the days passed the tension of the situation began to tell upon the public and excitement, though suppressed, became intense. Every word from Havana, where the investigation was going on, was gone over eagerly and weighed. The poor mangled bodies of the seamen who had been plunged into death while sleeping were buried with the highest honors at at the hands of the Spanish authorities; but, notwithstanding this, the rumors of the apparent indifference on the part of the Spanish populace, not to say exultation in certain quarters, after the disaster, fired the people of Utah, in common with the rest of the country, with the deepest indignation and increased the general suspicion manifold. At last came the report of the court of inquiry, but long before this the conviction had become settled that Spain was actually responsible for the affair. During the investigation it had been ascertained that the explosion could not have been the result of any cause inside the vessel. But the verdict of the court had already been anticipated, so far as this particular was concerned, and war was the sole topic of conversation.

Long before the destruction of this superb man-of-war the struggle for liberty was being carried on by the Cuban patriots and it had won the sympathy and the admiration of the entire population of this State. Liberty has always been the heritage of the people of the mountains. The very air which comes sweeping down from the lofty heights seems to whisper of freedom. To dwellers in sight of snow-capped peaks, that pierce the blue of heaven, the thought of slavery and oppression is ever abhorrent. The long struggle of the Cubans had possibly been watched with a keener interest and a deeper sympathy by the people of the Rocky Mountain States than of any other portion of the country. The inhumanities practised by the cruel Captain-General, Weyler, upon defenseless women and children; the untold sufferings of the "reconcentrados" in that portion of the island directly controlled by Spain's military sway, sank deep into the heart; and many loud complaints were indulged in over what was thought to be the inactivity of the Federal Government at Washington. Now came the added insult of the haughty Dons, and the war fever broke out with a fury which nothing could restrain.

The Utah delegation in Congress, feeling the pulse of their constituents, were among the foremost in that body to demand that Cuba be free; that the reign of terror on the island cease, and that the death of the victims of the "Maine" be avenged.

March had passed away and April was half over before any decided move was made. The larger daily newspapers of the East were clamoring for war. Each dispatch brought the news that other sections of the country were equally aroused over the situation and that the whole Nation with one voice demanded immediate action of a radical character by the Government. Men went to bed at night in a fever of excitement and awoke in the morning to intenser feelings. War bulletins were posted all over the city and in every town

throughout Utah, and continually around each was a throng eager to learn the latest move from the seat of Government. This great interest was not confined to the men alone; the women, whose keen sympathies had been touched by the pitiful condition of the struggling patriots and the unfortunate "pacificos" of Cuba, always formed a considerable part of each crowd, and they were as quick as their brothers in watching the trend of events as the Nation drifted into war.

An insult was thrown at the executive head of the Nation by the Spanish Minister at Washington, Senor De Lome, in an extremely impolitic communication to Senor Canelajas, editor of one of the principal journals of Madrid, "El Eraldo," who had made a personal visit to Cuba during the Weyler regime and who was a man of considerable influence with the Sagasta ministry. In this communication Senor De Lome had the effrontry to refer to President McKinley as a "politicastro" (which is a Spanish word meaning a "low politician") and he also accused the President of being weak and vacillating and with pandering to the so-called "jingo" element. This treatment by De Lome of the head of the Government to which he had been accredited was deeply resented and, re-regardless of party or section, the American people universally demanded that official cognizance be taken of the outrage, though, it is true, the letter to Canalejas was a private one brought to the public notice by a New York newspaper. The customary penalty for a diplomat who renders himself "persona non grata" is to be formally called upon for his exequatur, as was done in the case of Lord Sackville-West, and this would have been the proper method of dealing with Queen Christina's representative, but he furtively fled the country before the State department could avail itself of any opportunity to make such a demand. His furtive departure might have been construed by the Spanish as a diplomatic victory. If so, it was quite in keeping with the character of a people, stupidly proud without a basis of honor, who could mistake

low cunning for astute diplomacy—a people who amused themselves by caricaturing our Nation as a lot of pigs, and disdainfully bragging beforehand that a people who were mostly peddlers could not fight. There were some wiseheads among all the clamorous multitudes in this country who commended the conservatism of the President under such extraordinary circumstances, smarting as he must have done under this absolutely uncalled for outrage, but the vast majority of our citizens were impatient of delay and declared that they were willing and ready to give their bravest and best in the defense of the Nation.

Then came the long struggle in Congress. Not a murmur was heard when $50,000,000 was placed at the disposal of the executive for the "national defense," as the bill making the appropriation read. The country from one end to the other chafed under the seeming tardiness of Congress in formally declaring hostilities, and when on the 19th of April the news was flashed across the continent and around the world that the deadlock between the Senate and House of Representatives was broken and that the now famous resolution had been passed, a sigh of relief went up from every heart. This action of Congress was in the form of a joint resolution reported by the Foreign Affairs committees of both houses on the 13th, and had been the subject of a conference lasting for six days. The language of the resolution was:

"Whereas, The abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States and have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating as they have in the destruction of a United States battleship with 266 of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and cannot longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited; therefore,

"Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled:

"First—That the people of the island of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent.

"Second—That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the Government of the United States does hereby demand, that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and Government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

"Third—That the President of the United States be and hereby is directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the active service of the United States the militia of the several States to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

"Fourth—That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over the said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is completed, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

Then came the word that the Spanish Government had taken the ultimatum of America as a declaration of war and that our Minister at Madrid had been handed his passports.

The very day that diplomatic relations with Spain were broken off, Utah was given the first ocular demonstration of what war really meant by witnessing the departure of troops for the East. The Twenty-fourth United States infantry, stationed at Fort Douglas east of Salt Lake City, for some time had been waiting for orders to move. At last the 19th of April had been set as the day for the departure. Owing to the lack of cars by the Rio Grande Western Railroad company th time was put off from day to day until the morning of the 21st of April. Early that morning camp was broken and the dusky warriors took up their march for the depot. Long be-

fore the hour set, however, Salt Lake City was astir and the streets were thronged by thousands of people. "Old Glory" was seen in every conceivable place. All the schools were closed and business was at a standstill. The Utah National Guard was out in force, and the grim veterans of the War of the Rebellion were likewise in line to cheer the troops as they passed on to another struggle. Tears ran down the furrowed cheeks of many veterans because the years had rendered them unfit for the fray. The pent-up feelings of the populace had at last found a vent and the fire of patriotism flamed high in every soul. Amid the clang of brass bands, the roaring of cannon and the cheers of thousands, Uncle Sam's boys in blue were escorted through the city to the depot. At the depot an immense throng had gathered, almost clogging the way to the trains which were to carry the Nation's defenders to the front. The color line was forgotten. The black men were thought of only as soldiers who were going to uphold the honor of the flag. Refined ladies passed through the trains, when the troops were at last in their seats, grasping their hands with fervor and giving them words of praise and encouragement; words which were doubtless remembered when the gallant regiment charged resistlessly up San Juan hill a month later. Amid the screaming of steam whistles and the cheers of the citizens, the trains at last moved away, to be met at every station along the line to the very boundary of the State by throngs who were there to bid them godspeed.

Events crowded each other with lightning rapidity during the few days following. History was being made every hour. Utah being so far away from the central Government, only caught the echoes of the stupendous activity that was going on in the War and Navy departments. The regular army was being mobilized at the national military park at Chickamauga. The blockade of the Cuban ports had been ordered and the warships divested of their white paint and given a somber coat of drab were stationed outside of Havana har-

bor, while the immortal Dewey was under orders to proceed to Manila harbor in the Philippines and destroy or capture the Spanish Asiatic squadron. Already the first gun had thundered from the Moro castle that guards the capital city of the Antilles, and had been answered by the first shot fired in anger by the United States forces for a third of a century.

The Sixteenth United States infantry which had for several years been quartered at Fort Douglas, and which had in its ranks many Utah boys, passed through the city on the way to Chickamauga and were received at the railroad station by throngs of people, and its officers feted by the elite of the city; but, more portentous than all, Congress on the 22nd had empowered the President to raise a volunteer army for the national defense. On the 23rd the President issued the following proclamation which was flashed across the continent, calling the Nation to arms:

"Whereas, By an act of Congress entitled, 'An act to provide for the increasing of the military establishment of the United States in time of war and for other purposes,' approved April 22, 1898, the President of the United States was authorized, in order to raise a volunteer army, to issue his proclamation calling for volunteers to serve in the army of the United States.

"Now, therefore, I, William McKinley, by virtue of the power vested in me by the Constitution and laws, and deeming sufficient occasion to exist, have thought fit to call for, and hereby do call for, volunteers to the aggregate number of 125,000 in order to carry into effect the purpose of said resolutions, the same to be apportioned as far as practicable among the several States and Territories and the District of Columbia, according to population and to serve for two years unless sooner discharged. The details for this object will be immediately communicated to the proper authority through the War department.

"In witness whereof I have set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at Washington the 23rd day of April, 1898, and the independence of the United States the 122nd.

(Signed) "WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

"By order of the President,

"JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary of State."

In pursuance of the proclamation by the President, on April 23rd, the Governor of Utah issued his proclamation calling for 500 volunteers from among the citizens of the State in the following words:

"By the Governor of the State, a proclamation:

"Whereas, The President of the United States has issued a proclamation calling upon the various States and Territories for 125,000 volunteers to serve in the army of the United States, the same to be apportioned among the several States and Territories and the District of Columbia according to the population and to serve for two years unless sooner discharged; and,

"Whereas, In pursuance of the said proclamation the Secretary of War has designated the quota from the State of Utah to be one troop of cavalry and two batteries of artillery.

"Now, therefore, I, Heber M. Wells, Governor of the State of Utah, to supply said quota from this State do hereby call for volunteers to the approximate number of 500 men to enlist in the army of the United States for the term of two years unless sooner discharged. It is the wish of the President that the National Guard shall be used as far as their numbers will permit and they are therefore especially invited to enlist. This being the first call for volunteers, however, and there being a possibility of others, this invitation is not to be construed as expressing the desire that the infantry arm of the

service be weakened by transfer or discharge. The proportion of cavalry and artillery in the organized militia being small there will be abundant opportunity for civilian volunteers, and to them the invitation is extended with equal cordiality. The general requirements for enlistment are as follows: Men should be intelligent, active and muscular, free from disease, of good character and habits and between the ages of 21 and 45. Candidates will be subject to the medical examination prescribed by the army regulations. All the recruits for the cavalry and the great majority of those for the artillery must be accustomed to horses and a suitable number should be mechanics. Officers to be hereinafter designated will be sent immediately to various central points within the State for the purpose of recruiting the volunteers. The recruits will be rendezvoused at Salt Lake City as soon as possible before May 5, 1898, when they will be mustered into the service of the United States.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the State of Utah to be hereunto affixed.

"Done at Salt Lake City, the 25th day of April, A. D. 1898.

(Signed) "HEBER M. WELLS.

"By the Governor,

"J. T. HAMMOND, Secretary of State."

A dispatch from Secretary of War Alger to the Governor that day naturally called for some such action at the very earliest date. The dispatch explained what the Federal Government wanted in the following words:

"To His Excellency, Heber M. Wells, Governor of Utah:

"The number of troops from your State under the call of the President, April 23, 1898, will be two batteries of light artillery and one troop of cavalry for special mounted service. It is the wish of the President that the regiments of the Na-

tional Guard or State Militia shall be used as far as the numbers will permit for the reason that they are armed, equipped and drilled. Please wire as early as possible what equipments, ammunition and blankets, tents, etc., you have and what you will require. Please state also when troops will be ready for muster into the United States service. Directions follow by mail. Signed, ALGER, Secretary of War."

But before action could be taken on this message the Governor received another:

"Hon. Heber M. Wells, Governor of Utah:

"The President has authorized the enlistment of eighty-five men in your State, good shots and good riders, to form a company in a mounted rifle regiment, company officers to be taken from your section. Can you give us the men?

"ALGER, Secretary of War."

The Governor's reply was:

"Utah will be proud to furnish the eighty-five men for a company in a mounted regiment, as authorized by the President, in addition to her regular quota.

"HEBER M. WELLS, Governor of Utah."

The same day the Governor appointed the recruiting officers who were to enroll the volunteers. They were chosen mostly from Salt Lake City, which selection foreshadowed commissions as officers in the various companies to be raised. Their names are as follows:

Richard W. Young,
Willard Young,
Frank A. Grant,
Joseph E. Caine,
John Q. Cannon,
George F. Downey,
Ray C. Naylor.

Active recruiting began in Salt Lake City on the 27th of April, which was followed all over Utah in a few days. The newspapers published the programme laid out by the newly-appointed officers which was as follows:

Recruiting officers will be at the places named on the following dates:

April 28th—Provo, Bountiful, Price, Springville, Lehi, Nephi.

April 29th—Eureka, Farmington, Mount Pleasant, Park City, Manti.

April 30th—Richmond, Bingham, Ogden, Salina.

May 2nd—Brigham City, Tooele, Heber, Richfield.

With slight variation this programme was carried out and other central points of the State were visited as well.

In Salt Lake City no demonstration was made. Headquarters were opened up in the armory of the National Guard on South West Temple street, and without any further advertising than a few posters and the few notices in the daily newspapers, the work of enrolling the volunteers went on. The honor of being the first Utah man to enlist in the war must be given to L. W. Calhoun, an employee in the freight department of the Union Pacific Railroad company, under General Agent Choate. He did not enlist in any of the Utah organizations but went to his old home in Mississippi and was there enrolled. The first Utah boy who enlisted in any Utah organization was Arthur L. Thomas, Jr., son of Postmaster Thomas. In the country towns through the State there was the greatest enthusiasm. Brass bands paraded through the streets and public meetings were held where patriotic speeches were delivered, and the boys, as they enrolled their names, were already spoken of as heroes. The result was that many of the hardy sons of the settlements signed away their liberties and laid their lives upon the altar of their country.

Commonplace distinction were unthought of. Utah's citizens were aroused. Mormon, Gentile and Jew, Republican,

Democrat and Populist; high, low, rich and poor—all were alike carried away by the wave of patriotism that swept the State from center to circumference. All trades and callings were represented. The lawyer gave up his practice; the tradesmen laid aside the tools of his craft; the student forsook his books, and the farmer forgot his harvest. The village maid put away from her lips the cup of joy that shortly was to be hers and gave her lover; the delicately reared city girl gazed fondly in the eyes of her affianced and bade him go; wives surrendered thir husbands, and mothers, with streaming eyes, heard of their noble boys' enlistment and did not say them nay. Beside the finely formed characters used by the man of education in signing his name was placed the irregular chirography of the cowboy as he did a like service. Those whom the accident of birth had made this land theirs by adoption made a like sacrifice for the country of their choice as those over whose cradle the Stars and Stripes had waved. The first presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints issued an address to its communicants urging them for the honor of the State to fly to arms in so worthy a cause, while from the pulpits of the various churches came similar words. Employers gladly gave up their most trusted aids to the cause, holding their places open for them until the war was over. By May 5th the work was done and the recruits were at their respective rendezvous. "At this time," to quote from the message of Governor Wells to the third State Legislature, "the patriotism of the State was so aflame that there were upon the grounds at the mustering rendezvous, Fort Douglas, Utah, on the bench overlooking Salt Lake City, more than twice as many volunteers as were nedeed to fill the quota designated.

The Governor acted upon the supposition that the organizations wanted were two batteries of artillery and two troops of cavalry, but while the recruits were waiting to be mustered into the service a telegram was received from the Adjutant-

General at Washington that Utah was expected to furnish but one troop of cavalry, the same to be a portion of Col. Torrey's regiment designated as the Second United States volunteer cavalry. This was a blow to the hopes of many who had volunteered for the cavalry, and pressure was brought to bear on the War department to increase Utah's quota so as to accord with the Governor's conception of the orders. After considerable correspondence the matter was finally settled and a troop of cavalry was added to the State's quota to be known as the First troop Utah United States Volunteer cavalry, constituting no part of Col. Torrey's regiment.

The two batteries and the cavalry troop were shortly after mustered into the service and began the active work of equipping for the front.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAVALRY TROOP.

TROOP ACCEPTED—OFFICERS—CAMP KENT—DEPARTURE—ARRIVAL AT SAN FRANCISCO—ROYAL WELCOME—CAMP ROUTINE—DISCOURAGEMENT — DIVERSIONS—DEPARTURE FOR YOSEMITE AND SEQUOIA PARKS—THE MARCH—CAMP IN YOSEMITE FIGHTING FOREST FIRES—ROUNDING UP SHEEPHERDERS—RETURN TO SAN FRANCISCO—MUSTER OUT AND ROSTER.

(By Sergeant H. H. Atkinson.)

When the call for volunteers came, Utah's sons responded in numbers greater than the quota asked of the State, which was two batteries and two troops of cavalry, one of the latter to be for Torrey's Rough Riders. But during the time of enlistment word came that only one troop of cavalry was called for from the Bee Hive State. The disappointment was too great to be borne; for the troop was already formed, and after considerable communication with Washington the First Troop Utah U. S. Vol. Cavalry was at last received into the volunteer service. Joseph E. Caine of Salt Lake, who was Captain of Troop A, N. G. U., was appointed Captain; Benner X. Smith of Salt Lake, First Lieutenant, and Gordon N. Kimball of Ogden, whose grandfather, General Kimball, served with distinction in the Civil War, Second Lieutenant. On May 11, 1898, the three officers and eighty-one men, the chosen few of a horde of applicants, took their solemn and ever-respected

oath to serve faithfully the U. S. Government, and be obedient to its orders and commands.

Their fate was sealed for two years. Henceforth their duty was to master the art of war; and to that end each man bent every energy. With untiring zeal, in the boiling sun, on the dry, hot bench at Camp Kent, the boys, dressed in the clothes worn when first arriving at Fort Douglas, a motly crowd in appearance, received their early instruction at foot drilling, in which, before two weeks had elapsed, they had attained remarkable efficiency. Then came the introduction to the mess-table—a most important item of army life to the young volunteer. The extremely frugal fare of mess-table was materially helped out by the kind attention of some of the cavalrymen's friends from the city. So that it was not so bad as it might have been. Crowds from the city thronged the camp and watched the drill, especially at evenings when the troop and the two batteries gave an exhibition drill together. The purchasing of horses by Lieutenants Dashiell and Wells, U. S. A., gave the camp somewhat the appearance of a horse-show. The boys enjoyed very much the opportunities for displaying their horsemanship, and apart from the breaking of Private Clawson's leg by a horse falling backwards upon him, there were no serious accidents.

At length, a few days after the departure of batteries A and B, after much confusion, caused by conflicting orders, first directing the troop to go to Chickamauga, then to San Francisco, final word came that on May 24th it should start for Camp Merritt at the Golden Gate. With rounds of enthusiastic shouts and cheers, the boys received the news; they were now ready—well drilled and equipped with uniforms, arms and horses.

Gloomy and rainy the day of May 24th opened—a repetition of several days of showers; but a deluge could not have prevented the boys from preparing for their departure. By 2 o'clock in the afternoon, all were ready to move, and thence-

forth Camp Kent was merely a place, passing into history as the scene of the earliest experiences of army life. The march to the R. G. W. depot, through mud inches in depth, was long and slow, but full of incident, fervor and enthusiasm. Despite the inclement weather, people thronged the streets on Brigham, Main and Second South to cheer the boys and pay their last respect to the little band departing for other lands, where any fate might be awaiting them.

Mothers, sweethearts, relatives and friends assembled at the station to enjoy the last few words with the cavalrymen, and bid them Godspeed as they took their final leave of home. Slowly the train pulled out amid deafening cheers from the multitude, which was responded to by the boys, crowding the platforms by waving their hats. A party from Salt Lake—Gov. Wells and members of his staff and citizens—accompanied the troop to Ogden, where, amid the hurrahs of hundreds, the train moved slowly out.

The train consisted of five cattle cars and three coaches, one of the latter for the officers, two for the men. Huddled together, two in a seat, without any accommodations for rest, without anything but food, they rode in the antiquated cars over the hot barren waste of Nevada. But not a murmur of complaint was heard, for they were hoping for something better on reaching their destination.

They traveled thus for two days and nights, during which time many a hearty reception was received at the little towns along the line, especially at those where stops were made for coffee at breakfast, dinner and supper time. As soon as the ferry boat landed its train load of horses and men at the wharf of San Francisco late in the afternoon of May 26th, the boys were met by the ladies of the San Francisco Red Cross Society, who greeted them with cups of hot coffee and sandwiches; these alone saved all from going to bed hungry, no supper being served that night. It was one of many occasions where heartfelt thanks were rendered by the soldiers to that

illustrious organization, ever watchful of the welfare of the Boys in Blue.

Utah's troop was royally welcomed as they marched through the main thoroughfare to their new quarters at Camp Merritt. Pitching tents temporarily for the night, they turned in early to get a much-needed rest after their fatiguing journey.

On the following day a permanent arrangement of camp was made, and the place was visited by people in large numbers; many bringing fruit, cakes, and other welcome additions to the extremely frugal fare of the camp; which during several days, for all meals, was bacon, canned tomatoes, bread and coffee, with an occasional addition of rice and beans.

Utah's troop was the only mounted cavalry organization out of 10,000 men at Camp Merritt, and shared well in the attention paid to the volunteers by the citizens of San Francisco.

Quickly the camp settled down to a regular routine of daily work: Reveille, first call, 5:40 a. m.; reveille, 5:50; assembly, 6:00; breakfast call, 6:15; stable call, 6:45; sick call, 7:00; guard mount, 7:45; assembly guard details, 7:55; adjutant call, 8:00; mounted drill, first call, 8:45; assembly, 9:00; recall, 11:00; dinner, 12 m.; water call, 12:45 p. m.; carbine drill, first call, 1:25; assembly, 1:30; recall, 2:30; saber drill, first call, 3:55; assembly, 4:00; recall, 5:00; retreat, first call, 7:10; assembly, 7:15; troop inspection under arms immediately after retreat; tatoo, 9:00; call to quarters, 10; taps, 10:20. Troopers will turn out with sabers at reveille and with carbines at retreat roll call. All tents will be policed and all tent walls raised before guard mounting. Tent walls will not be lowered before supper call, unless especially ordered.

The first blow to the troop's expectation of departing for Manila was given when news was received that the batteries were to form a part of the Second Expedition—the cavalry remaining behind.

They were encouraged again by the departure, June 10th, of Lieutenant Kimball, Sergeant Cobb and Private Brattain for Salt Lake to enlist nineteen recruits in order to bring the troop to its maximum strength of one hundred men. A week later the nineteen sturdy fellows, called "rookies," joined the veterans at San Francisco.

All spare time in the day was generally employed in cleaning equipments which were constantly being rusted by fogs. Between retreat and taps all not on duty could leave camp and enjoy themselves as they pleased. How the troop was envied by others for the privilege, which was due to the fact that Capt. Caine reported directly to Generals Merritt or Otis.

Days passed with no news of orders to embark upon any of the ships that sailed. The surety was made less certain by a leave of absence of three weeks obtained by Capt. Caine to return home to his sick wife.

On the 15th of July, orders were issued transferring the Utah cavalry from the Philippine Islands expeditionary forces to the Department of California, and directing the troop to move to the Presidio.

Discouraged in mind, disheartened in soul, the next day they rolled in the tents and transported everything to a little side hill, south of the barracks. The position of the camp was ideal, being surrounded on three sides with groves of trees, and commanding a most enchanting view of the beautiful San Francisco Bay.

The change marked the beginning of a new life—the life practically of a regular, in time of peace; an unhealthy life; dangerous in its inactivity and exposure to temptation. But knowing that the eyes of the people of Utah were watching them, and realizing the name of the troop rested with the reputation made by its individual members, the troopers were so mindful of their conduct that throughout its stay at Camp Merritt and the Presidio no one was confined for any offense caused by his own indiscretion.

On June 30th Private Brattain was tried by court-martial of the Third Brigade for sleeping on post. It was shown, however, that he was a victim of lead rheumatism, which caused fits of drowsiness, and that it was during one of these periods he was overpowered with sleep. He was ordered honorably discharged on account of physical disability.

With only two hours of drill and freedom from noon water call, life at the Presidio was easy, uninteresting and uneventful.

Watching the main guard mounts at the Presidio, an interesting and unostentatious ceremony, quite a contrast to the primitive affair at Camp, fishing for crabs on the beach, and an occasional ride to Alcatraz, Angel Island, and a few points in the Bay on the U. S. launch McCulloch, were the pastimes during the long hours of rest. So that when the rumor of going to the Yosemite, Sequoia and Gen. Grant Parks assumed the air of fact, it was hailed with delight—as a freedom from the long-continued drudgery of a camp, and a respite from the monotonous grind. There was at least something to look forward to to wile away the time, until the Government would relieve the troop from its service, and still, when that happy moment came, they could say that they had been of some benefit and not an entirely useless expense.

August 13th saw the troop's departure from San Francisco on the long journey of 250 or 300 miles through a tropical part of California to the distant Yosemite and Sequoia Parks.

For three days the march was through the most beautiful part of the San Mateo Valley, one of the great fruit raising districts of California, the first stop being made at "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

At Redwood, a thriving town on the bay, the ladies of the Red Cross were again in evidence, and spread before the hundred hungry fellows a veritable banquet.

The troopers rode in a long column of twos, enveloped in dense clouds of dust, so thick that, at times, a rider could

scarcely see his companion alongside. The fourth night was spent at Coyote, a place well named; thence to Gilroy, and on again to Ball's Station; from whence a forced march of 35 miles was taken to Los Banos. Here the opportunity of a much needed and desired bath was thoroughly enjoyed. A thriving little vineyard was close by. Assuming, of course, that permission had been obtained, all went wildly after the delicious grapes, and not until their shirts, towels, hats, or whatever they had, was filled, did any say "adieu." Many were expert foragers, but it must be understood that everything of the feathered family or vegetable kingdom that was brought into camp was legitimately taken. A good living was thus afforded to some all the way, much better than to those who did not "rustle."

Proceeding across the San Joaquin Valley to the Los Palos Ranch and to Firebaugh's, where preparations were made for another forced march. As usual on such occasions, the camp was astir at 2:30 a. m.

Groping around trying to avoid everything, one collided with anything; knocked over some one's coffee, or scattered dirt over another's plate; so that a Babel of unintelligible expressions often filled the air; everybody was heard, but no one was seen.

On the evening of the 23rd of August the two contingents separated; the one under Capt. Caine and Lieutenant Kimball starting on a midnight ride to Raymond, a town at the commencement of the Sierras. Lieutenant Smith left for Sequoia with his thirty-three men the following morning.

At 2:30 a. m. of the following day the place was reached. In two days more Waroon's was reached, and Camp A. E. Wood taken possession of, this year, by the volunteer cavalry.

The new camp in the Yosemite Park, Camp A. E. Wood, was situated on a little flat in the canyon of the South Fork of the Merced; it was surrounded on all sides by dense woods, while in the enclosure itself towered several heavy pines with

many of smaller size scattered about. Directly in front of the row of tents, 200 feet distant, a mountain stream, teeming with trout, wended its way onward to form an elegant bathing pool some 2000 feet down the canyon. By the regulars at an earlier day a bridge had been constructed across the creek, and many other structures of use erected, such as blacksmith, saddle and bakeshops, a kitchen and a commissary. Then, too, there were found floors, bunks, shelves and tables for the tents—all the requisites for perfect comfort.

Not more than a week of rest was allowed the horses before Sergeant Joe Richards, Corporal Howell, Lund, Ladd, Woodford, Robinson, Woolsey and a few others were sent to fight a raging forest fire west of the lower end of the Yosemite Valley. They were out for four weeks, having suddenly been detailed to search for sheep, the longest time for one outing in the troop. It was the first of many details dispatched in rapid succession to various parts of the park, some for fires, others, the greater number, to round up sheepherders and scatter the bands. That was the work for which the cavalry became so famous; and although no sharp encounter with Spaniards was ever experienced, many lively chases were made after the unarmed sheepherders, and dashing charges into unprotected bands of sheep.

A few days later every one in camp was excited over the chances of an actual battle, likely to occur between some obstreperous sheepmen and a detail organized to teach the intruders the law, heavily armed with loads of ammunition, prepared for the worst, they all went—Lieutenant Kimball, Sergeants Meteer and Price, Corporals Ritchie and Weatherly, and Brattain, Gannon, Dunford, Rich, Barnett and several more. To say all were disappointed is mild, when, upon reaching the scene of the alleged trouble, there was no one to be pierced by a Springfield bullet. So they searched for the villains, harmless in the extreme, rounding up nine, to be brought back by a few of the detail. The others continued

the round-up without excitement, except when Gannon lost himself, worrying the Lieutenant for a few hours.

Life in the Yosemite was the healthiest in the army, the climate and elevation being almost identical with that of Zion.

Those, less fortunate, who remained in camp were occasionally exercised with drills, but all able visited the many wonders in the vicinity. Small parties frequented the big tree grove of Mariposa, where the great redwoods abound.

When not at the place of natural wonders, some spent a day or two fishing or hunting, generally returning with evidences of great success. To Marsh alone belongs the credit of having killed a bear.

At Red Hill, Sequoia Park, the boys, although not so bounteously supplied with the "comforts of home," enjoyed themselves as having the best camp and most support. Venison was a dish enjoyed quite often at their happy camp.

That they were leaders in the social realm no one can doubt. They were royally entertained at Fresno on their way to Sequoia, and from nearby towns invitations were always extended to the camp to be present at the affairs of pleasure. On one occasion, at a marriage ceremony of great pomp and style for the place, Ives Cobb won the praise of all for his characteristic ease and grace while officiating as master of ceremonies.

Success attended the work for which the cavalry had been sent to the national parks. At General Grant and Sequoia reserves the cattle and sheep were early driven out; unable to return on account of heavy storms of rain and snow. In the great Yosemite, large in area and difficult for travel, 40,000 of the woolly backs were scattered and 20 herders brought to camp as prisoners. They were dangerous looking fellows; but "appearances are deceitful." A lot more cowardly and submissive, though treacherous if not watched, could not be found. They were principally Portuguese and Basque French.

LIEUT. GORDON N. KIMBALL.

LIEUT. SIDNEY K. HOOPER.

By the 20th of October the parks were clear; cold and stormy weather had commenced, so that when orders came to start, October 29th, on the return journey to San Francisco, there was happiness in every one's heart. They were happy because they felt that the sooner they were back into civilization that much quicker the troop might be placed on the list of those to be mustered out.

Bright and early on the morning of the 29th, although high carnival was held the preceding night, Capt. Caine's men left the scenes of their military service for the last two months on their homeward journey. Stopping at Mariposa and Homitos for the night's rest, they arrived at Merced on the third day to wait for the Sequoia detachment under Lieutenant Kimball; Lieutenant Smith being absent on a furlough to Salt Lake. After three days' rest the journey was begun to Los Banos and then by the former route back to San Francisco, with a two days' stop at San Jose. Arriving at the Presidio November 11th, a temporary camp of shelter tents was made awaiting a move into the barracks.

There were but two skeleton troops of the Fourth cavalry and two companies of the Eighth California regiment to garrison the large post; so that men in large numbers were drawn to supply the demand. Forty men from the troop, excluding non-commissioned officers, were daily engaged at the various duties; main guard, patrol, prison guard, fatigue, old guard and special fatigue, and stables. These unfavorable conditions, coupled with the news of so many regiments disbanding, drove the desire for freedom into a perfect longing, insatiable until their great object was attained. There were others now working in behalf of the troop, and for some of its members individually. Privates Adams and Brattain had obtained discharges while in the Yosemite, and now all who had influence to work for them were making the most of it. Sudden and unpected news was received that, by the efforts of Senator Cannon and Governor Wells, the Utah cavalry was ordered dis-

charged. The barrack room that night was a perfect bedlam. The troopers, in their joy were uncontrollable, overturning beds, throwing pillows and other belongings about until one's presence was made painfully dangerous.

None of the officers were there to hinder the hard usage of Uncle Sam's property—to the perfect satisfaction of the merry-makers. In a few days the troop was relieved of all garrison duty, by the commander, Lieut.-Col. Wagner, Fourth cavalry, who officially, in highest terms, complimented the officers and men for their efficiency, and performance of duty.

The troop's existence was rapidly drawing to a close, but before separating it was decided that a remembrance be given to the popular First Sergeant, Meteer, who, in his own peculiar way, had given a helping hand to many in danger of distress. A handsome watch was obtained, which Private Evans, after a few remarks, presented to him.

The last few days before December 23rd were occupied, in cleaning equipments and checking them to the Quartermaster.

There was one, not already discharged, whose name was not among those to be mustered out. This name was that of Private William Tuft, but it was written on a more sacred roll—the roll of honor with others who died while serving under the Stars and Stripes of Old Glory. Stricken with what was first thought to be rheumatism, caused by sleeping on the damp ground, he was removed on July 24th to the hospital, where at first he seemed to be recovering. But the malady was the dreadful typhoid fever and he slowly sank until he joined the great army where

"On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

The great day at last rolled around, December 23, 1898, as joyous and happy to the members of the Utah troops as the time on the fields of Camp Kent, when they, a selected few, donned the blue uniforms of Uncle Sam. Clad in their slickest suits, their countenances beaming with smiles of delight, they lined up before the barracks.

In a few but well chosen remarks the Captain bade farewell to the boys; then in final command the order rang out, "Right face, forward, column right, march!" In a long string, one after another, they passed the mustering out officer's desk, received their discharge papers, with final pay, and emerged, in a second, back into the long coveted life of a civilian.

ROSTER OF FIRST TROOP U. S. VOLUNTEER CAVALRY

Captain—Joseph E. Caine, Salt Lake.
First Lieutenant—Benner X. Smith, Salt Lake.
Second Lieutenant—Gordon N. Kimball, Ogden.
First Sergeant—John Meteer, Richfield.
Quartermaster-Sergeant—Sam S. Porter, Salt Lake.

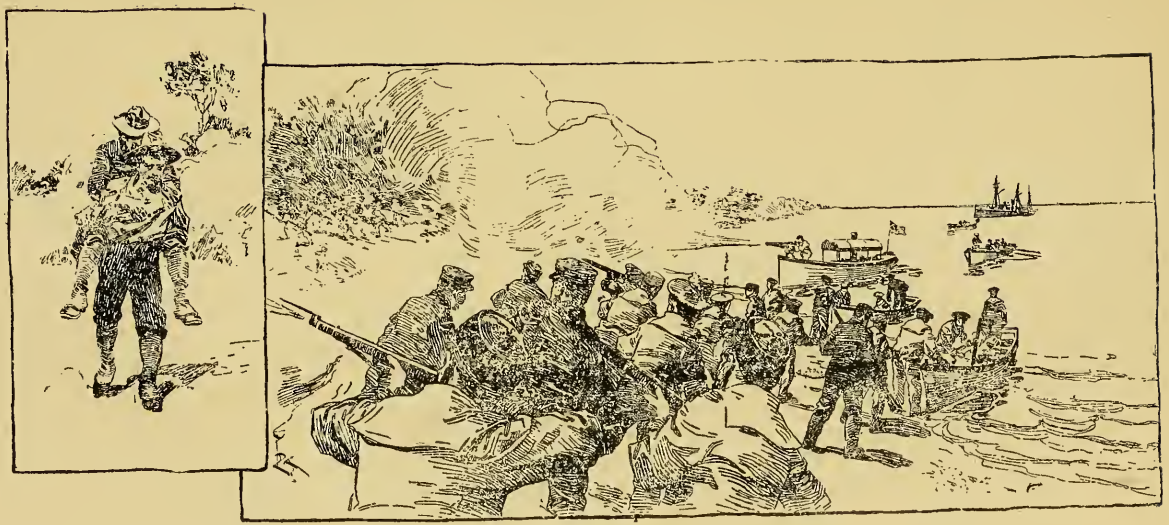
Sergeants—

Charles O. Merrill, Salt Lake.
Ernest de Vigne, Salt Lake.
Ives E. Cobb, Salt Lake.
William A. Fortescue, Salt Lake.
Charles S. Price, Salt Lake.
Joseph H. Richards, Salt Lake.

Corporals—

Harry H. Atkinson, Salt Lake.**
Paul Kimball, Salt Lake.
Wilford V. Young, Logan.
John H. Edwards, Logan.
Francis K. B. Ritchie, Salt Lake.
Albert W. Lee, Tooele.
Walter S. Clawson, Salt Lake.
John B. Wheeling, Salt Lake.

Farriers—
Louis Smith, Price.
Emron C. Wright, Richfield.
Musicians—
John C. Crawford, Brigham.
Otis O. Butcher, Salt Lake.
Saddler—
James Payne, Salt Lake.
Wagoner—
Marion Grundy, Logan.
Privates—
William P. Adams, Salt Lake.
Albert W. Andrews, Nephi.
Jacob Brandt, Eureka.
Arthur L. Brattain, Salt Lake.
Oscar H. Breinholdt, Ephraim.
Homer Brown, Salt Lake.
Joel T. Brown, Logan.
Enoch J. Cavanaugh, Salt Lake.
Alex Colbath, Salt Lake.*
Arthur F. Conklin, Salt Lake.
Perry R. Cotner, Price.**
Samuel Dallin, Springville.
Roy W. Daniel, Salt Lake.
Arthur Dennis, Jr., Richfield.
William H. Donaldson, Price.
William B. Dodds, Tooele.
Jarvis C. Doud, Nephi.
Rupert A. Dunford, Salt Lake.
Frank M. Eldredge, Salt Lake.
James W. Estes, Salt Lake.
Peter J. Fairclough, Bingham.
Ellis C. Freed, Salt Lake.
Walter F. Gannon, Salt Lake.
William H. Gardner, Salt Lake.



FIRST LANDING ON SPANISH SOIL.

GROUP OF FIRST TROOP, UTAH VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

William R. Greenwood, American Fork.
Frank Harkness, Salt Lake.
George P. Hansen, Salt Lake.
Abner B. Harris, Eureka.*
Robert L. Hodgert, Salt Lake.
J. F. Howell, Belnap.
Ralph Irvine, Provo.
Roger C. Canters, Salt Lake.
Elliott T. Kimball, Salt Lake.
Greeley C. Ladd, Salt Lake.
Albert W. Lee, Salt Lake.
William D. Loveless, Jr., Payson.
Albert W. Luff, Salt Lake.
Martin Lund, Logan.
Rufus A. Marsh, Grantsville.
Fred H. May, Salt Lake.
Arthur L. Miller, Centerville.
George C. Morrison, Richfield.
Le Roy Nelson, Richfield.
Charles A. Nielson, Richfield.
Charles B. Neugebauer, Price.
George M. Page, Payson.
George E. Paget, Tooele.
Clem V. Porter, Salt Lake.
Christian Peterson, Salina.
Ray R. Pratt, Salt Lake.
F. K. B. Ritchie, Salt Lake.*
Fred E. Racker, Lehi.
Garry N. Searle, Payson.
Lewis Schoppe, Salt Lake.
Paul Spenst, Eureka.
William J. Stephens, Bingham.
Moroni E. Tervort, Payson.
Delbert W. Whiting, Gunnison.
George L. Weiler, Salt Lake.

Joseph T. Woodford, Salt Lake.
Kleber Worley, Mercur.
Weatherby, Richard.**
Rich, Eddie E.*
Barnett, W. J.
Campbell, Wm. J.
Clark, William L.
Sells, Louis M.
Wolsey, Joseph.
Esse, Henry R.
Evans, Peter C.
Fayle, Nicholas, Jr.
Groo, Scott.
Hampton, H. Ben.
Hilliard, Mark T.
Hyde, William H.
Judson, Charles F.
Milligan, Alex.
Robinson, Hyrum W.
Stuart, Charles E.

**Promoted to be sergeant.

*Promoted to be corporal.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH E. CAINE.

Captain Joseph E. Caine, who commanded the Utah Cavalry during the late war, was born in Salt Lake City in 1864, being a son of Hon. John T. Caine, who for many years represented Utah in Congress.

Mr. Caine was educated at the University of Deseret (now University of Utah), the Maryland Agricultural College, near Washington, D. C., and at the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York. After returning from school, he engaged in newspaper work, first with the "Salt Lake Democrat," afterwards with the "Tribune," and finally with the

"Herald." In 1888 he married Miss Annie Hooper, daughter of the late Captain William H. Hooper, and shortly afterwards gave up newspaper work and engaged in the insurance business, until the breaking out of the war.

In the last five years he has taken an active part in the National Guard, serving first as Assistant Adjutant-General upon the staff of Brigadier-General Willard Young, afterward Colonel of the Second United States Volunteer Engineers. This position he resigned in 1897, to accept the Captaincy of Troop A, First Cavalry, N. G. U.

When the call came from the President for volunteers for the war with Spain, Captain Caine offered his services and was selected by Governor Wells to command the First Troop, Utah United States Volunteer Cavalry. This troop was an independent command, organized under special authority from the War Department, and was composed of three officers and one hundred picked men.

While in Yosemite Park, Captain Caine was appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to the position of acting superintendent of the great reserve, containing about 2000 square miles of territory.

After returning to the Presidio, Captain Caine was given command of a squadron of cavalry, composed of his own troop and two troops of the Fourth U. S. Cavalry (regular).

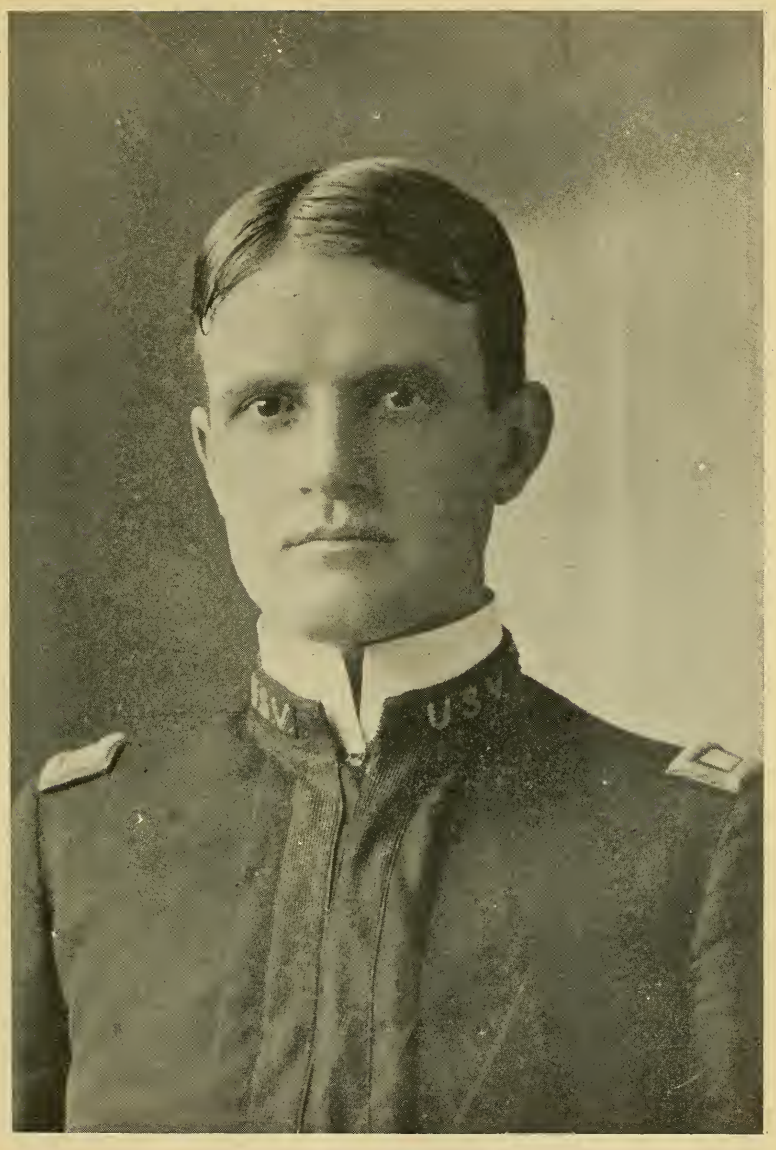
LIEUTENANT BENNER X. SMITH.

First Lieutenant Benner X. Smith, son of the Honorable Arthur A. Smith, late Brigadier-General of U. S. Volunteers, was born at Galesburg, Ill., May 28th, 1868, at which place his parents still live; graduated at Knox College, and then entered the Columbia Law School of New York, from which place he graduated in 1892 with a decree of L. L. B., the same year being admitted to the bar of New York State; removed to Salt Lake City, Utah, where he entered the practice of his

profession with F. B. Stephens. In the fall of the same year he was appointed Assistant United States Attorney for the then Territory of Utah. Upon Utah becoming a State, he was appointed Deputy Attorney-General, which position he occupied until the outbreak of the war with Spain, when he resigned to accept a commission as First Lieutenant in the first troop of Utah Volunteer Cavalry, and was mustered into the services of the United States at Fort Douglas, Utah, on the 11th day of May, 1898. His troop left for the Presidio, California, on the 24th day of May, 1898, where they remained until the 29th day of October, 1898, when they were ordered to patrol the Yosemite and Sequoia and Gen. Grant National Parks, in California. During these services, Lieutenant Smith was appointed by the Secretary of the Interior as acting superintendent of Sequoia and Gen. Grant National Parks. He was mustered out of the services at San Francisco, California, on the 23rd day of December, 1898, and immediately returned to Salt Lake City, where he resumed the practice of the law with his former partner, Frank B. Stephens.

LIEUTENANT GORDON N. KIMBALL.

Lieutenant Gordon N. Kimball was born in Indianapolis, Ind., on June 23, 1875. His father is James N. Kimball, eldest son of the late General Nathan Kimball, and his mother Elgiva Gordon, the daughter of the late Major Jonathan W. Gordon of the United States Army, and an eminent member of the Indianapolis bar. When Gordon N. was less than a year old, his parents removed to Salt Lake City, and since that time have resided in Utah. He was educated at the Ogden schools until 1888, when he went to Shattuck Military Academy, Faribault, Minnesota, graduating there in 1891, after which, in 1892, he entered the Ann Arbor Law School, remaining one year; and thereafter, in 1894, was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Utah, since which time he has practiced



CAPT. JOSEPH E. CAINE.

LIEUT. BENNER X. SMITH.

law in Ogden, Utah, save when in the military service of the United States.

On May 8, 1898, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant of First Troop, Utah Volunteer Cavalry, serving till his troop was mustered out at the close of the Spanish war. After remaining out of the service for some months, he was recommissioned on the 6th of August, 1899, as Second Lieutenant of the Thirty-fifth United States Volunteer Infantry, Colonel Plummer; and after two months spent in the recruiting service in California, he sailed with his regiment on the 4th of October, 1899, for Manila, Philippine Islands, where he is at present serving.

Lieutenant Kimball is a splendid illustration of the law of heredity. On both sides he inherits the instincts of an American soldier, and his family on each side have preserved the best traditions of the service. With such an heredity and bred in such an environment, it were impossible that the young Lieutenant should not realize the highest ideal of an American officer.

CHAPTER IV.

TORREY'S ROUGH RIDERS.

TROOP I, 2ND REGIMENT, U. S. CAVALRY —ENLISTMENT—EQUIPMENT — SERVICE—DISBANDMENT—ROSTER.

Who has not heard of the Rough Riders? Imagine, if you will, a combination of dudes, bankers, cowboys, sheepherders, prospectors, broncho busters and plainsmen, and you will have an idea of the Rough Riders. All the world has heard of the cowboys of the plains, of their dash, courage and vim, of their reckless dare-devil life, whether in rounding up a bunch of wild cattle upon the plains, or shooting holes through a mirror behind the bar of a village grog-shop. All the world has heard of his out-of-door life, and that when upon the back of a bucking bronco, he was as much at home as if he were making love in tender accents to a squatter's daughter. In all, and over all, he was a man, a man who accepted whatever came as a matter of course. Amid the rain and sleet of the mountains in the summer, or amid the snows of winter, he was always at home, perfectly self-possessed and cool. This class of men formed the majority of the rank and file of Col. Torrey's regiment, known as the Second U. S. Volunteer Cavalry. When word was received that Utah would be asked to furnish her quota of these dashing horsemen and dead-shot riflemen, it became a sharp rivalry as to who should be allowed the privilege of joining this coveted organization.

The requisites for a position in this regiment, as telegraphed to Gov. Wells, by Adjutant-General Corbin, were that the men should be good shots and good riders. The consequence was that the most unique body of cavalry the world had ever seen assembled at Fort Douglas, to be mustered into the U. S. service. As horsemen, they were the equals, if not the superiors, of the Mongolian Tartars, who had been bred to the saddle for, perhaps, 10,000 years, and as marksmen they surprised the Parthian horsemen in effectiveness, and the Balearic slingers in accuracy.

"Colonel Torrey was the originator of the idea of the organization of troops consisting of 'frontiersmen, who are marksmen and horsemen,' and secured the legislation pursuant to which three regiments of cavalry of this character have been enlisted. They were Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, Colonel Torrey's Rocky Mountain Cavalry, and Colonel Griggsby's Cowboys.

"The organization of the Rocky Mountain Riders by Colonel Torrey was a marvelous exhibition of the possibilities of our present state of civilization. He arrived at Fort Russell, Wyoming, on May 16th, and fourteen days later was mustered as Colonel of the regiment; there having arrived and been mustered in the meantime one troop from Idaho, one from Nevada, one from Utah, and seven from Wyoming. In addition, there were two troops in the regiment from Colorado, which were mustered prior to Colonel Torrey's coming to Fort D. A. Russell."

Colonel John Q. Cannon opened the recruiting office here for the Rough Riders on May 7, 1898, and in a few days the company was full. The men, eighty-five in number, reached Fort Russell, Wyo., May 15th. There they were mustered into the service, with John Q. Cannon—who afterwards became Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment—as Captain of the company—I of the Second Volunteer cavalry.

On their way to Jacksonville, Fla., the regiment met with

a dreadful railroad accident, in which six men were killed and a large number wounded, including Colonel Torrey himself.

Camp life at Jacksonville was anything but pleasant. In addition to the routine of duty (described elsewhere in this work), the disorder, confusion, overcrowding and the wretched rations made life anything but enjoyable. However, but one overwhelming desire animated every one, viz., to get to the front and at the foe.

"The American volunteer soldier," remarked "Happy Jack" Hall of Ogden, "is the cussedest animal in existence. Take him out in the broiling sun, fight him all day, don't give him a d—d thing to eat, and nasty ditch water to drink and he hasn't a word of complaint; in fact, he is just tickled to death. But let him get his belly full of grub—good or bad—and he starts right in to kick. It doesn't make any difference what the object of his kick is—generally it's everything and everybody, from the Government and President down to the grub and company Captain. He has got to growl. Growling relieves his soul."

So it was at Jacksonville. If a man did not understand the nature of the growlers, and took the universal growl seriously, he would have imagined that Uncle Sam could never dare to put these half mutinous volunteers in the field. Just there he would miss it. The "jawsmiths" of the camp become transformed as if by magic into the immortal Rough Riders, who stormed San Juan on an empty stomach, or on embalmed beef.

True, Torrey's men did not have the glorious opportunity which came to Roosevelt's boys, but they were there for that purpose, and, in the language of one of them, "We'd a turned the trick as slick as Rosy's boys did, and you can go your last chip on it." Not what men do, but what they stand ready to do; not what opportunities they embrace, but what undertakings they dare; not what results are accomplished, but what

GROUP OF TORRE Y'S ROUGH RIDERS.

A BIT OF SAN JUAN.

spirit animates the doers—must remain the test of a soldier. Measured by such a standard, we must recognize that the men at Jacksonville were of the same heroic mold as the men who stormed the heights of San Juan. At the close of the war they were mustered out of service and melted into the obscurity of private life; but it seems safe to say that if the task of settling with "Aggie and his niggers" could be turned over to a half-dozen such regiments of rough riders, they would be corraled like a herd of cattle upon the plains in short order, and the round-up would be complete.

ROSTER OF TROOP I, SECOND REGIMENT, U. S. VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

(Torrey's Rough Riders.)

Captain—John Q. Cannon, Salt Lake.
First Lieutenant—J. Wash Young, Salt Lake.
Second Lieutenant—Andrew J. Burt, Salt Lake.
Privates—
William O. Ash, Mt. Pleasant.
Earl B. Allen, Provo.
Orson Allred, Beaver.
John R. Beck, Salt Lake.
Eric A. Anderson, Logan.
Jesse F. Bean, Richfield.
Jason R. Beebe, Grantsville.
Charles H. Bates, Richfield.
Lorenzo Bohm, Beaver.
A. L. Cummings, Mercur.
William F. Cleghorn, Salt Lake.
A. C. Christensen, Logan.
Edward W. Clarke, Salt Lake.
E. H. Clark, Fayette.
Frederick S. Dart, Springville.

Charles M. Dull, Salt Lake.
Clarence R. Drake, Salt Lake.
Reuben W. De Witt, Jr., Richfield.
Robert Forrester, Castle Gate.
Frederick B. Fowler, Brigham City.
Stephen H. Fotheringham, Beaver City.
William H. Goldman, Salt Lake.
F. C. Goodwin, Logan.
Samuel E. Hansen, Tooele.
Sydney C. Hays, Salina.
Joseph A. Harris, Monroe.
John C. Hilbert, Salt Lake.
Harry Harris, Beaver.
Carl B. Hard, Salt Lake.
Wilb H. Harris, Price.
Sidney K. Hooper, Salt Lake.
Charles C. W. Jasperson, Salt Lake.
Frank Jardine, Mercur.
Thomas Jones, Jr., Price.
James Kidney, Corinne.
Lewis Larson, Dover.
John H. Lundy, Murray.
William H. Leiter, Springville.
Joseph R. Lewis, Salt Lake.
Robert R. Moody, Salt Lake.
Edgar C. McCarty, Monroe.
John H. Manson, Monroe.
Burton C. Morris, Salt Lake.
A. G. McKenzie, Salt Lake.
James McPherson, Salt Lake.
W. Archie McKay, Salt Lake.
Joseph V. E. Marsh, Alton, Ill.
Albert F. Ooakason, Salt Lake.
Thomas Lee O'Flynn, Murray.
F. H. Plaisted, Salt Lake.

Newman A. Page, Salt Lake.
Arthur H. Prade, Salt Lake.
Lars Peterson, Logan.
R. G. Pratt, Salt Lake.
John H. Rinley, Salt Lake.
Jethro M. Rydalch, Grantsville.
John D. B. Rogers, Salt Lake.
William C. Ritter, Mercur.
L. Robinson, Ogden.
Milford B. Shipp, Jr., Monroe.
Francis R. Shepard, Richfield.
D. E. Scales, Brigham City.
David Sanderson, Santaquin.
Luther J. Stewart, Spanish Fork.
Uri Stewart, Jr., Spanish Fork.
J. C. Smelser, Salt Lake.
George C. Sharp, Salt Lake.
John W. Streeper, Springville.
Arthur Smith, Beaver.
Chris S. Sorensen, Marysvale.
Joseph F. Skinner, Salt Lake.
George R. Sproat, Salt Lake.
E. R. Thompson, Nephi.
L. S. Tenney, Logan.
James B. Willison, Salt Lake.
Francis M. Walker, Salt Lake.
Axel W. Ekdahl, Laramie, Wyo.
Robert C. Wilkerson, Sheridan, Wyo.
Samuel C. Elder, Holyoke, Colo.
Joseph A. Young, Salt Lake.

JOHN Q. CANNON.

John Q. Cannon was born in San Francisco, April 19, 1857, but his parents were Utah pioneers, and he always lived in this State. He was graduated from the University of Utah, but previously had prepared for, and in competitive examination had won, the appointment as cadet to the U. S. Military Academy—an appointment which was withheld from him because his father, then Delegate in Congress, and having the appointing power, declined to nominate his own son. Young Cannon learned the printer's trade, and then entered the journalistic profession. He served in every department of the pioneer Utah paper, the Deseret News, from office boy to editor-in-chief, holding the latter position when the war with Spain was declared. For several years he was also editor of the Ogden Standard. Immediately after the passage by the Utah Legislature of the act creating the National Guard of the State, he organized a cavalry troop and was elected its Captain; eight months later he was promoted to be Major commanding all the State cavalry, and three months after this he was made Adjutant-General, with the rank of Brigadier-General. This was in the closing year of Utah's existence as a Territory, but with the advent of Statehood he was continued in the office until he resigned it, together with his editorial duties as above mentioned, to enter the Volunteer service in the Spanish-American war. At the first call for volunteers he responded, and collected the quota of men allotted to this State in the organization of the Second U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, the famous Torrey regiment of Rough Riders, and, reporting at Fort D. A. Russell, was mustered in as Captain of Troop I (the Utah troop), on May 18, 1898. Less than a month later he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, which proceeded to Florida, being assigned to the Seventh Army Corps, in June. The regiment had no opportunity to leave American

CAPT. JOHN Q. CANNON.

LIEUT. ANDREW J. BURT.

[Photo by Johnson.]

soil, and it was mustered out of service at Jacksonville October 24, 1898, he having commanded it during more than half the entire time of its existence. Returning home in November, he was, during the ensuing winter, appointed Brigadier-General commanding the National Guard of Utah, which position he still holds.

J. WASH YOUNG.

J. Wash Young, son of Brigham Young and Jane Carrington Young, was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, October 16, 1864, and attended the public schools of this city, graduating from the University of Utah at twenty years of age. Since then he has been in business in Salt Lake, and is at present a well-known traveling salesman. When the call came for volunteers to fight in the late Spanish war, Mr. Young promptly offered his services, and was enlisted as a private in the Second United States Volunteer Cavalry, commonly known as Torrey's Rough Riders. He was elected First Lieutenant of Troop I, in which he had enlisted, May 17, 1898, at Fort Russell, Wyoming, and assumed the duties of his rank June 20, 1898. He received a Captain's commission July 18, 1898, and commanded the troop until August 18, 1898. He was then placed on General Fitzhugh Lee's staff and put in command of the convalescent camp at Pablo Beach, Florida.

Here the trying and uncongenial character of his duties impelled him to ask for his release more than once; but his superiors considered that they could not supply his place, and, therefore, he remained at his post of duty until the Seventh Army Corps removed to Savannah, Georgia, November 1, 1898, before embarking for Cuba.

ANDREW J. BURT.

Andrew J. Burt was born in Salt Lake City, his father being Scotch, and his mother English. He obtained his education in the public schools, and began life at the age of 15 in the carpenter-shop department of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, where he remained for more than eight years. He next worked as a locomotive fireman for three and a half years. Under Marshal Phillips he served as patrolman on the Salt Lake City police force. In August, 1886, he was elected Sheriff of Salt Lake County, and was twice re-elected to fill that position, in 1888 and 1890. At the breaking out of the Spanish-American war, Mr. Burt offered his services to his country, which were promptly accepted. He was enlisted as Second Lieutenant of Troop I, Torrey's Rough Riders. He discharged the duties of his rank with the most commendable zeal and ability until the regiment was mustered out of the service of the United States. He received a commission as Captain in the regular army September 18, 1899, and assigned to the Thirty-ninth U. S. Volunteer Infantry, now serving in Manila.

CHAPTER V.

BATTERY C, UTAH U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

RECRUITING AT FORT DOUGLAS—DRILLING WITHOUT EQUIPMENTS—DEPARTURE FOR THE PRESIDIO — WITHDRAWAL FROM EXPEDITIONARY FORCES—SICKNESS FROM LACK OF CLOTHING—ORDERED TO ANGEL ISLAND, CAL.—COMFORTABLE BARRACKS—EQUIPPED AS CAVALRY—POST AND GUARD DUTIES—MUSTER OUT—ROSTER—NOTES—ANGEL ISLAND.

(By Captain Frank W. Jennings.)

After the troops which had been raised under the President's first call had been mustered into the service, and had been equipped as far as military stores of the State would accomplish that end, at the rendezvous at Fort Douglas, there were a great number of Utah boys who were anxiously awaiting an opportunity to go to the front. The Governor, in his proclamation calling for troops, had intimated that there would be a subsequent call, and the boys who had been left over on the first call were anxiously waiting for another opportunity to present itself for them to fight for the honor of their country and State.

In due course of time, the call came. As the largest command under the first call had been given to the artillery, so under the second call, another battery was added to the State's quota. Battery C was mustered into the service on the 14th of July, under the President's second call.

Complying with the President's proclamation, dated May 25, 1898, Battery C, United States Volunteer Light Artillery was recruited, and on July 14, 1898, at Fort Douglas, Utah, the battery was mustered into the service of the United States by Lieutenant Littlebrant of the Seventh United States cavalry. The strength of the battery was 106 men: Captain, Frank Jennings of Salt Lake City, Utah; First Lieutenant, John D. Murphy of Ogden City, Utah; Second Lieutenant, W. J. B. Stacey of Manti, Utah. From date of muster until July 31, 1898, the battery remained at Fort Douglas, where the men and officers received such military instructions as could be given without arms or equipment. July 31, 1898, as per telegraphic instructions from the Adjutant-General's office, dated July 28, 1898, the battery proceeded to the Presidio of San Francisco, California, arriving there August 2, 1898, and reported for duty.

August 5, 1898, per special order No. 101, headquarters of the Department of California, the battery was withdrawn from the expeditionary forces and assigned for duty at the Presidio of San Francisco. On arrival at the Presidio, the battery received their tentage and cooking utensils. A few days after their clothing was issued, but in small quantities, so that it was fully six weeks before all the men received their full quota of clothing. This being the season for severe fogs and winds on the coast, the men suffered for want of proper clothing, and many of them contracted colds and were obliged to go to the hospital.

Complying with paragraph 10, special order 156, headquarters Department of California, dated October 13, 1898, and special order 236, the Presidio of San Francisco, California, dated October 18, 1898, the battery was ordered to Angel Island, California, where they arrived on the afternoon of October 19, 1898. Here the battery was placed in barracks and had very comfortable quarters. During their stay at the Presidio, the battery was engaged in foot drills, police work and extra duty work; the Government not having seen fit to

equip them with their proper arms, but when the order was received for the battery to go to Angel Island, they were equipped as cavalry, receiving the old-time Springfield carbine. At Angel Island, the battery being the only troops on the island, they had all the post duties to perform besides regular drills and guard duties, and under these circumstances, the battery soon became very proficient in all their duties. They had settled down, as they supposed, for the winter, when the order came, about December 10th, for the battery to be mustered out of the service of the United States, which was accomplished on December 21, 1898, under the direction of Mustering Officer Captain Sedgwick Pratt, Third U. S. Artillery.

Strength of battery at time of muster out, 3 officers, 93 men, there having been 13 men discharged through favor and disability.

FRANK W. JENNINGS,
Captain Battery C, Utah, U. S. L. A.

ROSTER OF BATTERY C, UTAH, U. S. VOLUNTEER LIGHT ARTILLERY.

Captain—Frank W. Jennings, Salt Lake.
First Lieutenant—John D. Murphy, Ogden.
Second Lieutenant—William J. B. Stacey, Manti.
First Sergeant—Henry Barrett, Fort Douglas.
Quartermaster-Sergeant—Cyrus L. Hawley, Salt Lake.
Veterinary Sergeant—David Muir, Mendon.

Sergeants—

Albert C. Allen, Salt Lake.
Christian Lund, Fountain Green.
Edgar Stevenson, Ogden.
Leo Leon, Salt Lake.
Albert Hulbert, Salt Lake.
Edgar J. Bonstell, Mercur.

Corporals—
Herbert C. Cushing, Salt Lake.
Beltel C. Rasmussen, Salt Lake.
Joseph Z. Dye, Mercur.
John B. Doyle, Mercur.
Percy T. Fisher, Salt Lake.
Elmer Green, Rock Springs, Wyo.
Axel Ongman, Salt Lake.
Patrick H. Malloy, Butte, Mont.
Alfred Voyce, Mercur.

Farriers—
George W. Olsen, Fountain Green.
James S. Manson, Monroe.

Artificers—
Rutherford G. Goldman, Ogden.
Joseph Hansen, Salt Lake.

Saddler—
Samuel J. Caldwell, Brigham.

Musicians—
George A. White, Salt Lake.
Louis Herbertson, Pleasant Grove.

Wagoner—
James Swenson, Salt Lake.

Privates—
John Ahern, San Francisco.
William H. Ash, Salt Lake.
Thomas Aspden, Salt Lake.
Edward W. Bachelor, Harrisville.
Frederick C. Benzon, Salt Lake.
Hyrum S. Buckley, West Jordan.
James K. Butters, Gunnison.
John H. Callahan, Lyman.
Theodore Candland, Chester.
Joseph S. Canning, Salt Lake.
Charles Carlin, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Benjamin F. Carter, Richfield.
Wilford Cartwright, Beaver.
James H. Chisholm, Frisco.
Frederick Christensen, Brigham.
Marshall Cole, Salt Lake.
Fred H. Collins, Austin, Nev.
William Crawford, Park City.
Henry Crossman, Ogden.
Edward Dalton, Annabella.
Frank R. Daniels, Mercur.
George W. Davis, Harrisville.
Cornelius W. Fairbanks, Payson.
Robert J. Findlay, Beaver.
George W. Frazer, Tooele.
Olof G. Fallquist, Bingham.
Josh Gardner, Richfield.
Robert Glendenning, Denver, Colo.
Tony D. Goldman, Ogden.
Kersey E. Gowin, Pleasant View.
Eddie J. Gruber, Adrian, Mich.
Joseph Hansen, Richfield.
Orson P. Hansen, Salt Lake.
Peter Hansen, Richfield.
Henry L. Harris, Salt Lake.
William D. Haymore, Payson.
Angus Heiner, Morgan.
Charles Heiner, Morgan.
John S. Herbert, Salt Lake.
Lucien C. Horr, Ogden.
Christian Jensen, Gunnison.
Joseph C. Loughran, Ogden.
Carl Lundstrom, Salt Lake.
M. H. McLeod, Frisco.
Carl Madsen, Elsinore.
Catonder T. Martin, Frisco.

John Matthews, Beaver.
Albert Miller, Richfield.
Michael Morrissey, Ogden.
John Naismith, Salt Lake.
George E. Nay, Gunnison.
Riley Patten, Payson.
Aug. S. Peterson, Gunnison.
Paules Peterson, Gunnison.
Edmund Peters, Salt Lake.
Ned Price, Salt Lake.
Wesley Pulver, Payson.
James Riley, Blair, Neb.
James F. Robertson, Fountain Green.
George Robinson, Beaver.
Robert W. Rogers, Mercur.
Milo Rogers, Salt Lake.
Ray T. Savage, Salt Lake.
Alexander Shaw, Beaver.
William Shurtliff, Ogden.
Henry M. Sinnott, Nashville, Tenn.
Albert W. Smith, Beaver.
Carlos E. Smith, Salt Lake.
John L. Smith, Ogden.
John B. Stevens, Ogden.
Clifford Stewart, Central.
Patrick R. Sullivan, Crystal Falls, Mich.
Roy Tribe, Peterson.
Henry E. Van Alstyn, Salt Lake.
Edward N. Wadsworth, Morgan.
August Weis, Ogden.
Albert Welch, Milford.
George A. Wilson, Stockton.
Louis Wolz, Salt Lake.
Henry Young, Provo.

CAPT. FRANK W. JENNINGS.

[Photo by Johnson.]

LIEUT. JOHN D. MURPHY.

[Photo by Johnson.]

NOTE BY CAPTAIN F. JENNINGS.

Angel Island is situated in San Francisco Bay, about six miles from San Francisco. It covers an area of several square miles, and is utilized by the United States Government as an army post and quarantine station.

Some portions of the island are covered with small timber and shrubs, with grass and beautiful ferns running all over the hills. One picturesque feature is a beautiful drive circling the entire island, giving an exquisite view at every turn.

On the north side is situated the United States quarantine station, where all infected vessels entering San Francisco harbor are taken and held there until given a clean bill of health. The army post faces the Golden Gate, with the barracks on one side of the broad street, and officers' quarters on the other. All the buildings have been erected several years ago, under the direct supervision of General Shafter. In these Battery C was domiciled for the winter months. After the fogs and winds of the Presidio, the change was greatly appreciated, as here the men found large dormitories heated by stoves, with iron bedsteads and mattresses, pillows and sheets.

The dining rooms were of ample space, with clean tables and sufficient crockery for all purposes. Large steel ranges were found in each kitchen, supplying hot water for washing and bathing purposes.

Attached to these barracks were a library and writing room, containing several hundred volumes of standard literature.

Nature was very generous in beautifying these homes for Uncle Sam's soldiers, as all around the barracks and officers' quarters were great hedges of geraniums, calla lilies and huge palms.

The Government steamer "General McDowell" made three trips each day to the island from San Francisco.

F. J.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CAPTAIN FRANK W. JENNINGS.

Captain Frank W. Jennings was born in Nevada, February 25, 1857. He came to Salt Lake soon after his birth, and attended school in this city until fifteen years of age. Next he went to San Francisco and attended the Lincoln grammar school of that city for a short time, after which he went to St. Augustine College, a military school in Benicia, California, where he remained about two years.

At the age of nineteen, he went into the retail dry goods business with his father, and has been occupied in this city ever since. When Governor West appointed R. W. Young Brigadier-General of the State militia, Captain Jennings was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, and served until General Young retired. When the war broke out, Captain Jennings was a member of Troop A, Utah militia, and immediately offered his services to Governor Wells.

After the mustering out of Battery C, Captain Jennings went to Manila for the purpose of looking over the Government's new possessions and ascertaining what the prospects were for business and investments. During his stay on the island of Luzon, he witnessed several engagements between the United States troops and the insurgents. He returned to the United States at the same time as Batteries A and B.

LIEUTENANT J. D. MURPHY.

Lieutenant J. D. Murphy was born in Iowa, in the year 1857. He finished his education at the Iowa Wesleyan University, at Mount Pleasant, from which he graduated in 1882. He next studied law, and was duly admitted to the bar. Feeling that a wider and less congested field for the practice of his chosen profession was necessary, he decided to take Hor-

ace Greely's advice, and "go West." In 1885 he migrated to Nebraska, where he remained several years. In 1889 he moved to Ogden, in which city he has since remained, engaged in the practice of his profession.

Under the second call of the President for volunteers, it was finally settled that another battery of light artillery, to be known as Battery C, should be enlisted and organized from the State of Utah. Promptly Mr. Murphy offered his services to his country's call, and was named as recruiting officer by Governor Heber M. Wells, in June, 1898. During the enlistment of the battery he received a commission as First Lieutenant, on July 7, 1898. When the boys of Battery C were mustered into the service of the United States, Lieutenant Murphy took the prescribed oath, and assumed the duties and responsibilities pertaining to his rank. He accompanied his command to the Presidio, California, and to Angel Island, discharging all the duties of a soldier and officer in the most efficient manner.

When Battery C was mustered out, on December 21, 1898, J. D. Murphy was mustered out with the rank of First Lieutenant, and again entered civil life, resuming the practice of law in Ogden, Utah.

CHAPTER VI.

U. S. VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS.

CREATED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS—FORMATION—TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO—THE PRESIDIO—TRIP TO HONOLULU—CAMP M'KINLEY—SIGHTS AND SCENES—RETURN HOME—MUSTER OUT—ROSTER.

(By Private Will A. Leatham.)

The volunteer regiments of engineers were created by a special act of Congress, and consequently differ somewhat from the usual volunteer troops. In fact, the volunteer from each State might be considered as belonging to the individual State from which they were enlisted. The Volunteer Engineers, on the other hand, were selected from the nation at large. The most familiar example I can cite is company K of the Second Regiment of Volunteer Engineers, recruited in Salt Lake City, of which I was an active member. "Our" company was recruited from four States, namely: Utah, Montana, Idaho and Nevada. Utah was given the honor of furnishing the largest number of recruits of any of the above-mentioned States. It would not be out of place to state that the Engineer Corps is organized from a class of men who all have some mechanical ability, and is classed, according to military regulations, as the highest branch of the military service.

Our company was composed of 105 enlisted men and three commissioned officers. Lieutenant Mills, late State Engineer

of Idaho, was the recruiting officer, located at Fort Douglas, and was later appointed as our First Lieutenant. The enlisted men from Montana, Idaho and Nevada arrived at the fort, which was the appointed rendezvous for our company, on Friday, July 18, 1898. They were a fine body of men, both physically and mentally, and were a credit to the several States from which they came.

July 9th, at about 10:30 a. m., Lieutenant Dashiell, then mustering in officer at Fort Douglas, had the call for assembly blown. We were lined up in company formation, and the Lieutenant, after a brief and kindly speech, read to us the formal oath which bound us to serve our country "faithfully and truthfully for two years, or until honorably mustered out." We now began to realize the responsibility we had taken upon ourselves. But there was not a single member in our company who was not willing and anxious to do his duty and uphold the honor and glory of our beloved flag. All who desired to take the advantage of the privilege were allowed "passes" to town that evening, but were given orders to be at the post at 7:30 a. m., as we were to break camp, and be ready to leave the reservation at 10:30 a. m. Without an exception, every man was at quarters on time. Everything was now a scene of excitement; but everybody was willing, and soon we had all our baggage in readiness for shipment. The luggage was loaded on Government wagons and street cars, ready for our short run to the depot. On account of our not being State troops, the crowd at the depot was not so large, but what they lacked in numbers they more than made up in enthusiasm. We were given a royal "send off," and left the station at 12:30, noon.

Our trip from Salt Lake to San Francisco was one continual ovation. At every station, no matter how humble, we were greeted by the most patriotic crowd imaginable.

Our arrival in Sacramento, Cal., requires special mention. We were met by ladies of the Red Cross society, who presented each of us with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, after which

we were served with coffee and sandwiches. From Sacramento to Oakland our journey was uneventful. We arrived in Oakland at 12:30 p. m., Monday, July 11th, and spent that night in the cars. The bugle sounded at 5:30 next morning, and we awoke to find an excellent lunch prepared for us on the platform, after which we marched on board the ferry boat, and in a few minutes were safely landed at the docks in the famous city of San Francisco. After leaving the ferry boat we formed in columns of fours and commenced our march to the Presidio, the U. S. military reservation located at the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco.

Our camping grounds were located about one-fourth of a mile from the beach, on a sloping hillside, which gave us a beautiful view of San Francisco and the surrounding country to the bay. For a background we had the reservation undulated in rolling hills covered with pine trees up to the barracks where Uncle Sam has his regular soldiers stationed. Here a sight greets the eye which shows without words the strict military discipline enforced. Nothing showy, but everything neat, clean and in shipshape. The artistic part of the grounds is covered with a profusion of flowers in full bloom.

By the evening of July 12th we were all comfortably located in our tents, and on Wednesday, July 13th, commenced military life in earnest.

Lieutenant Mills was still our ranking officer, and had charge of our company. Adjoining us were the other three companies of engineers, company I, recruited in Denver, Colo.; company L, recruited in San Francisco, Cal.; and company M, recruited in Portland, Or. The three above-mentioned companies, with our company K, comprised a battalion commanded by Major William C. Langfitt of the regular army. We were now drilled five hours per day on five days in the week. It was a novel and interesting sight to witness the raw recruits executing the commands of our willing, though inexperienced, officers. But everybody was willing and ambitious,

and we soon acquired a degree of proficiency in military tactics which drew forth many words of praise from the regulars. Our treatment in 'Frisco cannot be spoken of in too high words of praise.

We were notified on August 2nd to prepare for our trip to Honolulu. From August 2nd to August 3rd, the day of our departure, everything was lively around camp. But promptly at bugle call, our tents dropped and we commenced our march to the docks through the center of the city; during which we received the same hearty applause which was tendered us about twenty-six days previous on our arrival. After reaching the docks, we were greeted by an immense crowd of our fellow-countrymen. After our provisions were loaded on the boat and various details attended to, we marched on board and were ready for our 2100 mile trip to Honolulu and the "garden islands" of the Pacific.

The transport's name was the "Lakme" and was a miserable little tub capable of accommodating about two hundred people; while we were crowded on to the extent of about four hundred and eighty men. Our sleeping quarters were all below decks and the sleeping and eating accommodations were extremely poor. Most of us, however, contrived to be on deck most of the time, and as we all had a little money and were favored with ideal weather, our passage proved a very pleasurable one. It was customary every evening to hold a vocal and instrumental entertainment on deck, which assisted materially to while the time away. We were eleven days on the water, arriving in Honolulu on the morning of Wednesday, August 17, 1898.

The sight was one never to be forgotten. The landing was crowded with a mixture of all nationalities. The natives, Kanakas, predominated. Then came Chinese, Japanese, Portugese, negroes and whites.

Our eleven-day trip across the ocean was a decided novelty to most of the boys who had never had a like experience.

Our second day out we sighted several large whales desporting themselves in the water. Our fifth day out we encountered a school of flying fish. They were extremely interesting to a novice. Several flew on deck and were picked up by the boys and preserved as souvenirs.

Our food on board was of the very poorest class and was poorly cooked. If we wanted anything palatable, we had to buy it from the ship's steward, and then pay two prices for it.

Our march from the docks on our arrival in Honolulu to our camping grounds lay along a well constructed road, lined on both sides with all kinds of tropical trees. Huge palmes reared their stately heads surrounded by groves of cocoanut and banana trees. The houses were set well back from the road and were surrounded with beautiful flower gardens in full bloom. A march of four miles brought us to our camping grounds, which were located at the base of Diamond Head, an extinct volcano. It was only a five minutes walk to the beach, where the most delightful bathing could be enjoyed. Our camp we named "Camp McKinley," in honor of our President. Tents were speedily put up and everything put in military shape; and we were again ready to commence army life. We were drilled about five hours a day; but it soon became evident to our officers that we could not stand the strain, on account of not yet being used to the climate. Our drilling hours were consequently cut down to about two hours per day.

The climate of the island is an ideal one. Being in the direct path of the trade winds there is always a cool and refreshing breeze blowing. The temperature varies but a few degrees during the whole year. There are seven islands in the Hawaiian group, and we visited nearly all of them on practice marches. They have a line of boats plying between the several islands. The natives (Kanakas) were a simple, kind-hearted, and confiding people, who have not forgotten, in their intercourse with civilized people, to adopt

"CAMP LIFE."

BATTERY C, UTAH VOLUNTEERS.

their vices as well as their virtues. The raising of sugar cane and the manufacture of raw sugar is the principal industry of the islands. There are some immense plantations in operation and are mostly controlled by American capital. All the labor is performed by Chinese, Japanese and some Portugese, brought over by contractors. They receive very small pay, and are probably treated worse than were the slaves in America.

Our time now was occupied in building permanent barracks which were located about one mile nearer Honolulu than where our tents were first pitched. They were wooden structures, four in number, one for each company, and were one hundred and twenty feet by forty feet, partitioned off in six rooms for sleeping, one for kitchen and one for dining room. We had to construct our own beds as best we could; but a few weeks before our departure we were given regular army cots.

We were very hospitably treated by both the native and foreign population during our whole time on the islands. On Thanksgiving day the ladies of Honolulu gave us an elegant dinner. There was an abundance of everything good, and after eating army fare, was very much enjoyed and duly appreciated. Again on Christmas we had another royal feast. Our whole battalion enjoyed excellent health, and we had very few sick in the hospital. Company K, from Salt Lake, never lost a single man from sickness or any other cause. Inspector-General Fields of the regular army, in his report to the War Department, complimented us very highly on our physical and mental qualifications, and also on the cleanly state of our camp. When the news reached us of the signing of the peace treaty, we all began to chafe under military restraint, and were eager to resume the freedom of plain citizenship. Many were the rumors amongst the boys as to when we would be mustered out. At last the glad tidings were received that we would be relieved by four companies of the Sixth Artillery.

This, the first authentic news, arrived the first part of April, 1899. Every one was now collecting souvenirs, and our sleeping quarters presented the appearance of a curiosity shop. Finally, on the 20th day of April, 1899, the word passed down the line that the ship carrying the Sixth Artillery had been sighted, rounding Diamond Head. She was safely docked. The troops landed and were marched directly to our camp, where they received a royal welcome. For several days previous to this we had commenced to turn in our Government property, and had but little preparation to make for our homeward journey. By the 22nd, the day set for our departure, we were all ready. Our baggage was loaded on Government wagons and taken to the docks. We formed in columns of fours and commenced our march to the wharf. It was one continual ovation all the way, and we were literally covered with flowers. Our column was headed by the Hawaiian band, a most excellent organization. When we arrived at the wharf it was packed with the largest crowd in the history of Honolulu. We were soon safely on board. The anchor raised, and at 4 o'clock we bid adieu to our friends and the delightful islands where we had spent so many pleasant days. Our ship's name was the "Australia," and was a first-class passenger boat. We received much better treatment on our return trip. On our first day out we encountered strong head winds, and were troubled with extremely rough weather all the way over.

We arrived in San Francisco on the night of April 29, 1899. We dropped anchor in the stream close to Alcatraz island, the United States military prison, and staid on board that night. Next morning everything was ready to land. We were examined by the health commissioner, marched upon the docks, and then directly to our camp at the Presidio, the Government reservation. We had been expected, and our camp had been all prepared. We were quartered in tents, each tent being provided with a stove, which came in very handy, as we all felt the cold after coming from a warm

climate. We now had practically no duties to perform and spent most of our time visiting friends in the city. All necessary papers were prepared, and we were formally mustered out of service on the 16th day of May, 1899, having been in Uncle Sam's service something over ten months.

UTAH ENLISTMENTS IN U. S. VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS.

Portion of Captain Robert P. Johnston's company, Second Regiment, U. S. Volunteer Engineers, commanded by Colonel Willard Young, enlisted in Utah by Lieutenant F. J. Mills.

Sergeants—

Anton Schneider, Salt Lake.
William B. Dougall, Springville.
William F. Flannigan, Salt Lake.
James H. Howat, Salt Lake.

Corporals—

Edward C. Cooper, Salt Lake.
Frederick Lyon, Salt Lake.
Fred J. Barnes, Salt Lake.

Musician—

Frank C. Fisher, Salt Lake.

Privates—

Alfa W. Beam, Salt Lake.
Milton T. Benham, Ogden.
John V. Buckle, Salt Lake.
Jack H. Flynn, Salt Lake.
Frank Foster, Salt Lake.
Daniel T. Gilmore, Salt Lake.
James A. Graham, Salt Lake.
Joseph E. Hall, Salt Lake.
Charles Harris, Salt Lake.
Otto H. Hassing, Salt Lake.
Ralph C. Holsclan, Salt Lake.

Wm. A. Leatham, Salt Lake.
John F. McCarty, Salt Lake.
James E. McDonald, Salt Lake.
Frank C. Moyle, Salt Lake.
Pattric O'Hagan, Salt Lake.
Frank J. Silver, Salt Lake.
Richard S. Wright, Salt Lake.
Ray A. Young, Salt Lake.
Donald Darrah, Salt Lake.
William H. C. Drake, Salt Lake.
Charles D. Gilbourne, Salt Lake.
Willard W. Henderson, Salt Lake.
Daniel F. Howells, Salt Lake.
William M. Lewis, Salt Lake.
James L. Morris, Salt Lake.
Walter Y. Mosher, Oakley, Utah.
William C. Seymour, Oakley.
James O'Day, Salt Lake.
John B. Powers, Salt Lake.
William J. Watson, Salt Lake.

CHAPTER VII.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DISCOVERY BY CAPTAIN COOK—GEOGRAPHY OF ISLANDS—NAMES, NUMBER AND EXTENT—SOIL, CLIMATE AND RESOURCES—IMPORTANCE OF POSITION IN THE PACIFIC—CHARACTER AND CONDITIONS OF PRESENT POPULATION—ANNEXATION, PAST, PRESENT AND PROBABLE FORM OF GOVERNMENT AS UNITED STATES TERRITORY.

The singular group of eight islands lying almost in mid-Pacific, now known as the Hawaiian islands, were discovered by that famous navigator Captain Cook on Sunday, January 18, 1778, and were named by him Sandwich Islands after the Earl of Sandwich. This event, which happened during the Revolutionary war, was destined to affect the future history of the new-born nation two centuries later in a way which no human foresight at that time could possibly anticipate. They have since been an issue in our politics, an important factor in our late war and will be the halfway house in our coming commerce with the vast Orient.

They lie approximately between 19 degrees and 22½ degrees north latitude and between 155 degrees and 161½ degrees east longitude. The area in acres is: Hawaii, 2,000,000; Nani, 400,000; Oahu, 260,000; Kauai, 350,000; Molokai, 200,000; Lauai, 100,000; Nichan, 70,000; Kahloolawe, 30,000. The island of Hawaii (pronounced Hah-vah-ee-ee), 4,210 square miles, is greater in area than all the others com-

bined; Oahu, the third in size, contains the city of Honolulu, and Molokai enjoys the unique distinction of possessing the leper colony, made famous by the splendid heroism of Father Damien, who so nobly volunteered to exile himself, live among the lepers and administer to their religious necessities.

The islands are of volcanic origin and boast the largest and most interesting volcanoes in the world. Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, is the largest active volcano on earth. Its area is over four square miles, circumference, nearly eight; height at Volcano House 1050 feet. Sometimes when the red glare of Kilauea illuminates the sky and lights up the snow-clad peaks of Mauna Loa the pyrotechnic display is beyond the powers of human language to describe. But when it comes to first-class work in volcanic pyrotechnics Mauna Loa is the volcano. One of its performances began late in the afternoon April 2, 1868, and is thus described:

"The crust of the earth rose and sank like the sea in a storm. Rocks were rent, mountains fell, buildings and their contents shattered, trees swayed like reeds, animals were scared and ran about demented; men thought the judgment had come. The earth opened in thousands of places, the road in Hilo cracked open, horses and their riders and people afoot were thrown violently to the ground; it seemed as if the rocky ribs of the mountains and the granite walls and pillars of the earth were breaking up. At Kilauea the shocks were as frequent as the ticking of a watch. In Kau, south of Hilo, they counted 300 shocks on that direful day; and Mrs. L., who was in that district at the same time, says that the earth swayed to and fro, north and south, then east and west, then up and down in every imaginable direction, everything crashing about them, and the trees thrashing as if torn by a strong rushing wind. She and others sat on the ground bracing themselves with hands and feet to avoid being rolled over. They saw an avalanche of red earth, which they supposed to be lava, burst from the mountain side, throwing rocks high

in the air, swallowing up houses, trees, men and animals, and traveling three miles in as many minutes, burying a hamlet with thirty-one inhabitants and 500 head of cattle.

"Five days after the destructive earthquake of April 2nd the ground south of Hilo burst open with a crash and roar, which at once answered all questions concerning the volcano. The molten river, after traveling under ground for thirty miles, emerged through a fissure two miles in length with a tremendous force and volume. It was in a pleasant pastoral region supposed to be at rest forever, at the top of a grass-covered plateau sprinkled with native and foreign houses, and rich in herds of cattle. Four huge fountains boiled up with terrific fury, throwing crimson lava rocks weighing many tons to a height of from 500 to 1000 feet. Mr. Whitney of Honolulu, who was near the spot, says: 'From these great fountains to the sea flowed a great stream of red lava, rolling, rushing and tumbling, like a swollen river, bearing along in its current large rocks that made the lava foam as it dashed down the precipice and through the valley into the sea, surging and roaring throughout its length like a cataract, with a power and fury perfectly indescribable. It was nothing else than a river of fire of from 200 to 800 feet wide and twenty feet deep varying from ten to twenty-five miles an hour.' This same intelligent observer noticed as a peculiarity of the spouting that the lava was ejected by a rotary motion, and in the air both lava and stones always rotated towards the south."

At the time of this writing the old volcanic action has begun to assert its might once more and widespread attention from the States is being directed toward it. There certainly is nothing in Europe, Asia or Africa to compare with the awe-inspiring grandeur of these volcanoes, the exquisite softness and salubrity of the climate, the picturesque beauty of the scenery and the fascinating interests in the people and places of these "enchanted islands." It is a mere ques-

tion of time when a large portion of the hundreds of millions which American tourists spend in Europe looking at scenery tame to insignificance beside that of the Hawaiian islands, or enjoying the salubrity of the Rivera, enervating in comparison with the perpetual spring of these "fortunate isles," will be diverted to these islands. All that Europe can offer in exchange for the vast wealth which our tourists annually pour out like water upon that continent, except the treasures of classic antiquity, can be found in the Hawaiian islands and much more besides. The trip over the quiet Pacific is greatly superior to that across the treacherous Atlantic, and these "isles of the blest" will become the new world's sanitarium and the old world's desideratum.

For investment of capital the fertile soil offers extraordinary inducements to American capitalists; chief among which are coffee, sugar, banana, orange, pineapple and spice plantations, cattle raising and other kindred agricultural pursuits. Since annexation millions of dollars have been invested, and there are innumerable indications of a prosperity almost as boundless as the vast ocean which laves the shores of these recent gems in Columbia's crown.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAWAIIAN HISTORY.

WRETCHED AND ABANDONED CHARACTER OF MORAL LIFE—KAMEHAMEHA THE GREAT—THE KANAKAS A DYING RACE—CAUSE.

Nothing will better illustrate the civilized and enlightening effect of American institutions than the modern history of the Hawaiian islands. With everything to make life sweet and blessed, "the simple children of the sun," who dwelt in the "Paradise of the Pacific" were immoral, corrupt and degraded, according to our civilized standard, beyond conception. In the words of a competent witness:

"It becomes an interesting duty to examine the social, political and religious condition. The first feature that calls attention to the past is their social condition, and a darker picture can hardly be presented to the contemplation of man. They had their frequent boxing matches on a public arena, and it was nothing uncommon to see thirty or forty left dead on the field of contest.

"As gamblers they were inveterate. The game was indulged in by every person, from King of each island to the meanest of his subjects. The wager accompanied every scene of public amusement. They gambled away their property to the last vestige of all they possessed. They staked every article of food, their growing crops, the clothes they wore, their lands, wives, daughters, and even the very bones of their arms and legs—to be made into fish hooks after they

were dead. These steps lead to the most absolute and crushing poverty.

"They had their dances, which were of such a character as not to be conceived by a civilized mind, and were accompanied by scenes which would have disgraced even Nero's revels. Nearly every night, with the gathering darkness, crowds would retire to some favorite spot, where, amid every species of sensual indulgence, they would revel until the morning twilight. At such times the chiefs would lay aside their authority, and mingle with the lowest courtesan in every degree of debauchery.

"Thefts, robberies, murders, infanticide, licentiousness of the most debasing character, burying their infirm and aged parents alive, desertion of the sick, revolting cruelties to the unfortunate maniac, cannibalism and drunkenness, form a list of some of the traits in social life among the Hawaiians in past days.

"Their drunkenness was intense. They could prepare a drink, deadly intoxicating in its nature, from a mountain plant, called the awa (Piper methysticum). A bowl of this disgusting liquid was always prepared and served out just as a party of chiefs were sitting down to their meals. It would sometimes send the victim into a slumber from which he never awoke. The confirmed awa drinker could be immediately recognized by his leprous appearance.

"By far, the darkest feature in their social condition was seen in the family relation. Society, however, is only a word of mere accommodation, designed to express domestic relations as they existed. 'Society' was indeed, such a sea of pollution as cannot be well described. Marriage was unknown, and all the sacred feelings which are suggested to our minds on mention of various social relations, such as husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, were to them, indeed, as though they had no existence. There was, indeed, in this respect, a dreary blank—a dark chasm

from which the soul instinctively recoils. There were, perhaps, some customs which imposed some little restraint upon the intercourse of the sexes, but those customs were easily dispensed with, and had nothing of the force of established rules. It was common for a husband to have many wives, and for a wife also to have many husbands. The nearest ties of consanguinity were but little regarded, and among the chiefs, especially, the connection of brother with sister, and parent with child, were very common. For husbands to interchange wives and for wives to interchange husbands, was a common act of friendship, and persons who would not do this were not considered on good terms of sociability. For a man or woman to refuse a solicitation was considered an act of meanness; and this sentiment was so thoroughly wrought into their minds that they seemed not to rid themselves of the feeling of meanness in a refusal, to feel notwithstanding their better knowledge, that to comply was generous, liberal and social, and to refuse reproachful and niggardly. It would be impossible to enumerate or specify the crimes which emanated from this state of affairs. Their political condition was the very genius of despotism systematically and deliberately conducted. The kings and chiefs were extremely jealous of their succession, and the more noble their blood, the more they were venerated by the common people."

Dark as is this picture, there is a bright side. The natives were children of nature, living in the water and open air, sunny-hearted and without thought, care or ambition. They would answer well for the "children of the sun." Their chief pastime was—as it is today—gathering flamers to weave into wreaths and garlands with which to adorn their own persons, and disporting themselves in the waters of the ocean. Waikiki, near Honolulu, is the oldest, most patronized, most beautiful and delightful bathing beach in the world. No

kinder, gentler or happier race ever lived on earth than the Kanakas.

Till the time of Kamehameha, who conquered the other islands and consolidated their various tribes under one government, the different islands were peopled by tribes entirely independent and more or less hostile. In 1791 by an act of treachery, he possessed himself of all of Hawaii, and proceeded by force of arms to bring all of the other islands into subjection. This he finally accomplished; and so thorough was his work that his successors were able to retain the little empire he had won; until the atrocious dissoluteness and tyranny of Queen Liliuokalani lost the throne.

The inhabitants had thrown away their idols voluntarily, prior to the arrival of the missionaries, who were mostly representatives of the Protestant creeds of New England; which, to say the least, were the least adapted to the natures of the Kanakas of all the creeds of Christendom. But to the stern aggressiveness of the missionaries the soft and yielding temperaments of the islanders could offer but slight resistence; so that in a generation the natives were nominally converted to Christianity, but at the fearful cost of extermination. From 400,000 in Capt. Cook's time they have dwindled to less than 40,000, and at the present rate of decrease would disappear in another generation.

Not that any physical means for their extermination have been resorted to; but the violent change of mental and moral environment created by the missionaries has acted, as all sudden changes act upon the reproductive organs of all animals. Life is correspondence between the organism and its environment: death the interruption of that correspondence. The gills of the fish correspond with the waters of the ocean. A wave throws the fish upon the beach. The correspondence between the organism and its environment is interrupted: death ensues. It takes enormous stretches of time to fit an organism perfectly to its environment. To introduce any

change suddenly into this environment is to cause an interruption of the correspondence in whole or in part. To put a wild bird in a cage, or a deer in a pen, is such a sudden change in its environment as must cause a loss of correspondence with a part of its accustomed environment. This is partial death. Dr. Romanes, I believe, was the first to establish the law that the reproductive organs are the most sensitive, i. e., the most living; and, therefore, first to feel this partial death. The captive animals eat, sleep, grow and carry on all the functions of life, but one, and that the highest; they do not breed. Death always begins at the top; the lower branches fall last. The highest and most subtle of life's correspondence ceases when the change in the environment is sufficiently sudden and violent. The species rapidly disappears and becomes extinct. This is the simple story of the world as told by the footprints in the rocks of the ages.

So it was with the red men of the United States; so, too, with the fated Kanakas. An alien civilization positive, persistent and aggressive introduces changes physical, mental and moral suddenly into their environment. There is vitality sufficient to keep up a part of the old correspondences. As it were, the soil has become poor, or alkaline, and the tree has barely life enough to keep its foliage green; it has none for producing fruit. Henceforth it "has a name to live but is dead." For mark you! the Kanakas are not dying out, but the birth rate is not sufficient, not because any efforts criminal or otherwise are made to reduce the birth rate, but simply not enough children are born to overcome the normal death rate.

Shocking as it may seem, still it is a scientific fact, that the civilization of the Puritan has served to destroy a race of human beings. And the United States census takers in the Hawaiian islands will enumerate a dying race.

CHAPTER IX.

U. S. PACKERS.

EX-SHERIFF HARVEY HARDY OF SALT LAKE CITY APPOINTED CHIEF PACKER—OLD PROSPECTORS GATHERING AT THE FORT—THROWING THE DIAMOND HITCH—DEPARTURE FOR JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—PACKING IN CUBA—LIFE AT THE FRONT—TO THE FRONT IN SAN JUAN—ROSTER.

When it became apparent that the United States forces would have to invade the island of Cuba, the means of transporting supplies and munitions of war presented difficulties of a character that had never before obtained in any of the conflicts through which this country had passed. The fact was brought home to the War department that that part of the service would have to be changed entirely, owing to the nature of the country in which operations would take place.

Cuba is peculiarly without wagon roads, and a few trails that were hewn through the dense forest are of the poorest character possible: being rendered almost impassable through long neglect. The decision was reached at once that wheeled vehicles would be useless and that all supplies would have to be transported to the interior of the country on the backs of mules. When it became necessary that men should be procured who were able to get the best results from transportation by beasts of burden, men especially trained in that particular line were necessary. Packing is a fine art—one

that can only be attained by years of practice: Hence it was to the mountains of the West that the department turned for help out of the difficulty. The hardy prospectors of the West constituted a class of men who alone could furnish the Government with a corps of packers capable of meeting all the requirements of the campaign about to be conducted in Cuba. From boyhood they had been enured to hardship, fatigue and privations; intrepid, self-reliant and adventurous; accustomed to penetrate the wildest recesses of the mountains in search of the precious metals, they carried their all strapped upon the backs of their patient and foot-sure burros. No small part of their calling was to acquire the art of packing every conceivable article of camp life, from a cooking stove to a bale of hay, securely upon the backs of their little burros or bronchos. So it was that when a new emergency arose, this marvelous country of ours could furnish a class of men already trained and qualified to meet it.

A call was made for trained packers April 25, 1898, and recruits for this service began to be enrolled immediately at Fort Douglas. They were not enlisted like the volunteers but signed contracts to serve in the capacity of packers at $50 a month. But they were carefully examined as to their qualifications; the principal test being their ability to "throw the diamond hitch." This consists of tying the "cargo" on the animal's back after it has been already held there by any ordinary means, with a "hitch" rope in such a manner as to form a diamond within which the pack or "cargo" is securely fastened for the journey. Any man who was not an expert in "throwing the diamond hitch" could not pass muster. About forty men qualified and were accepted in all. Mr. Harvey Hardy and twenty-four men left that night for St. Louis, where their organization was to be effected.

A number were held at Jefferson barracks, St. Louis, and went later to Tampa, Fla.; nine got to Cuba and five saw

the battle of Santiago, viz.: C. R. Johnson, J. H. Wood, Watson, J. Warren Lee and Dalton.

A pack train was composed of fifty mules, thirteen saddle mules, one bell horse and thirteen men, to which afterward was added a fourteenth man—a blacksmith. There were eight pack trains in Shafter's army. The bell horse was usually a gray mare, which mules will always follow voluntarily. When a pack is disarranged the keen-eyed packer dashes forward, seizes the mule, pulls him to one side and adjusts the difficulty. When released the pack mule will dash away in the direction of the bell, however heavily loaded, and never stops until he comes in sight of the gray mare. The weight of a pack was from 150 to 300 pounds, and included everything used by the army.

From June 23rd to July 17th the fate of the American army depended upon the endurance of these men and their faithful mules. Their deeds of heroism surpass in simple grandeur the exploits of our most gallant soldiers. When a soldier charges an enemy in the open facing a fusilade of death, there are a number of things which conspire to incite and sustain him; such as pride, fear of others' opinion, example, excitement and above all that passion which blinds to all sense of danger the lust to slay. In the hundreds of interviews the writer has held with the Utahns who were under fire, the one unvarying experience was that the first sight of their dead and wounded companions aroused this lust to slay in their breasts which banished every other thought or emotion.

But to the lonely packer plodding in the midnight darkness or broad daylight pathways lined with Spanish sharpshooters, there were absent all of those inspiriting and sustaining circumstances which are present upon the field of battle. To the disgrace of the service be it said that there men, whose ammunition and provision trains it would be the enemy's special object to cut off, and whose jingling bell made

COL. WILLARD YOUNG.

KALIUWAA FALLS, HAWAII—WOMEN BATHING.

concealment impossible, were not even provided with arms, and had to submit to being targets for the enemy's sharpshooters without returning the compliment, until they obtained the rifles of the American soldiers killed in battle. For twenty-five days, in a strange new country, through chapparel infested with tarantulas, scorpions and noisome insects, in an atmosphere reeking with malarial pestilence, beneath the scorching sun and through tropical deluges, amid lurking sharpshooters, without sleep and often without food, day and night these heroic men carried the fate of the army in their hands of steel. When it is remembered that there were not half enough trains to meet the ordinary requirements of the army itself, that in addition to this the thousands of starving Cubans had to be fed and that every pound of food had to be lifted to the backs of the tall Missouri mules, securely fastened and unloaded, the Herculean task performed by these men become well nigh incredible.

They were fifty-three hours, without a minute's sleep, at one time, seldom got more than three or four hours' rest, slept often in six inches of water and were on the move incessantly. They were exposed to the fire of the enemy on the field of battle in bringing ammunition to the firing line and to the sharpshooters along the trails. "During the battle," said one, "until after the surrender, we never knew when we were going to rest. We never got more than two hours' rest at any time, generally none at all. From June 23rd to July 17th we hardly knew what rest was."

Mr. Lee relates the following incident which fairly illustrates the dangers to which the United States Packers were exposed:

"On July 2nd I thought for a minute my time had come. I was on the trail with ammunition at 12 o'clock at night. I was about seven miles from camp and was riding behind the train. All at once I heard a shot and felt the bullet go through my hat and thought best to dismount. It was good and dark.

As I raised my right leg another bullet struck the saddle, just under my leg, and broke the mule's back. As I struck the ground I saw the man in front of me fall from his mule. Fortunately his mule stopped and I grabbed it. He was not very large and I managed to mount his mule with him in my arms. It was but the work of a second, and we made our escape through a shower of bullets. We being behind the train, they captured nothing but my dead mule and saddle."

There were three different squads of packers who went from Salt Lake, thirty-five with Harvey Hardy, fourteen with Stewart and seven with Brady. Of this last small number one, Sibley, died at San Luis, twenty-five miles north of Santiago. Not one escaped scathless. Their country had asked the supreme devotion of killing themselves with overexertion and these men, obscure, unknown, without eclat and without acclaim, committed slow suicide for her dear sake. In the simple language of one of them: "When we heard of the surrender in the afternoon, the next morning, out of fourteen men, twelve were unable to get up or turn over." When the terrible strain was over they had collapsed.

But deadlier than all else was the dread malaria, which found in the bodies of these mountaineers a pasture ground of rarest richness. Broken in body, impaired in health, unnoticed and undecorated, they have melted away into the dim obscurity from which they emerge to do the sublimest act possible to man—"to lay down one's life for his friends."

It has been impossible to secure from the United States Government a complete list of the packers from Utah, but the following is a partial list:

ROSTER.

C. R. Johnson, Salt Lake City.
Joseph W. Lee, Salt Lake City.
Philip Rollins, Salt Lake City.
William Mogreen, Salt Lake City.
——— Seers, Salt Lake City.
J. H. Woods, Bluff City, Utah.
Al Rubee, Salt Lake City.
A. A. Dalton, Salt Lake City.
George Britton, Salt Lake City.
Warren Braby, Salt Lake City.

These with a negro, whose name is unknown, went to Cuba and served in Shafter's army:

Harvey Hardy, Salt Lake City.
Philip Raleigh, Salt Lake City.
Daniel Raleigh, Salt Lake City.
H. Bullard, Bingham.
J. H. Watson, Bingham.
D. S. Murdock, Salt Lake City.

CHAPTER X.

SAN JUAN.

THE FEARFUL PHYSICAL DIFFICULTIES — DEPENDENCE UPON EIGHT PACK TRAINS—THE NECESSITY FOR RUSHING THE SOLDIERS FORWARD — FIRST ENGAGEMENT — STORMING OF SAN JUAN—THE GALLANT TWENTY-FOURTH—THEY REMEMBER SOMETHING.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

The value of trained packers accustomed to surmount all kinds of difficulties and obstacles was soon apparent after the arrival of the army of invasion upon the ground. In his official report General Shafter says: "To approach Santiago from the east over the narrow road, at first in some places not better than a trail, running from Daiquiri through Siboney and Sevilla, and making attack from that quarter was in my judgment, the only feasible plan, and subsequent information and results confirmed my judgment. * * * The roads were mere bridle paths. * * *

"The San Juan and Aquadores riders would often suddenly rise so as to prevent the passage of wagons, and then the eight pack trains with the command had to be depended upon for the victualing of my army as well as the 20,000 refugees, who could not in the interest of humanity be left to starve while we had rations. * * *

"At that time, with the Cuban forces that I had, I was

issuing daily 45,000 rations. Forty-five thousand people are a good many to feed when you have such fearful roads and food could only be carried on the backs of mules."

The humble pack mule and the obscure packer from the West, described by General Shafter as "men from the frontier who had been accustomed for years to taking a little sack of cornmeal on their saddles and a blanket and going out to sleep out of doors for a week or a month at a time," had little chance to "seek the bubble reputation e'en at the cannon's mouth" or win enduring fame by brilliant charges on breastworks and block houses, but steadily and unflinchingly they were enduring all that soldiers are called upon to face in labor, hardship, danger and duty.

Besides the packers many a soldier from Utah who had enlisted in the regular army and other regiments were present at the series of engagements about Santiago de Cuba, which resulted in its surrender. This and the further fact that it was the command of General J. Ford Kent, including the famous Twenty-fourth, so long stationed at Fort Douglas, and the further consideration that so many of Utah's soldiers were destined for Cuba and did their full duty in all the preliminary movements incidental to the invasion of the Spanish West Indies, make the story of that brief but brilliant campaign deeply interesting to the people of Utah.

There are in existence a great number of descriptions of that campaign, more or less valuable, and it is not the purpose of the writer to do more than give a quiet and cursory account of some of the more striking features of the engagements.

The work before the American army of invasion was Herculean in the extreme. More deadly and dreaded than the bullets and shrapnel of the Spanish regulars were the tropical terrors of climate and exposure; more formidable far were the jungle and yellow fever than the elaborate entrenchments and fortifications of the enemy. In 1762 a Brit-

ish army besieging Havana at the same season of the year had lost 17,000 men out of an army of 24,000. Whatever was to be done had to be done quickly; delay was more dangerous than rashness. This the military authorities well understood.

In his Chicago address General Shafter said: "I know that my entire army would be sick if it stayed long enough; that it was simply a question of getting that town just as soon as possible. I knew the strength, the courage and the will of my men, or I thought I did, and the result shows that I was not mistaken. It was a question of starting the moment we landed and not stopping until we reached the Spanish outposts, and therefore as soon as a division was put on shore it was started on the march. The impenetrable forests stretched everywhere and a way had to be hacked and hewn with ax and machete as miners drill a tunnel into the mountain side. Soon what there was of road became impassible to the heavy guns. It took fourteen mules to pull a cannon usually drawn by four, and they were stalled at that in mud to the axles. It is safe to say that no other army on earth, with the possible exception of some picked British troops, such as the Scotch Greys, would have attempted what followed. War—scientific war—would have required the slow and patient construction of roads, the tedious but sure process of complete circumvallation, erection of proper breastworks, fortifications, planting and masking of batteries, and in fact all the usual procedure preparatory to besieging a strongly fortified and adequately garrisoned city. That any commanding General would hurl infantry upon well-manned fortifications in these days of machine and rapid-fire guns and of Mausers and smokeless powder never occurred to any of the foreign military attaches attending General Shafter's campaign until the thing was done. The attempt filled them and the war correspondents with astonishment, military circles in Europe with dread and misgiving. Even the British correspondents were amazed at this new kind of war, in

which every soldier, especially the volunteer, was a General.

Here is how one of them, C. E. Hand, of the London Daily Mail, describes the storming of the hill: "But the ammunition wagons and the few ambulance wagons did not carry them all. For hobbling down the steep bank from the hospital came bandaged men on foot. They sat down for awhile on the bank as far as they could get from the jumble of mules and wagons in the lane, and then setting their faces toward Siboney they commenced—to walk it. They were the men whose injuries were too slight for wagon room to be given them. There was not enough wagon accommodation for the men whose wounds rendered them helplessly prostrate. So let the men who had mere arm and shoulder wounds, simply flesh wounds, or only one injured leg or foot, walk it. Siboney was only eight miles away.

"True, it was a fearfully bad road, but then the plain fact was that there was not enough wagons for all, and it was better for these men to be at the Paso hospital, and better that they should make room at the division hospital, even if they had to make the journey on foot.

"There was one man on the road whose left foot was heavily bandaged and drawn up from the ground. He had provided himself with a sort of rough crutch made of the forked limb of a tree, which he had padded with a bundle of clothes. With the assistance of this and a short stick he was paddling briskly along when I overtook him.

" 'Where did they get you, neighbor?' I asked him.

" 'Oh, durn their shins,' he said in the cheerfulest way, turning to me with a smile, 'they got me twice—a splinter of a shell in the foot, and a bullet through the calf of the same leg when I was being carried back from the firing line.'

" 'A sharpshooter?'

" 'The fellow was up in a tree.'

" 'And you're walking back to Siboney. Wasn't there room for you to ride?' I expected an angry outburst of in-

dignation in reply to this question. But I was mistaken. In a plain, matter-of-fact way he said:

"'When the afternoon came—I lost exact count of time —there was still a jumble of volleying over by Caney. But in front our men were away out of sight behind a ridge far ahead. Beyond there arose a long, steepish ascent crowned by the blockhouse upon which the artillery had opened fire in the morning.

"'Suddenly, as we looked through our glasses, we saw a little black ant go scrambling quickly up the hill, and an inch or two behind him a ragged line of other little ants, and then another line of ants at another part of the hill, and then another, until it seemed as if somebody had dug a stick into a great ant's nest down in the valley and all the ants were scrambling away up hill. Then the volley firing began ten times more furiously than before; from the right beyond the top of the ridge burst upon the ants a terrific fire of shells; from the blockhouse in front of them machine guns sounded their continuous rattle. But the ants swept up the hill. They seemed to us to thin out as they went forward. It was incredible but it was grand. The boys were storming the hill. The military authorities were most surprised. They were not surprised at these splendid athletic dare-devils of ours doing it. But that a military commander should have allowed a fortified and entrenched position to be assailed by an infantry charge up the side of a long exposed hill swept by a terrible artillery fire, frightened them, not so much by its audacity as by its terrible cost in human life.

"'As they neared the top the different lines came nearer together. One moment they went a little more slowly; saw the ants come scrambling down that went on again faster than ever, and then all of us sitting there on the top of the battery cried with excitement. For the ants were scrambling all around the blockhouse on the ridge and in a moment or two we saw them inside it. But then our hearts swelled to our

UTAH VOLUNTEER PACKERS.

UTAH BOYS IN THE REGULARS.

throats, for the fearful fire came from somewhere to the right of it and somewhere to the left of it. Then we saw the ants come scrambling down the hill again. They had taken a position which they had not the force to hold. But a moment or two and up they scrambled again, more of them, and more quickly than before, and up the other face of the hill to the left went other lines, and the ridge was taken, and the blockhouse was ours, and the trenches were full of dead Spaniards.

"It was a grand achievement—for the soldiers who shared it—this storming of the hill leading up from the San Juan river to the ridge before the main fort. We could tell so much at 2560 yards. But we also knew that it had cost them dear.

" 'Later on we knew only too well how heavy the cost was. As I was trying to make myself comfortable for the night in some meadow grass as wet with the dew as if there had been a thunderstorm, I saw a man I knew in the Sixteenth, who had come back from the front on some errand.

" 'How's the Sixteenth?' I ask'ed him.

" 'Good, what's left of it,' he said; 'there's fifteen men left out of my company—fifteen out of a hundred.'

" 'We have fought a great battle, but we have not taken Santiago yet.'

" 'But besides the wagons there came along from the front men borne on hand litters, some lying face downward, writhing at intervals in awful convulsions, others lying motionless on the flat of their backs with their hats placed over their faces for shade. And there also came men, dozens of them, afoot, painfully limping with one arm thrown over the shoulder of a comrade and the other arm helplessly dangling.

" 'How much further to the hospital, neighbor?' they would despairingly ask.

" 'Only a quarter of a mile or so, neighbor,' I would answer, and, with a smile of hope at the thought that after

all they would be able to achieve the journey, they would hobble along.

"'Guess not. They wanted all the riding room for worse cases 'n mine. Thank God, my two wounds are both in the same leg, so I can walk quite good and spry. They told me I'd be better off down at the landin' yonder, so got these crutches and made a break.'

"'And how are you getting along?' I asked.

"'Good and well,' he said as cheerfully as might be, 'jaunt good and easy.' And with his one sound leg and his two sticks he went cheerfully paddling along.

"It was just the same with other walking wounded men. And not merely cheerful. They were all absolutely unconscious that they were undergoing hardships or sufferings. They knew now that the war was no picnic, and they were not complaining at the absence of picnic fare. Some of them had lain out all night, with the dew falling on them where the bullets had dropped them, before their turn came with the overworked surgeons.

"There were only sixty doctors with the outfit, they explained, and, naturally, they couldn't tend everybody at once.

"That seemed to them quite sufficient explanation. It did not occur to them that there ought to have been more doctors, more ambulances. Some of them seemed to have a faint glimmering of a notion that there might perhaps have been fewer wounded; but then that was so obvious to everybody. The conditions subsequent to the battle they accepted as the conditions proper and natural to the circumstances. The cheerful fellow with the improvised crutches was so filled with thankfulness at the possession of his tree branch that it never occcurred to him that he had reason to complain of the absence of proper crutches. I happened by chance to know that packed away in the hold of one of the transports lying out in Siboney bay there were cases full of crutches, and I was

on the point of blurting out an indignant statement of the fact when I remembered that the knowledge would not make his walk easier. So I said nothing about it.

"I had to make the journey to Siboney myself. There was nothing more than a desultory firing going on at the front, and I had telegrams to try to get away. So I passed a good many of walking wounded and heard a good many groans from palm-awninged wagons. The men were, all the same, bravely and uncomplainingly plodding along through the mud. As they themselves put it, they were 'up against it, and that was all about it.'"

The American army of invasion began to disembark June 22nd. On the 24th the first engagement between American and Spanish soldiers took place. General Young's brigade, consisting of 964 officers and men, found over 1000 Spanish regulars entrenched on the road to the city about three miles from Siboney, and promptly drove them off the field with a loss to the Americans of one officer and fifteen men killed and six officers and forty-six men wounded to the Spanish nine killed and twenty-seven wounded.

Referring to this little brush, General Shafter said afterwards in a public speech:

"The enemy was strongly intrenched, showing only their heads, while the American forces had to march exposing their whole bodies to the fire of the enemy.

"It is announced by military experts as an axiom that trained troops armed with the present breech-loading and rapid-fire arm cannot be successfully assailed by any troops who simply assault. Of course, you can make the regular approaches and dig up to them. The falling of that proposition was made very manifest that day, when the men composing the advance marched as deliberately over those breastworks as they (men in general) ever did when they fought with arms that you could only load about twice in a minute and of the range of only 200 or 300 yards.

"This army was an army of marksmen. For fifteen years the greatest attention had been paid to marksmanship, and I suppose four-fifths of all the men in that army wore on their breasts the marksmanship badges. * * * In that battle, which lasted two hours, less than ten rounds of ammunition per man was fired by my men, and the losses, notwithstanding my men were exposed, their whole bodies, while the enemy were in the trenches, where only their heads could be seen, were about equal.

"I saw the commander of that force a few days later in Santiago, and in talking about it, he said to me: 'Your men behaved very strange. We were much surprised. They were whipped, but they didn't seem to know it; they continued to advance and we had to go away.' He was quite right about it. They did have to go away. Then came the tedious landing of equipage, commisary stores and other munitions of war; and it was not until nearly two hours after the army landed that it was possible to place on shore three days' supplies in excess of those required for the daily consumption."

After as complete reconnoitering as the character of the country permitted, the commanding General finally settled his plan of battle June 30th, and on July 1st the ball opened in earnest. The superiority of the Spanish army in the matter of equipment was immediately apparent. The use of smokeless powder gave them a most conspicuous advantage, enabling them to conceal their positions from the Americans, while the dense smoke of the latter's black powder revealed their position as plainly as though they were in the open field.

"After the brilliant and important victory gained at El Caney, Lawton started his tired troops, who had been fighting all day and marching much of the night before, to connect with the right of the cavalry.

"* * * The division took position on the right of the

cavalry early next morning, Chaffee's brigade arriving first, about half-past 7, and the other brigades before noon."

General Shafter says: "In this fierce encounter words fail to do justice to the gallant regimental commanders and their heroic men, for, while the Generals indicated the formations and the points of attack, it was, after all, the intrepid bravery of the subordinate officers and men that planted our colors on the crest of San Juan hill and drove the enemy from his trenches and blockhouses, thus gaining a position which sealed the fate of Santiago."

Again, "General Kent forced the head of his column alongside of the cavalry column as far as the narrow trail permitted, and thus hurried his arrival at the San Juan and the formation beyond that stream. A few hundred yards before reaching the San Juan, the road forks, a fact that was discovered by Lieutenant-Colonel Derby of my staff, who had approached well to the front in a war balloon. This information he furnished to the troops, resulting in Sumner moving on the right hand road while Kent was enabled to utilize the road to the left."

General Kent says in his report: "Colonel McClernand pointed out to me a green hill in the distance which was to be my objective on my left. * * * I proceeded to join the head of my division, just coming under heavy fire. Approaching the First brigade, I directed them to move alongside the cavalry (which was halted). We were already suffering losses caused by the balloon near by attracting fire and disclosing our position.

"The enemy's infantry fire was steadily increasing in intensity, now came from all directions, not only from the front and the dense tropical thickets on our flanks, but from sharpshooters thickly posted in trees in our rear and from shrapnel apparently aimed at the balloon. Lieutenant-Colonel Derby of General Shafter's staff met me about this time and informed me that a trail or narrow way had been discovered

from the balloon a short distance back leading to the left to a ford lower down the stream. I hastened to the forks made by this road and soon after the Seventy-first New York regiment of Hawkins's brigade came up I turned them into the by path indicated by Lieutenant-Colonel Derby, leading to the lower ford, sending word to General Hawkins of this movement. This would have speedily delivered them in their proper place on the left of their brigade, but under the galling fire of the enemy the leading battalion of this regiment was throw into confusion and recoiled in disorder on the troops in the rear.

"I had received orders some time before to keep in rear of the cavalry division. Their advance was much delayed, resulting in frequent halts, presumably to drop their blanket rolls and due to the natural delay in fording a stream. These delays under such a hot fire grew exceedingly irksome, and I, therefore, pushed the head of my division as quickly as I could toward the river in column files of twos parallel in the narrow way by the cavalry. This quickened the forward movement and enabled me to get into position as speedily as possible for the attack. Owing to the congested condition of the road the progress of the narrow columns was, however, painfully slow.

"The bloody fighting of my brave command cannot be adequately described in words. The following list of killed, wounded and missing tells the story of their valor: July 1st the loss was 12 officers and 77 men killed; 32 officers and 463 men wounded, 58 men missing. Total, 642."

The casualties of this command the next two days brought the total in three days up to 99 killed, 597 wounded and 622 missing.

Amid the dense and tangled thicket through which each man had to tear his way for himself like some wild beast of the jungle, worn with labor and fatigue, loss of sleep and racked with the blank uncertainty of the position of the un-

seen foe, the American troops moved toward Fort San Juan, sweeping through a most destructive zone of fire.

General Kent's objective point was "a green hill far away, without a city's wall," where anew the awful and inscrutable tragedy of vicarious atonement was to be enacted, with a wealth of self-sacrifice and a splendor of devotion, accompanied by a dramatic setting, unwitnessed since the tragedy upon Calvary. Within that old walled city lay a people bound down and oppressed, whose cries of anguish and whose importunate pleas for deliverance had assailed the battlements of heaven through all the long weary years that the banner of blood and gold had waved above its ramparts.

Upon that "green hill' it was waving now beneath the golden splendor of the tropical sun, bidding bloody defiance to the men who had come to die for other men. Among them was a regiment of black men, descendants of savages and of slaves redeemed, too, according to that awful law of vicarious atonement, by the blood of other men. These men were of the race least esteemed, their courage was more than doubted, their manhood gravely questioned. They had something more to remember than the "Maine," they had Gettysburg, Appomattox and April 25, 1864, to remember. They had all that their white brothers had to swell their hearts and steel their hands, but they had besides a grand occasion, higher granduer, a sublime opportunity. To them it had come at last to demonstrate the manhood of a whole misjudged race, to repay the debt of gratitude by doing to and for others what had once been done to them.

Terrible was the rain of death from every quarter, above their heads, on both flanks, in front and rear poured in the leaden hail and shrieking shell-fragments. What were men to do? No foe to face, no object at which to shoot, nothing to do but pant and perspire and tear their way through the thicket, while comrades were dropping here, there, everywhere. Is it any wonder that the Seventy-first New York

wavered? Could mortal flesh endure to face that hell? The battalion in advance has recoiled; it falls back in confusion; the others come up "in better order." But can they stand such punishment? Now they lie prostrate. The moment is critical; it is momentous. The merest accident may cause a panic and disaster most direful ensue.

The Twenty-fourth is coming up behind. General Kent orders them forward. He has been their own Colonel. Ah, God! will they fail—these his own—they are only negroes! There is a tone of confidence in his voice, as he hurls the devoted regiment against the very center of that death-dealing inferno. Steady and resistless the wave that rolls upon the Cuban shore, that dark line sweeps on and up, over the prostrate forms of their white comrades, into the mailstrom of that metal tempest, past the other struggling troops, unseen, unseeing, on and up, the shadow of the cross upon their souls, the light of devotion in their eyes, on and on and on!

They are dropping here, there, everywhere as fall the leaves of autumn. There were 100 in this company; only a handful still press forward. Will there be any to hold that "green hill," if the Twenty-fourth's colors reach its crest?

Thank God! It is there—what is left of them. They are not alone. The Sixth, Ninth, Thirteenth and Sixteenth are streaming up. "And the red field was won."

For the first time in the history of man, men had "taken the sword" to free an alien race, had dared to die for other men; had "compassed sea and land" not "to make a proselyte" but to "make many free." It was more than the romance of battle, more than the poetry of warfare, that conspicuous amid that host of human liberators and avengers should be the children of the American slave the descendants of the African cannibals. It may be that the spirit of Jesus has really found a wee niche in the heart of humanity, it may be that the manhood engendered by the free institutions of the great Republic; it may be that evolution has

produced a nobler breed. Be it what it may, I repeat that since the first Good Friday's sunset upon the bloody cross of Calvary, no grander or sublimer scene has ever been witnessed by this weary world than the black and white soldiers of the North, lying upon the bloody field of San Juan with upturned faces and stilled hearts beneath the Stars and Stripes.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SCATTERED VOLUNTEERS WHO ENLISTED IN THE REGULAR ARMY—HIGH HOPES AND ASPIRATIONS—CAMP LIFE—PARTING SCENES—THE INNER LIFE OF A SOLDIER—THE TRIP—THE MARKED DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN OFFICER AND PRIVATE—THE SOLDIER SICK—THE HOSPITAL—A VOLUNTEER'S DEATH—ROSTER.

(By Private A. B. Edler.)

In our pride and admiration for the brave volunteers, who left home mid the pomp and splendor of a god-speed by an enthusiastic public, let us not forget those modest but not unknown heroes who quietly and unobtrusively sealed their fate and fortunes with the flag of their country in the regular army.

When President McKinley issued the first call for volunteers, Utah's quota was made so small, and filled so quickly, that scarcely one-third of those desiring to join the State organizations under Utah's banner could be accommodated; and, consequently, a large number, rather than miss the opportunity entirely, were compelled to seek enrollment in the regular army.

Shortly after the first call for volunteers had been made an act was passed by Congress increasing the regular army to 60,000 men, being an addition of nearly 35,000. At the same time the number of volunteers enlisting in the regular army

may be roughly estimated at 200, coming from all parts of the State, but mainly from Salt Lake City. They represented all sorts of classes and conditions, rich and poor, professional and tradesman, including lawyers, doctors, State Senators, clerks and last but not least, the rough and hardy farmer lads who, as of old, dropped the plough for saber and gun.

Of the Utah boys thus enlisting with the regulars were enrolled almost wholly in the following commands: Sixteenth and Fourteenth United States infantry, Third United States artillery and the Fourth United States cavalry. The reason for this being that these particular regiments, especially the Sixteenth infantry, were slated for the Philippine islands, whither all the Western boys were anxious to go, because of the reported wealth of those islands and on account of the foreign lands and people to be seen, and, also, for what they imagined, would be a splendid ocean trip with a possible opportunity of encircling the world. How completely those inspiring dreams of wealth and pleasure were shattered will be shown as we proceed.

Every morning at 9 o'clock the yard surrounding the medical examiner's office at Fort Douglas was filled with a heterogenous crowd of men waiting anxiously for a turn before the doctor, who carefully and strictly examined each man as to his physical qualifications for becoming a soldier.

Why this rush and scramble to become a common soldier, and that, too, in the regular army? Were motives of patriotism alone impelling men to leave friends, home, wives and children, for hardship, disease and probable death in the army? No. They had other objects as well. Some were poor, ragged and out of work, and sought the army as a refuge from worry and distress. Some wanted to "see the world," as they expressed it, believing the war would soon end, and that they would be sent back by way of the Suez canal to New York, thence home, thus completing a trip around the world. Some expected to make fortunes in the

Philippines by mining or other business, while others hoped for office and power when the new lands should be conquered. Little time was given them to dream, however, after enlisting; they were soon marched away to their several commands and subjected to stern discipline and hard drill.

The regular army is no place for sentiment or complaint. It is a vast machine, with unlimited endurance, moving with merciless regularity. It is affected by neither applause nor censure, but moves at command.

While the grand achievements of the volunteers are heralded from ocean to ocean and their praises sung in every town and hamlet within the borders of the Union, no one ever hears mention of the regulars, except now and then in a casual way. You read about the magnificent fights of the Kansans, Coloradoans, Utahns, etc., ad infinitum, but do you ever see any mention made about the grand charges of the Fourth United States cavalry, when they ride over rice ridges and trenches, scattering the "niggers" like chaff before the wind? You are told of the great battles of the Utah batteries, but you see no mention of the fact that they were scarcely ever without an escort from the Fourth United States cavalry. What about the Third artillery, the Sixteenth and Fourteenth United States infantries? They fought as much as other organizations on the islands, but you seldom if ever hear them mentioned. Some part of these regiments fought in every battle, from the commencement of the war up to the present time. "Freedom," published in Manila, of November 29, 1898, says of the regulars:

"They are as brave and fine a lot of men as ever buckled sword or shouldered rifle in the cause of mercy and equal rights. Thousands of them when the call came marched bravely away from as happy homes, from as tender and lovinging wives, daughters, sweethearts and children as it is possible for any one to have. Old Glory and the country was as dear to their hearts as to the hearts of anyone else, and

when the time came to endure hardships, to stand face to face with death in a thousand forms, the regulars were right there. They never faltered nor looked back, but throughout the whole campaign, whether at Santiago or Manila, Hawaii or America, they acted their parts grandly and nobly and the person who would not respond when their health and prosperity is toasted is unfit to be called American.

Of the Utah boys in the regulars about seventy-five were assigned to the Fourth United States cavalry; probably seventy-five to the Fourteenth infantry and thirty or forty divided between the Third artillery and the other regiments.

Although very green at first, they soon became efficient and well drilled soldiers, and have been a credit to Utah as well as the organizations to which they belonged.

It was on a bright sunny morning in June that I, with about thirty other recruits, stood at the railroad station ready to embark for San Francisco. They were all humbly bidding good-bye to relatives or friends, who had assembled to see them off. I stood apart with my wife and mother, my baby clingly closely around my neck. Other little groups stood near where there was no cheering and where now and then could be heard the sob of a woman crying and voices that whispered but could not comfort. My old mother cried aloud as I handed her my baby, while my wife held tightly to my arm, her eyes glistened suspiciously and she winked them very often. Yet try as she would, she could not control herself; too keep silence holding her lips tight sealed was a device that helped her for awhile; but when the final command came and the men were entering the cars all around us, the sobs fairly shook the words out of her in broken syllables, despite her every care: "I cannot let you go!" "Anything but that!" "War or no war, come back, see the baby!"

A ray of sunshine fell athwart the upturned face of the child so tiny, so sweet, all pink and pearl, like a shell at sunrise. A flood of remorse filled my soul. My heart throbbed

wildly. What would I not have given at that moment to be a citizen once more? Before I could speak some one pulled me on the platform of the slowly moving train. I stood there and watched them through a mist of tears until the train moved around the curve and they were lost to sight. It was now I realized the full extent of my rashness. I had taken the war fever and enlisted in haste, but could now repent at leisure. My wife and baby and dear old mother were left to suffer my loss, while I went to learn a dear lesson in the service of my country. I would see them no more for many a day—perhaps never.

At Camp Merritt we were assigned to tents without straw or blankets and told to make the best of it for the night. In the morning I awoke stiff and shivering from cold and was unable to move until I had been thoroughly rubbed by a comrade. Breakfast consisted of a slice of bacon, one potato with jacket on, a cup of coffee without sugar or milk, and a small piece of bread. I devoured this eagerly, for I had eaten nothing since noon the day before. After breakfast myself and a number of recruits assigned to the Fourth United States cavalry marched over to the Presidio, where we joined our troop. From that day I began to realize what it meant to be a soldier and subject to the discipline of the regular army. Orders must be obeyed whether understood or not. Infractions of military rules were quickly and severely punished, although we had been given no opportunity to learn what those rules were, and for many days we were compelled to stumble about in our ignorance, until several court-martials had occurred, when it finally dawned upon the officers that it might be a good plan to let us know just what the military rules were before inflicting punishment for innocent infractions. A Sergeant was detailed to read to us the articles of war, and after this we proceeded more smoothly, though at times our ignorance and awkwardness afforded

many laughable incidents for the old soldiers, especially when on guard duty.

Drilling commenced immediately, but it was over two weeks after our arrival before we were furnished with clothing or equipments. Many were without shoes and were compelled to drill barefooted over rocks and briars. Six hours a day were occupied in drilling, three on foot and three on horse. The mounted drill was the hardest and severest, especially for those who had done little riding prior to enlisting. We were put in what is called the "bull ring" and compelled to ride bareback, with arms folded and in all sorts of positions. Many limbs were sprained and broken before the recruits became adept equestrians. It was not long before we could all ride like circus performers, however, making the mounted drill less tiresome and dangerous. Our life at Presidio was one round of sameness. At reveille we rose and answered to the rollcall, then groomed the horses for a half hour, after which we ate breakfast. Next we did "police duty," which was to clean up all the rubbish about the camp. Foot drill commenced about 8:30 in the morning and lasted three hours. Another half hours' grooming in the evening, supper, rollcall and then we were free until taps, which sounded at 9 p. m. The little time given us off duty was occupied in furnishing equipments which were required to be spotless for Saturday's inspection. Thus we drilled and worked and worked and drilled, longing all the time for orders to proceed to Manila. We had enlisted to fight and were tired of lying in camp, miles away from the scene of action. It began to look as though we would not have an opportunity to fight the Spaniards after all, or even "see the world," as many desired. I became almost desperate under the suspense. I wanted to fight—kill or get killed and get through with the business. I could not bear to think of enduring all the loss of time, the trouble and separation from my family without having done something or having obtained

even a glimpse of the foe. I was beginning to despair, when after six weeks' waiting we received orders to pack and get ready to embark for Manila. At last we would have an opportunity to "see the world" and meet the Spaniards as well. On the morning of July 16th the "general" sounded and our tents fell with its drying sound. In five minutes we were on the march to the boats. Whistles blew, bands played and our flags to the breeze and our eyes to the west, where the sun cannon saluted as we steamed through the Golden Gate with our flags to the breeze and our eyes to the west, where the sun was setting, covering sea and sky with red and golden hues.

How shall I describe the horrors of that transport? Dante's picture of hell sinks into insignificance when compared with our life on board the "City of Peru." The remembrance of it haunts me like a nightmare. Often now I awake suddenly with the cold sweat running down my back caused by my having dreamed that I was once more a prisoner in that floating dungeon. We had nearly 1200 men on board, including about seventy-five officers. We had also on board General E. S. Otis. Of course the officers were of a superior caste. Their blood was of a purer quality than that of the common soldier, and they must feed on the choicest food, drink the most delicious wine and have an abundance of room and air, lest they sink to the level of a poor plebian soldier. Therefore, that it might please these gods, and General Otis, the best half of the ship was reserved for seventy-five officers, while the other half, consisting of the vessel's hold and a slim part of the deck was given to over one thousand soldiers. The large dining-hall with a seating capacity of several hundred, the spacious parlors, staterooms and the aft part of the deck must be turned over to seventy-five officers, while the thousand soldiers were packed on top of each other like sardines down in the dark, dirty, airless hole of the vessel among a stinking Chinese crew and a lot of filthy negros. Down in this vermin-swarming nest we cooked, ate, slept and had our

being. The swill barrels in our back yards contain better and more appetizing food than we received on board the "Peru." I often saw the officers laughing derisively at our misery, which we had to bear without comment. One night I caught some of the negro cooks washing their underclothes in the coffee pots, and that "settled my hash" until I reached Honolulu. A small portion of the sky deck near the smokestacks—of course being out of easy reach and very warm—was allowed to the soldiers. What a scramble occurred every night for sleeping space on this little deck can more easily be imagined than described. Being on the sick list for several days, I took advantage of my release from duty to remain on this little portion of the deck all day, thus being certain of a sleeping place for night. Here was at least pure air and a starry sky above, although the rain at times gave us a good soaking.

Hawaii is the smile of the Pacific. On shore the band played delightful airs as we steamed into dock and the natives shouted "Alaoha me."

General Otis had orders to remain in Honolulu ten days, but did not see fit to give us our liberty for more than six hours every other day and compelled us to remain and sleep on the transport, when camping ground had been tendered us by the authorities. Of course, General Otis did not like this, although it would have been conducive to the health of the soldiers and given us more liberty. General Otis wanted to impress us with the fact that we were slaves and that our welfare was of minor consideration, but that our masters, the officers, should be wined and dined as only their blue, aristocratic blood required. The people of Honolulu, learning of our condition and treatment, protested vigorously, but General Otis smiled and answered them that they did not understand the nature of a regular soldier. The Red Cross ladies of Honolulu, however—all honor to them—prepared us a magnificent feast and entertained us royally. They kept

open house every day and dispensed tea, coffee, bread, jams and fruits. The Hawaiians are as kind and hospitable a people as it has been my lot to meet. The natives greeted us with smiles and hearty handshakes, endeavoring their best to make our stay as pleasant and enjoyable as possible. A great many ladies came down to the boat and assisted us to wash our clothes, while others paid for our washing at the laundries.

I had contracted malaria at San Francisco, which developed rather seriously at Honolulu, where I was taken suddenly ill at a country house, missed the "Peru", was attached to the South Dakota regiment and placed on board in the hospital, where I remained until the end of the journey, having dieted on quinine and beans, principally quinine, during the whole voyage. Upon landing I was transferred to the hospital at Cavite, where I lay among a crowd of wounded and fever-stricken boys for several days. You cannot imagine how heartrending it is to be sick, dying or in a far-away land, among strangers, with no woman's sympathetic voice to sooth or cheer, no woman's soft and tender hand to smooth the fevered brow; nothing but the cold, mechanical hand of the doctor or the regular steward. It is then that the heart goes out for the dear old mother in the far-away home, who is all unconscious of the danger to her absent boy. Hundreds of the boys—they are only boys—actually die of this longing for mother and home, or for the lack of womanly sympathy. As the "bravest are the tenderest," so is the soldier a child in sickness. If he cannot have home, then he must have sympathy. In the list of deaths we see "nostalgia," the other name for homesickness. Nostalgia sounds better when attached to the name of a soldier who has died than would "homesickness," so they say.

The young man occupying the cot next to me was known as Mike Kelly. He was supposed to be a good-for-nothing tramp, who had enlisted because it was better than "bum-

ming," as he expressed it, and was generally passed by without much attention. He could not write, and whenever he wanted a letter written he would ask me, for I sympathized with him when the others jeered. He was dying now. He knew it, for the doctor had told him so. I sat down by his cot, took his fevered hand and spoke to him kindly. He turned toward me with misty eyes and said:

"Pard, you were always a decent sort of a chap, anyway. I ain't long for this world, I know; but it's kinder hard to go feelin' that every un is agin ye. I ain't led the right kind of a life, I know. I've 'bummed' all over the country in every sort of a way. It seemed as though the world didn't want me, and wouldn't let me get on my feet; so when the war broke out I thought I'd have a chance to redeem myself and plant my colors on higher ground. It wasn't no use though; I'm going now. But mebe I can muster in with a better regiment on the other side, where they ain't so strict about inspection; hey, pard?"

"Undoubtedly you will," I replied, with emphasis. "Do you want me to write to any one for you?" I asked, noting the sudden sinking after the effort he had just made.

"Wait," he replied, and putting his hand under the pillow, he drew out a dirty piece of paper with a lady's address on it written in a small feminine hand. Then in a faint voice and in good grammar, which the softened thought restored to his fading memory, he said: "If you ever get back again, to to this lady for me, and tell her all about it. She was kind to me in 'Frisco and used to bring me flowers and fruits. She did not notice my shortcomings, neither. Tell her—Tell her—Tell her—" he faltered. "Tell her I loved—" One more breath—a gasp—a sigh, and it was the last bugle call for a brave, rough soldier who had lost in the battle of life.

Did he finish the sentence, I wonder, and is his sentiment perished forever?

ROSTER OF UTAHNS WHO SERVED IN THE REGULAR ARMY.

Simon M. Simpson, Fred Schwin, John L. Lamoreaut, Frank M. Cook. These men were forwarded from this post to Fort McPherson, Ga., to be assigned to a regiment there.

George Bult, Fourteenth Infantry.
James H. Ball, Third Artillery.
Daniel Grundoig, Fourth Cavalry.
Horace H. Smith, Fourth Cavalry.
Henry C. Granger, Fourteenth Infantry.
James D. Dillon, Fourth Cavalry.
William D. Hyde, Fourteenth Infantry.
Thomas B. Sleater, Fourteenth Infantry.
Lee O. Cahoon, Fourth Cavalry.
Ambrey Nowell, Fourth Cavalry.
David C. Evans, Third Artillery.
August B. Edler, Fourth Cavalry.
Joseph W. Bouton, Fourth Cavalry.
George H. Rands, Fourth Cavalry.
Roy Morris, Fourth Cavalry.
Rue M. Smith, Fourth Cavalry.
Joseph Springhall, Fourth Cavalry.
William E. Thomas, Fourth Cavalry.
Heber C. Sorensen, Fourth Cavalry.
William E. Tufts, Fourth Cavalry.
Carl W. Blum, Fourth Cavalry.
Leroy Grundhand, Fourth Cavalry.
James Thorsen, Fourth Cavalry.
Albert W. Hartvigsen, Fourth Cavalry.
John Olsen, Jr., Fourteenth Infantry.
Edward Robinson, Fourteenth Infantry.
Leo N. Foster, Fourteenth Infantry.
Charles M. Evans, Fourteenth Infantry.

Parker B. Pratt, Fourteenth Infantry.
Alexander Donaldson, Fourth Infantry.
John F. Chambers, Sixth Cavalry.
Leroy Dee, Sixth Cavalry.
Robert McCune, Fourteenth Infantry.
Eugene M. Thomas, Fourteenth Infantry.
Joseph S. Robinson, Sixteenth Infantry.
Christian L. Shettler, Hospital Corps, U. S. A.
Edgar Erwin Rich, Seventh Infantry.
Harry N. Austin, Third Cavalry.
Clifton W. McLatchie, Fourth Cavalry.
Daniel F. Allerdiee, mounted service.
Walter H. Shea, Fourth Cavalry.
Luther G. Girdy, Eighteenth Infantry.
James H. Payne, Thirty-fourth Infantry.
Edward McAnny, Thirty-fourth Infantry.
Hiram S. Buckley, United States Volunteer Infantry.
John L. Smith, United States Volunteer Infantry.
Peter F. Betts, United States Volunteer Infantry.
Fred E. Racker, United States Volunteer Infantry.
William C. Herron, United States Volunteer Infantry.
Ozer R. Briggs, United States Volunteer Infantry.
Alma Betts, Eleventh Cavalry.
Melvin G. Hanner, Eleventh Cavalry.
Harry Van Alstim, Eleventh Cavalry.
John Tremayne, Eleventh Cavalry.
Fred Johnson, Eleventh Cavalry.
James H. Collins, Eleventh Cavalry.
Walter Prudence, Eleventh Cavalry.
Patrick Malia, Eleventh Cavalry.
Alfred H. Brown, Eleventh Cavalry.
Albert P. Deshazo, Eleventh Cavalry.
Albert Nelson, Eleventh Cavalry.
Leon Mayhue, Eleventh Cavalry.
Ernest J. Young, Eleventh Cavalry.

Robert D. Cummings, Eleventh Cavalry.
E. Thomas Browning, Eleventh Cavalry.
John H. Tripp, United States Volunteer Infantry.

Note.—The foregoing roster was furnished by the Adjutant at Fort Douglas.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REGULAR ARMY.

ITS PLACE AND VALUE TO THE NATION—ITS VALUE TO THE VOLUNTEER FUNCTION TO PROVIDE COMPETENT OFFICERS AND FORM A NUCLEUS FOR THE VOLUNTEER ARMY—THE TIME IT TAKES TO MAKE A VOLUNTEER ARMY EFFICIENT.

(By Gen. W. H. Penrose, Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. A., retired; late Brigadier U. S. Volunteers.)

The defense of a nation lies in its army and navy, and the strength of each must be commensurate with the requirements.

In all foreign countries every man capable of bearing arms is enrolled, and, in some capacity, must serve when required; while in our country the volunteer has been depended upon to meet the emergencies of war. The question submitted is, is this sufficient for the safety of the country? Before answering this question it may be well to briefly consider the conditon of the volunteers at the breaking out of hostilities in our Civil war and the late Spanish-American war.

The armies were composed of men from all walks of life, both officers and men, without knowledge or experience, full of patriotism, willing and anxious to perform every duty imposed upon them; but notwithstanding all this, we must

admit that it was an incongruous mass without that cohesion and unity absolutely necessary to the welfare and success of an army.

In both of these wars it has been shown beyond a shadow of doubt that at any time all the men needed to mobilize a large army can be depended upon, and the only question for consideration is, how long will it taken to make these men efficient? How long a time must elapse before they are prepared to take the field and cope with a well disciplined and thoroughly organized body of men? This will depend largely, first, upon the knowledge, temperament, ability and efficiency of the officers, and second, the willingness and promptness with which each man will surrender his individuality. The officer must be possessed of discernment, be a good judge of human nature, possessing the faculty of instilling into the men the necessity of this self-abnegation, causing the enlisted man to surrender his individuality, opinions, judgment and discretion as willingly as he volunteered to enroll. The first requisite of the volunteer is this—surrender of his individuality, his opinions, and to become subordinate to the commands of the officers placed over him.

The individual man is but one atom of the mass that makes up the company, which is the unit of organization; and if the units have each surrendered their individuality, it is then in condition to be welded into one homogenous mass of strength, endurance, vitality and effectiveness. What applies to the company, the unit—applies with equal force to the regiment, brigade, corps and army, and from such great results may reasonably be expected.

The American citizen is a law-abiding man; he is quick to discern right and wrong, sensitive as to his rights, firm and determined in maintaining them. He has abiding faith in the Constitution of his country, reveres and loves it, and is ever ready to offer his services in its defense; hence our country has not felt it necessary to maintain a large standing

army, and it is a misnomer to call the few men allowed in the regular establishment an army. But while it is inimical to our form of government to enroll a large body of men, and obnoxious to the citizens generally, every sober-minded, thoughtful and unbiased man must admit that, for the best interests and welfare of the Nation a regular establishment proportionate to the population ought to be maintained to the end that at the first onslaught they may be ready for immediate mobilization and effective for defense, or to take the initiative and become the nucleus around which the great volunteer army can assemble, and from whose ranks men educated in the art of war, disciplined and with experience, can be drawn to bring the heterogeneous mass into a united, vitalized, effective whole intelligently and with well directed efforts and lead them to battle.

I have had the honor of commanding large bodies of our volunteers in our Civil war, and can say, that when they had had experience, become disciplined and had surrendered their individuality, they had no superiors in the world, and what they could not accomplish under given conditions no other army could. The disciplined American army can never be whipped as long as there is a man to pull a trigger. It may be repulsed, it may be driven from its ground, apparently in confusion, but in one short hour—and I have seen it repeatedly—the lines have been formed on new ground, and, with unbroken front, as ready to fight as when the engagement first commenced. The volunteer fights for principle, fights intelligently, and, with short experience, is obedient and ever ready to attempt to carry out the orders of his commanders.

The relation that the regular army bears toward the citizen soldier, if it is anything, is to supply the latter with officers competent to command regiments, brigades, divisions, corps and armies. For this purpose was West Point created, for this purpose is it maintained. I do not mean for one moment to say that this is the only source from which such

men can be obtained, for the Civil war produced many men who proved themselves most able commanders; but our military school is especially for the training of its members in the art of war, and little credit indeed would it be to that institution if its graduates were not more competent for command than any man, however accomplished, from civil life. The art of war cannot be learned in a brief period of time.

Without argument I have set forth, very briefly, what I consider the essentials necessary to transform our citizens into soldiers, and the conclusions arrived at are: that the standing army of our country should be sufficiently large to meet any emergency that may arise, and to furnish to our grand volunteer army such officers—selected—and would in the shortest space of time convert it into a homogenous mass, a strong, self-reliant, determined body, capable of being manœuvered to the best advantage, subordinate to the orders of the one man, the General commanding. Our volunteers thus organized would be invincible.

As to the time that it will take to make efficient soldiers of our citizens will depend largely, then, upon:

First, how the companies and regiments are officered; and second, the promptness with which the men surrender their individuality. I have seen regiments that have been in the service but three months that on the battlefield could not be distinguished from the veterans alongside of whom they were fighting; but these were exceptional.

From my experience, extending over a period of thirty-eight years, I think we can safely say that six months will be the minimum time, especially if actively engaged, and twelve months the maximum.

In one year after the volunteer army is organized the regular army will sink into second place as an organization; but it will have performed its great duty; its officers will be scattered throughout the great army; its ranks will be depleted and not easily filled; but its services individually and

collectively will not be forgotten. Let the officers, then, of the regular army, with fidelity and great earnestness, recognizing the responsible part they have to play, perform their whole duty to our volunteer brothers-in-arms in such a way as will gain their respect, confidence and esteem.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COLORED SOLDIERS.

FOUND BATTLING IN EVERY AMERICAN WAR—HIS PART, THE ROMANCE OF NORTH AMERICAN HISTORY—HIS GRAND GALLANTRY ON THE BLOODY BALAKLAVA OF CUBA—HIS SUBLIMER HEROISM IN THE HOSPITAL AT SIBONEY.

(By General J. Ford Kent, U. S. A.)

From time immemorial it has been the custom among men for one race to call in question the valor of another. The more marked the difference between the two the more pronounced has been the doubt. In no other instance has this been so universally done as in the doubt of the valor of the colored soldier by his white brother, military and civilian, and this despite the fact that men of the negro race have fought in every war in which the United States has been engaged. In our great Civil War about 179,000 negroes enlisted in the Federal armies, of whom 36,847 were killed, wounded or missing. At Bull Run, at Honey Hill, on that bloody day of Nashville, on New Market Heights, they distinguished themselves as men and soldiers.

In his "Negro Troops in the Rebellion" George Williams says: "The part enacted by the negro soldier in the War of the Rebellion is the romance of North American history. It was midnight and noonday throughout a space between; from the Egyptian darkness of bondage to the lurid glare of

civil war; from clanking chains to clashing arms; from passive submission and the cruel curse of slavery to the brilliant aggressiveness of a free soldier; from a chattel to a person; from the shame of degradation to the glory of military exaltation, and from deep obscurity to fame and martial immortality."

Indeed, the story of the Twenty-fourth would be a fascinating romance. However, a brief account of the gallantry of the most famous regiment of African blood since Hannibal slaughtered 70,000 Romans at the Battle of Lake Trasamene has been previously given in these pages. Suffice it to say that when on that scorching day the Twenty-fourth charged past and over the faltering Seventy-first New York, it not only vindicated the magnificent manhood of the negro race but put to everlasting shame that of the senseless bugbear of social prejudice that everywhere stares his race in the face.

But nobler and grander than their gallant prowess on that Cuban Balaklava was their matchless heroism in volunteering to nurse the victims of yellow fever in the hospital at Siboney. The following extract is from a letter to the editor under date of July 15, 1899, written by General J. Ford Kent, who led the Twenty-fourth that day up San Juan Hill:

"In reply to yours of the 7th, please believe that I feel honored by your request for a notice in behalf of the colored soldier, and will be glad indeed to have him mentioned in such good company as your Utah Volunteers, who have made such a glorious record in the Philippines. You can say for me, please, that in my forty odd years of experience in the army I have never encountered better, more willing or cheerful and well-behaved soldiers than I found in the colored regiment, the Twenty-fourth Infantry, which I led out of Salt Lake City on their way to Cuba. I found them easily led and obedient. They were men that worked up to their white leaders and they proved themselves brave indeed under fire, doing their full share of work, co-equal with the white regi-

ments. To illustrate their nobility of character, I would cite one instance of pre-eminent moral courage that deserves to be recorded upon your memorial monument. When the Spanish army surrendered at Santiago, I was directed as Division Commander to detail the Twenty-fourth infantry for duty at the yellow fever camp, established at Siboney. It was with a sad heart that I issued the order and saw them depart from the trenches, to make a forced march at night for their destination, where the dread disease prevailed. After their arrival nurses were required, and voluntary assistants were asked to do the most repulsive and dangerous work required. Without hesitation some seventy odd of the men stepped to the front and offered their services; and again, when many of thesee succumbed to the disease, others volunteered; and gloriously they did their duty. This was the colored soldier, and some of his self-sacrificing work. A greater evidence I cannot give."

Again, in another letter:

"Some three years ago it was my pleasure to introduce into Utah the colored soldiers of the Twenty-fourth infantry, and the regiment will ever recollect the glorious manifestation of patriotism displayed by the citizens of Salt Lake City and vicinity, upon our departure from Fort Douglas—a little more than one year ago—to take our part in the war with Spain. So, too, till the last of us goes to answer his last reveille, will the regiment remember with pride, the loving demonstration made by Salt Lake City's citizens on the return of the regiment at the end of the war. The colored soldier well deserved the honor that was extended to him, after his faithful service under fire, in defense of the flag, when the loss in killed and wounded in the regiment was exceeded by only two other regiments in the army before Santiago, Cuba. He proved to the world his worth as a soldier, and he was the admiration of the army by the moral courage displayed in the yellow fever camp at Siboney—

after the Spanish surrender, when some 150 of them, in answer to a call, volunteered, without a murmur, to assist the nurses in the hospital, and this after they were told of the danger of infection and it was explained that it would cost the lives of many—as it did.

"In my forty years of service under the flag I have never done duty with better, more cheery or willing soldiers than those of the Twenty-fourth infantry, and I have had opportunity to know most of the regiments serving on our frontier. My service with the regiment extended over about three years, and it did not take many weeks to convince me that I was fortunate indeed in my command. The regiment had never served in civilization till it was assembled—for the first time in its existence—at Fort Douglas, Utah, where it was my good fortune to unite them. There they proved to the citizens of Salt Lake City that they were self-sacrificing, honorable men, and that, despite temptations, they were trustworthy and sober, and desirable as neighbors. If they won distinction under fire, they deserve to be canonized for the noble, self-sacrifice made at Siboney. Today the Twenty-fourth infantry, in the Philippines, is continuing the work so nobly begun by their white brothers, the volunteers of Utah—but just returned to their homes after their glorious campaign.

"Long life to Utah's brave soldiery, and long may the bond exist between Utah's sons and her late fellow-residents, the Twenty-fourth infantry."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY.

SUMMARY OF WORK IN SALT LAKE CITY, WITH TREASURER'S REPORT BY MRS. ANNA W. CANNON, SECRETARY—OGDEN SOCIETY BY MRS. FRANCIS C. SMITH.

The ladies of the Red Cross society may be called the angels of the war. Repeatedly in this work, the enthusiastic appreciation of their good deeds is expressed by the soldiers. The following is a condensation of the report of their magnificent work, published October 22, 1899:

As soon as the volunteers began to assemble at Fort Douglas the ladies of Salt Lake commenced a movement to supply those innumerable wants and comforts, which were distressingly conspicuous. "A big entertainment for the soldier's benefit," was quickly arranged and over $700 realized from it, which sum was promptly divided among the boys. Fruit and vegetables were daily taken to their camp and distributed.

About twenty of the most prominent women of Salt Lake issued a call to form a branch of the Red Cross society, and over 100 attended the first meeting. A temporary organization was effected and a work room in charge of Mrs. Marion Brooks, was opened in the Progress building. At this time were made 376 bandages and 71 comfort bags, containing buttons, white and black thread, pins, safety pins, needles, fine comb, knife, fork, spoon, etc.

MRS. J. WASH YOUNG.

[Photo by Johnson.]

A permanent organization was next effected, with Mrs. Julia Groo as chairman of the working committee. The Red Cross society began its work on the 31st day of May, 1898. It has made 116 flannel bandages. The Payson society sent in July, twenty bandages as well as a great number of comfort bags.

We furnished thirty women with comfort bags, giving one to each man who enlisted in Utah. Battery C was supplied with 26 blankets, 30 dozen pairs of socks and 21 pairs of shoes. To Miss Barton we sent one dozen pairs of pajamas, towels, sheets, pillowcases, bandages and comfort bags, and the same to the San Francisco society.

Under the supervision of Mrs. W. J. Farrell numerous lunches were served to the soldiers passing through as well as our own recruits. The wants of the inner man were well looked after and many remarks, such as "God bless the Red Cross," "How good you women are," etc. were made. In all about 3000 soldiers passing through the city were served with fine lunches.

The winding up scene of this most beneficient work was the elegant reception at Fort Douglas on the occasion of the return to our city of the gallant Twenty-fourth. Under Mrs. Dewey Richards's management numerous entertainments for raising funds have been given. Notable were the barbecue at Calder's, and the Saltair excursion. While many ladies, some of them not members of the society, have given social teas, and lawn fetes at their homes. Our very able treasurer, Mrs. Julia Rawlins, reports a total of receipts and disbursements as follows: From May 28th to June 16, 1898, received $158.13. Balance on hand $38.53. From June 16th to July 12, 1898, receipts $505.31. Disbursements $291.94. Balance $213.37. From July 12th to September 10th receipts $494.16. Disbursements $338.19. Balance $155.97.

This is the treasurer's report up to September 10th. But since that time there has been numerous charities to

the sick families of volunteer soldiers, which has greatly reduced the treasury. The correspondence of the association has been conducted by Mrs. Anna W. Cannon.

In all, about 100 letters have been received and answered. The work of the recording secretary devolved upon Mrs. Anna W. Young, to whose papers we constantly refer to for dates and events connected with the work. Indefatigable has been the work of the president, Mrs. Priscilla J. Riter, who has given so liberally of her time, means and labor. In the work room at entertainments, at the stations where the soldiers passed, everywhere her influence has been felt, and equally so has been the work of the two vice-presidents, Mrs. Rachel Siegel and Mrs. Anna Adams, always ready, always willing. The work of the executive committee, particularly during the past summer has been at times arduous, but none the less willingly performed.

On the day of the public reception of the returning batterymen in Salt Lake City, August 19, 1899, the magnificent collation spread for the boys in Liberty park was beyond all praise and gave to that brilliant occasion a charm and loveliness which spoke volumes for the taste, energy and devotion of the patriotic ladies of the Red Cross and their collaborators.

REPORT OF THE OGDEN RED CROSS SOCIETY.

The Red Cross society of Ogden was organized June 2, 1898. The object of the organization is similar to the National Red Cross. The work that has been pushed by this organization during the past year has been to collect and accumulate money and material to afford relief to those suffering through our late war.

A few ladies of Ogden feeling the urgency of the need of such a work called a meeting, and out of that gathering the "Red Cross" of our city came into existence, with Mrs. William Driver, president; Mrs. Tyree, vice-president; Mrs. Jennie Nelson, secretary; Mrs. James G. Paine, treasurer. No change of officers has been made since the society was organized, with the exception of secretary. Mrs. Frances C. Smith was elected to fill the place of recording secretary made vacant by the resignation of Mrs. Nelson, and Mrs. Gourley elected corresponding secretary.

The ladies of the organization have been very efficient and faithful in the Red Cross work, and have been fortunate in having not only the sympathy of friends, but have had financial aid and received generous gifts of money from the city treasury, and from nearly every fraternal organization in the city. And this money through the society has been expended judiciously and given relief to scores of Utah soldiers who went to the front, as well as aiding their families at home and all needy soldiers who have called for help to reach their home in the far east. As long as there exists a need for work of this character, the Red Cross of Ogden will be found at its post doing duty.

When the batteries returned from the Philippines, the society had a splendid breakfast spread for them under the trees at Lester park; which was heartily partaken of and praised warmly by the soldier boys.

PART II.

THE STORY

OF

THE UTAH BATTALION

UNITED STATES

LIGHT ARTILLERY.

UTAH'S MAGNIFICAT.

(Upon the Return of Batteries A and B, U. S. V.)

My soul doth magnify the Lord;
My heart ascends to highest heaven.
Look all the world; list to my word,
See these, the sons whom I had given.

The youngest sovereign born on earth;
The Evening Star of western power;
Lowly, unfamed, of questioned worth;
Trembling, I took my place of power

Amid that constellation bright.
Then came the call. With streaming eyes.
I gave my sons to suffer, fight
And perish under foreign skies.

From out the gloom of tropic night,
The Utah guns belched flames of death,
The morning's message of the fight
Blew on the world with cyclone breath.

From field to field, from fame to fame,
The Evening Star rose high and high'r;
Till all the world applauds the name;
And Utah is a world's desire.

My sister States, from near and far,
At last, are proud to own my name;
And glorify the Evening Star
Of nineteenth century acclaim.

Then welcome to my straining breast,
With tightening clasp I press each one,
The sacred blood, the achievements blest,
The heroes, glory—all my own!

I hereby certify that I have carefully reviewed the manuscript of the History of the Utah Volunteers relating to the campaign of the Spanish and Tagalo wars, in which the Utah batteries were engaged, and I find that it is a full, complete and accurate account of the same.

GEORGE W. GIBBS,
First Lieut., Utah Light Artillery, U. S. V.
Recorder Military Reviewing Committee.

MAJOR RICHARD W. YOUNG.

[Photo by Johnson.]

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

The famous Twenty-fourth regulars had marched to the station through dense throngs of enthusiastic and patriotic citizens, cheering and hurrahing. The schools had closed for the occasion and the presence of excited and noisily demonstrative children added both to the picturesqueness and spirit of the occasion. The abandon of the ovation to the colored soldiers demonstrated the depth and intensity of the patriotic emotion which had electrified the people of Utah, along with the whole nation. In the exuberance of this patriotic ebulition, ladies of the highest social standing and dignity, maids and matrons, went through the cars and shook the hands of the humble black soldiers, bidding them a fervent godspeed because they wore the uniform of the nation and were bound for the front, where the glorious old flag was once again to float defiance to a foreign foe.

The President of the nation had issued his call for 125,000 volunteers and the quota of 500 to be furnished from Utah had been made known to Gov. Heber M. Wells. The war governor of Utah acted with characteristic promptness and vigor. That night, April 25th, in the director's room of the State Bank of Utah, with the assistance of Secretary of State J. T. Hammond and Adjt.-Gen. John Q. Cannon, prepared a call to the sons of the youngest State in the Union. The next morning the Governor's call appeared in the newspapers.

Gov. Wells's call briefly recited the fact that the President had asked for volunteers, and stated that 500 men were wanted from Utah. Willard Young, John Q. Cannon, Ray C. Naylor, Joseph E. Caine, F. A. Grant, George F. Downey and George W. Gibbs were named as mustering officers, and assigned to different cities and towns throughout the State. There was no lack of available material from the State. Wherever a recruiting office was opened volunteers were found.

Promptly on April 28, 1898, the Deseret News published a letter written to the Governor by the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, from which the following quotation is taken:

"We trust that the citizens of Utah who are Latter-day Saints will be found ready to respond with alacrity to this call which is made upon our State."

Such advice emanating from such an authority was magical in its effect throughout the State.

The following succinct account is copied from a Salt Lake City daily newspaper:

"Drs. Critchlow, Beer, Meacham, Conroy, Penrose and Taylor, who were appointed to make the physical examinations, had plenty of work to do. The actual recruiting began on April 27th, when thirty-one batterymen were accepted.

"From this time on the volunteers came in so rapidly that within three days more than half of the State's quota had been secured. Patriotic business houses of Salt Lake came to the front with offers to employees desiring to enlist of half-pay during their absence and their old places when they returned. The first to make this proposition was the Z. C. M. I. This patriotic institution furnished three batterymen and fulfilled its promise to them to the letter. In fact, all such promises made by Salt Lake employers were faithfully kept. Then came the Henry Dinwoodey Furniture company and the Co-operative Wagon and Machine company.

The Oregon Short Line railroad agreed to hold places for the volunteers from their offices, workshops and trains.

"Volunteers to the number of 714 had been enlisted by May 4th, when the order to stop recruiting was issued. On the same day the commissioned officers for the two batteries were named. They were: Battery A—R. W. Young, Captain; George W. Gibbs, First Lieutenant; Thomas C. Braby of Mt. Pleasant and Ray C. Naylor, Second Lieutenants. Battery B—F. A. Grant, Captain; E. A. Wedgwood, First Lieutenant; Orrin R. Grow and Dr. J. F. Critchlow, Second Lieutenants. Lieut. Braby declined the appointment and W. C. Webb was named in his stead.

"All volunteers were ordered to report at Fort Douglas to be examined and mustered into the service. Every city, village and hamlet throughout the State furnished its quota. The volunteers were given the most royal kind of sendoffs by those among whom they had lived. Balls and entertainments were given in their honor and when they boarded for Salt Lake the entire population of their homes assembled at the stations to say good-bye.

"From early in the morning of May 5th, sturdy young men, anxious to serve their country, began pouring into Fort Douglas, Lieut. Dashiel of the Twenty-fourth United States infantry, who was in charge of the post, saw to it that the boys were comfortably quartered in the barracks and given every possible attention.

"In the evening of May 8th, this feature of the work was concluded and it was announced that the next day the recruits would be formally mustered into the service of their country. May 9th this solemn formality was gone through with and the volunteers became real soldiers. Lieut. Briant S. Wells, United States army, administered the oath, the batteries standing at attention with bared heads while it was being read to them."

The camp life of the batterymen at Fort Douglas con-

sisted of a constant and severe routine of drill and practice, which was performed with earnestness and enthusiasm by all the volunteers, whose sole ambition seemed to be to acquire the utmost efficiency for the work which lay before them.

The civilian population took the liveliest interest in the military manouvers at Fort Douglas, and daily thronged the camp ground to visit and encourage the young soldiers. This hearty display of public interest did much toward creating that magnificent devotion to duty and splendid esprit de corps which later enabled that famous command to surmount the appalling obstacles met with upon the battlefields of Luzon, and to achieve the truly wonderful results which have made it famous throughout the civilized world, and reflected such untarnished glory upon the State and Nation.

A local paper thus depicts some events of that stirring period:

"Finally, came the definite announcement that the boys would be sent to the Philippines and it caused joy in the hearts of every man in the commands. On the night of May 14th a magnificent demonstration was given in the Theater in honor of the soldiers. The big building was packed to the utmost limit of its capacity and patriotism was worked up to fever heat. The same day the ladies of the Cleofan presented both batteries with guidons which they carried away with them to the war.

"Finally, after much uncertainty and many conflicting orders, Capt. Young received a message from the War department instructing him to start with the batteries for San Francisco May 20th. That was a day long to be remembered by the people of Salt Lake and by those from surrounding towns who came in to bid the boys Godspeed. The city was fairly mad with enthusiasm.

"The volunteers marched between walls of wildly cheering humanity throughout their journey to the Rio Grande Western depot. All classes and conditions of people vied

with each other in giving the volunteers a farewell worthy of themselves and of the State they so ably represented. The trains departed about noon, speeded on their way by a last volley of cheers and good wishes."

Said a soldier, a year later:

"The trip to San Francisco was very trying that day; and we will never forget it. It did us an immense amount of good; and the recollections of it inspired many a fagged-out soldier to renewed efforts on the battlefield."

"It is impossible," said two officers, "to exaggerate the magnetism and magnificence of the ovation which the boys received."

The battalion arrived in San Francisco on the 22nd of May at 1 p. m.; were banqueted at the ferry station by the ladies of the Red Cross society and marched up Market street, which was thronged with enthusiastic and applauding people to Camp Merritt; where they quickly made themselves at home and took up again the routine of camp life. There were four drills made at which they worked with a hearty will. They were at leisure usually from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. and in the evening from retreat at 6:30 until taps at 10 p. m.

On June 14th the batteries broke camp at 6 a. m. and began to march to the dock at 7:10 a. m. through the city, where the same magnificent ovation was accorded them as upon their arrival.

The batteries were distributed as follows: Battery A on the 'Colon', one-half of Battery B on the 'China', and the other half on the 'Zealandia.' Besides the batteries there were the Tenth Pennsylvania on the 'Zealandia', First Colorado on the 'China', half a company of engineers and two companies of Eighteenth infantry, First Nebraska on the 'Senator', on the 'Colon' four companies of the Twenty-third infantry, two companies of Eighteenth infantry—about 1000 men on board each transport. The battery guns were mounted on deck to be used in case of an emergency. Enthu-

siastic demonstration was given them by the patriotic people of San Francisco which greeted them on their arrival. As rapidly as possible, and in good order the work of embarkation was accomplished and the transports weighed anchor and moved out into the bay from which place we sailed at 2 p. m. next day to their temporary anchorage. Amid the deafening clang of bells, shrieks of steam whistles, shouts of thousands and clamor of every conceivable means and instruments for making as terrific a noise as ingenuity and resources of the great city could command."

CHAPTER II.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

(By Lieutenant Harry A. Pearson, U. S. N.)

U. S. Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., October 3, 1899.

Early in April a telegram came from Commodore Dewey to the Captain of the "Monocacy," ordering him to send at once to Hongkong to join the fleet, four officers (naming them, the writer being one of the number) and fifty of his best men. Up to this time, war seemed to be probable, now it seemed certain. All the officers were anxious to go and nearly every man of the crew of one hundred and twenty-five men was eager to be numbered among the chosen fifty.

After an uneventful trip the steamer arrived at Hongkong on the evening of the third day; and the next morning the fifty men from the "Monocacy" were distributed among the various ships where most neede.

The writer was given command of the steamship "Zafiro," with orders to prepare that vessel for the reception of coal and stores, to keep the staterooms ready to be used as a hospital if necessary and to make request for all things necessary for service. The crew of this vessel consisted of six English officers and about fifty Chinese, when in the merchant service, who enlisted in the navy for the war, in consideration of being paid double their former wages. A small draft of sailors from the "Olympia" was also assigned to the "Zafiro."

The situation became more acute daily. One bright morning the good people of Hongkong, on awaking and looking out on the harbor, could hardly believe that the American fleet was no longer there; for instead of seeing a fleet of ships of spotless white, they saw a fleet of a dull drab color. During the small hours of the morning the beautiful white of peace times had been covered with "war paint." The various ships began to remove their heave yards and spars, to clear their decks of all ornamental hatch covers, skylights, etc., and in fact to "clear ship for action."

Finally, the long-expected news came. War had been declared, and Commodore Dewey's future movements were in obedience to this telegram: "Washington, April 24, 1898. Dewey, Hongkong:—War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Begin operations at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors. (Signed) LONG."

The British Government having declared its neutrality when war was declared, and Hongkong being a British possession, the Governor of Hongkong at once issued an order that the American fleet must leave that port in the customary time, forty-eight hours. All was ready. On the afternoon of that same day the following vessels of the fleet left Hongkong and went to Mirs Bay, a small bay on the China coast about twenty-five miles from Hongkong: "Boston," "Concord," "Petrel," "McCulloch," "Naushau" and "Zafiro." These were followed the next day by the remainder of the fleet, the "Olympia," "Baltimore" and "Raleigh."

On April 27th the signal was made at 2 p. m. to get under way. The entire fleet hove up anchor and started for the Philippines in search of the Spanish fleet. The situation which now confronted Commodore Dewey was one of a very serious nature. All nations, except the two belligerents themselves, had proclaimed their neutrality, therefore

there was no port of refuge open to our fleet, but some home port, the nearest one being over 7000 miles away. It is true, that in addition to the supplies ordinarily carried by the various ships, the two supply vessels were filled with a large surplus, but, in case of a defeat and a loss of this surplus, there was not enough coal to carry the fleet half way home, and it must necessarily be captured or destroyed by the enemy. It was simply a question of "win or die." In order to secure, as far as possible, the supply vessels from capture or destruction by the enemy, an order was issued before sailing, that in case either was attacked, the "Baltimore" was to come to the assistance of the "Naushau" and the "Raleigh" was to assist the "Zafiro."

Another consideration of more than ordinary importance was the fact that our fleet was to meet the enemy on their own chosen ground, where, in addition to fleets, shore fortifications, harbor mines and torpedoes could be arrayed against us. Such were the boasts of the Spanish, who declared our fleet could never enter the harbor of Manila, because of the strength of the forts and mines at the entrance, and that even if it should get into the bay, it would never get away. Every day, while our fleet was at Hongkong, the Spanish Consul there would ride about the harbor, noting the number of ships we had, their names, etc.; and, having telegraphic communication with Manila, the Spanish authorities there were kept constantly informed of our strength, knew the date of our sailing and could calculate almost to a nicety when to expect us.

The fleet sailed for Cape Bolinao, which is about 100 miles north of Manila. Early on the morning of the third day, April 30th, all awoke to find the promised land in sight, and it was now that one began to realize that the climax was fast approaching; yet none realized or imagined what an event was to occur the next day.

All ships were ready for action and steamed slowly down

the coast of Luzon, carefully scanning any object that resembled a ship. About half way between Cape Bolinao and Manila is Subig bay, a fine, deep bay, so situated as to be easily made almost impregnable by erecting fortifications and planting the narrow entrance with mines. It was here that the Spaniards had been working for several years to make their principal naval station in the Philippines. Being acquainted with this, and thinking the Spanish fleet might be there, Commodore Dewey sent the "Boston" and "Concord" ahead at full speed to reconnoiter in that vicinity, and shortly after the "Baltimore" was sent ahead at full speed for the same purpose.

As the fleet steamed along, a number of small trading schooners were occasionally seen, manned by natives. The "Zafiro" was signaled to board one of them and inquire as to the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet, what precautions were taken on entering or leaving the harbor to avoid the mines, etc. It was learned that this small vessel had left Manila a few days before, and that to leave the harbor it was necessary to take a Spanish pilot, who piloted the vessel over a winding course in order to avoid the mines planted there. Nothing was learned as to the whereabouts of the enemy's fleet.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the fleet arrived off Subig bay and found the "Baltimore," "Boston" and "Concord" waiting for it. They reported that the enemy was not in the bay, so the only conclusion to be drawn was that the Spanish fleet was at Manila, which was now only fifty miles away. The fleet halted and the signal was given: "Commanding officers report on board flagship." Boats were lowered and the commanding officer of every vessel went on board the "Olympia;" all were directed to the Commodore's cabin, where he and his staff were assembled. It was here and now that he made known his plans for entering Manila bay and meeting the enemy, and gave orders accordingly.

The fleet, which heretofore had sailed in two columns, was ordered to sail in single column while passing through the entrance, which was to be attempted that night under cover of darkness. All lights were to be extinguished except one, which was to be carried astern, and so screened as to be visible only by the vessel following; this was to prevent collision in the darkness. All hands were to be at quarters ready for any emergency. After passing the entrance the fleet was again to form in double column and steam slowly up the bay, for Manila was about twenty miles from the entrance, the intention being to arrive off Manila early on the morning of May 1st.

The plan and details having been fully explained and understood, commanding officers were directed to return to their respective ships. About 6 p. m. signal was made to "get under way in the formation ordered." The "Olympia" led the column, followed in turn by the other vessels of the fleet. The beautiful shores of the island were plainly visible, being only a few miles away, and when the sun had disappeared and darkness crept over the scene, the moon was occasionally seen peeping through the clouded sky. As is the case in many tropical countries, the air seemed to be charged with electricity; for very frequently one could see in one direction or another, vivid flashes of lightning; which, when one is expecting momentarily to be a target for the enemy's forts, could easily be imagined to be the flash of a gun.

On nearing the entrance a very bright light of two or three minutes' duration was seen flashing just outside of the mouth of the bay. This was a pilot's signal; for pilots were always at the entrance to the harbor, day and night, to safely direct incoming merchant vessels, so as to avoid the torpedoes planted in the channel. No attention was paid to this; as we neither wanted or needed a pilot. Soon the fleet was in the channel between the islands of Corregidor

and El Fraile. Instead of taking the center of the channel, which would place our ships farthest from the enemy's forts on either island, the fleet took the southern part of the channel, passing much closer to El Fraile than to Corregidor. This was done with the idea that the enemy would put the torpedoes in the center of the channel, thinking that our vessels would take that course on attempting to enter, and thus avoid more the guns of the forts. The fleet was steaming rapidly on and all beginning to think that we should enter unobserved. Suddenly a white light was seen on the top of Corregidor island, which was immediately followed by a rocket on El Fraile island. Our presence had been observed, and the fort on El Fraile at once opened fire. The "Boston," "Raleigh" and "Concord" at once replied; but our speed was kept up, and soon the fleet was lost to the enemy in the darkness, and had safely entered Manila bay; torpedoes having been avoided and the fire from El Fraile having been badly aimed. The forts on Corregidor, which were more numerous, did not fire; for we had gotten so far into the channel before being observed that the guns of these forts would not bear on our fleet.

The double column formation was again resumed. The time of passing the entrance was between midnight and 1 o'clock in the morning of May 1st. Signal was made: "Speed four knots," which would bring us off Manila early in the morning. Daylight came. It was a still, fine morning, with a light mist along the shore. We were getting up near Cavite, the Spanish naval station, situated about five miles down the bay from Manila, when a dense cloud of smoke was observed on shore, followed by a loud report and a splash in the calm waters of the bay, quite a distance short of our ships. We had now been observed by the forts below Cavite, which had opened fire on us; their shots falling short. Several shots were fired from this fort as the fleet passed; all fell short of their mark and no attention was paid them.

Huge battle flags were already flying at every masthead. When about abreast of Cavite the Spanish fleet was seen there.

The supply ships were here halted, the "McCulloch" left the fleet and went up to Manila to reconnoiter in that vicinity, while the six men-of-war, "Olympia," "Baltimore," "Raleigh," "Boston," "Concord" and "Petrel" in column, turned in a big semi-circle and headed down the bay. The Spanish ships could be seen moving about and getting in formation. The "Olympia" opened fire on the enemy's fleet with the port battery and the other ships followed as soon as their guns would bear. The enemy's ships and forts answered the fire vigorously, and the engagement became general. Our fleet steamed slowly past the enemy's fleet and forts, firing vigorously; the smoke from the rapid-fire guns at times almost obscuring the ship from view. Having passed the enemy, our ships turned, and countermarched; giving a similar fire from the starboard batteries. Again they turned and countermarched, using the port battery, only to turn again and retrace their path, using the starboard battery. Once more they turned and countermarched, firing as before; and then the whole fleet withdrew into the bay well off Manila and Cavite. At the beginning of the action the enemy's ships and forts were firing very vigorously, but as the battle progressed it became weaker and weaker; until finally, near the end, became quite insignificant, compared with the fire of our ships.

During the engagement one of the enemy's vessels, a large armed transport, left their formation, steamed rapidly up the bay a mile or two, and was beached and deserted. Special attention was given to concentrate our fire on the Spanish flagship, the "Reina Cristina," and she was so severely punished that the Spanish Admiral deserted her and changed his flag to the "Isla de Cuba."

While our fleet lay out in the bay the forts at Manila

kept up a desultory fire on us; the shots generally landing short, but occasionally coming dangerously close. The statement is generally made that our fleet came out for breakfast, which we did incidentally take; but this was not the primary cause. During the latter part of the engagement an error was made by one of the "Olympia's" men in reporting the quantity of ammunition remaining on hand. According to the report, very little was left, and having been firing for nearly two hours and a half the Commodore thought that the supply of ammunition might be nearly exhausted, so withdrew to take account of the supply remaining.

Orders were given for the Captains to make a report of the ammunition on hand. It was found that an abundance was yet on hand, and that the report of a shortage on the "Olympia" was an error. Orders were also given for Captains to report their losses. When the reports were all in, and it was learned that there had been none killed, everybody was almost dumbfounded; for all felt certain that the loss must be heavy. It was while our ships lay here that the "Reina Cristina" was seen wrapped in flames and burning rapidly. What rousing cheers were given by the crews of every one of our ships! A little later the "Castillia," another of the enemy's best ships, was in flames. Both were set on fire by the shells of our guns. Most of the others of the enemy's ships, as well as the forts, had been severely punished. Tugs and boats could be seen steaming about the Spanish ships, rescuing their wounded and others from the burning ships.

About 11 a. m., breakfast being over, our fleet renewed the attack, while the "McCulloch" went down the bay to stop a merchant steamer which was entering port. The supply vessels resumed their position outside of the firing line. The enemy's forts and some of their ships offered a weak resistance, but were soon silenced. None were taken prisoners, but all were allowed to escape and go to Manila by

land. All resistance was overcome; and by signal from the "Olympia," the entire fleet anchored off Manila; white flags flying over the city and Cavite, as a sign of surrender; but Manila was not occupied by us. Since the forts at Manila were not destroyed by us, and, as it was thought probable that the Spaniards might have some gunboats up the Pasig river, above the city, an ultimatum was given to the Governor-General of Manila, that if any hostile act was committed against our fleet, the city would be bombarded.

Commodore Dewey was the master of the situation. The "Reina Cristina" and the "Castillia" burned all day and evening, and several loud reports were heard when their magazines exploded. Several of the other Spanish ships were also burned. From this day on a most rigid lookout was kept at nights to guard against attacks or surprises. Armed guards were stationed about the decks to challenge anything seen; searchlights were in almost continuous use the whole night to detect the approach of all boats and vessels; and a picket boat was on duty every night, steaming around the fleet in search of any strange vessels that might be found. On May 2nd two of our vessels went down to the entrance of the harbor and demanded the surrender of all the forts. This was agreed to, after some preliminaries, and the garrison was allowed to go to Manila. The guns were quite numerous, but their breech blocks were taken away, rendering them useless. On the same day the cable connecting Manila with the outside world was cut by the "Zafiro."

Note.—Lieut. Harry A. Pearson, who wrote this chapter, was the only naval officer who represented Utah at the famous battle in Manila bay. The direct, unaffected style of the writer has a charm all its own, reminding us of the fact that the best and purest of the school classics were written by two soldiers: the one, the Greek Zenophon, and the other,

by the Latin Caesar. Lieut. Pearson was born in Draper, Utah.

On his return to his native State he was honored with a "Pearson Day" at Saltair, a public banquet, an ovation in the Tabernacle, presented with a sword and accorded every expression of an enthusiastic welcome home by his native town and the whole State.

LIEUT. HENRY A. PEARSON.

[Photo by Johnson.]

ASSISTANT SURGEON T. GEORGE ODELL, U. S. N.
(See errata.)

CHAPTER III.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

A most curious circumstance, which seems to have escaped the historians, is called to mind by the subject of the Philippine Islands. It is this: that toward the close of every century of our era some wholly unexpected and sudden event takes place which becomes the pivot upon which all succeeding history turns. This unexpected event is never taken into calculation before hand and generally arises as a mere incident in the development of other overshadowing issues.

Such an event was the discovery of America at the close of the fifteenth century; the destruction of the Spanish Armada toward the close of the sixteenth (1588); the defeat of Kara Mustapha by John Sobieski near the end of the seventeenth, the declaration of American independence toward the end of the eighteenth; and the battle of Manila about the end of the nineteenth. To the great mass of the American nation the very existence of the Philippine islands was unknown; and the action of the Government in sending Dewey to Manila was the merest accident, or rather a mere exigency of war. Yet already the problem of the Philippine islands has become an acute political issue and promises to be the leading issue of our next campaign. But more than that there seems to be every probability that their retention in some form or another, at least the permanent possession

of ports and coaling stations there, promises to open up a new commercial career for the nation and perhaps eventuate in Anglo-Saxon, if not American supremacy in the Orient. Certain it is that Utah, together with all the Pacific slope, is awakening to the stupendous possibilities of this incalculable Oriental trade, which must add hundreds of thousands to the population and millions to the wealth of this section.

Besides, there are other considerations of interest on account of the brilliant campaign of our Utah batteries in those islands, which make a very brief sketch of their history both germane and desirable in this work.

In his voyage around the world Magellan discovered the Philippine islands, 1521, landing at a small islet adjacent to the north coast of the great island of Mindanao.

The Spaniards were hospitably received by the natives, who presented them among other things with ornaments and nuggets of gold. Strange to say, they had their teeth filled with gold. After taking formal possession of Mindanao in the name of his King, Magellan accepted the native chief's offer to pilot him to Cebu, whose King was related to him.

His arrival at Cebu on August 7th astounded the hordes of armed natives gathered on the beach. A treaty was formally entered into between Magellan and the chief, or king, of Cebu. This led to the Spaniards engaging in a war undertaken by the latter, in which Magellan was killed, April 25, 1512, on the small island of Mactan. After many vicissitudes the sole remaining vessel finally reached Spain, and thus made the first circumnavigation of the earth.

Philip II. sent an expedition, consisting of four ships and one frigate, carrying 400 soldiers and sailors, under Legazpi, accompanied by six Augustinian monks. With this insignificant force this remarkable man succeeded in establishing Spanish authority in the islands, and his grandson,

Salcedo, effected a treaty of peace with the native rulers of Manila, whereby that city passed into Spanish hands.

The famous Chinese pirate Li Ma Hong next invaded Luzon, assaulted Manila, was repulsed, and set up his capital at the mouth of the Agno; but was finally expelled; leaving a contingent which at present constitutes a marked strain in a strong northern tribe of natives.

Then began the endless quarrels between church and State, which have paralyzed progress, fomented rebellions, made a moral inferno of the fairest isles of earth for centuries, and culminated in the last revolt under Aguinaldo and finally in the American occupation. The only means of communication with the islands was by way of Mexico, by means of galleons, which became objects of attack whenever Spain was at war. The Dutch and English effectually preyed upon the island commerce and everything which human greed, stupidity and superstition could do to blight and destroy the unfortunate islands, was put into operation.

In 1662 occurred the first general massacre of the Chinese; which cheerful precedent was repeatedly followed at intervals. In 1762 the British fleet captured Manila. It was stipulated in the peace of Paris, February 10, 1763, that Manila should be evacuated by the British; but Anda refused to accept terms and the fight continued till the archbishop died, January 30, 1764.

In 1622 the first native rebellion of any mark occurred on Bohol, which was caused by the exaction of the priests and the outrageous taxes. Then followed another in Mindanao in 1629; in Samar 1649, then in Cebu, Mindanao and Mashate. Through treachery the Spaniards subdued this. Then followed revolt after revolt—1660, 1744, 1823, 1827, 1844, 1872 and finally in 1896.

It is beyond the scope of this work to give the history of this uprising of the natives, goaded into madness by the tyranny and exactions of the church and the cruelty and

oppression of the State. Only one point must never be lost sight of: in this as in all previous uprisings, the rebels never sought or asked anything more than a mitigation of the worst abuses, or an abrogation of the most bloody cruelties. Independence was never present in their wildest dreams, "when the freest sway was given to the shaping spirit of imagination." These cruelties and tyrannies included beatings until the back presented the "pleasing appearance of a checkerboard," or was cut into shreds, crushing of the thumbs, deportation for life, virtual slavery, life imprisonment and torture of delinquent taxpayers, whose taxes were more than their possible income; not to mention the unspeakable immoralities and atrocities of the ecclesiastics, as recorded by Foreman, Worcester and others. These were sufficient to drive a breed of curs to desperation; and there was a chronic condition of revolt; but never was there the remotest dream of independence present to any of the unhappy wretches. That was a concoction of Aguinaldo and company, after they became convinced that the American soldiers were too cowardly to fight and the majority of the American Nation did not intend to retain possession of the islands.

CHAPTER IV.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS TODAY.

The Philippine islands are estimated to number from 1200 to 2000, varying in size from Luzon with an area of 42,000 square miles, to tiny islets which are mere barren rocks above the highest tides of the surrounding seas. According to the untranslated publications of the Jesuit society, which are the most reliable accounts at present, the Philippine archipelago lies between the parallels of 4 degrees, 47 minutes, 8 seconds and 21 degrees, 13 minutes north latitude, and between 121 degrees, 25 minutes and 132 degrees 49 minutes east longitude; bounded on the north and west by the China Sea, on the east by the Pacific ocean, on the south by the Sea of Celebes; area about 150,000 square miles. Their area equals that of the six New England States, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and a slice of Maryland, or about that of Japan which supports a population of over 40,000,000.

The population is about 10,000,000, almost one-half of which is upon the island of Luzon. The inhabitants for the most part live in towns and villages along the sea coasts. The interior of most of the islands have never been explored and what little is known of the larger and more important islands, like Mindanao, is due to the labors of the Jesuit

priests. Possibly one-tenth of the soil, which is unsurpassed in fertility by any spot on earth, has been brought under cultivation. The last Spanish census (1887) gives the Christian population as about 6,000,000,

The "Official Guide" gives the Chinese population at 75,000, chiefly in Manila One hundred thousand Chinese would be nearer the mark. The same authority gives 100,000 Moros or Mohammedan Malays as inhabiting Palawan and Jolo, or the Sulu Archipelago; 209,000 in Mindanao and Basilan, and about 830,000 heathens in all the islands. The figures from any source, however, are only approximate.

There are about eighty different tribes, speaking different dialects, having different manners, habits, customs and traditions. Some of these belong to widely different races, some are mixed and some differ but slightly from the other tribes of the same race. The Malays predominate greatly, and are subdivided into many tribes.

There seems to be little doubt that the Negritos were the aborigines. These people are a negroid race of diminutive, almost dwarfish, stature, seldom exceeding four feet six inches in the males or four feet two inches in the females. Their principal characteristics are large head covered with crisp, wooly hair; heavy eyebrows, meeting at the middle line of the forehead; thin, lean legs; large, rolling eyes; thick lips; prognathous jawbones; long arms and black, shiny skins. They wander in droves, like monkeys, through the forests, live on berries, fruits, roots, etc.; build no dwelling of any kind, sleep where night overtakes them, wear no clothes except a scanty breech-clout where they chance to come in contact with some Malay or other more civilized people. There can no longer be any doubt that cannabalism is practiced among some of the negrito tribes. No vestige of even the rudest religious forms or ideas has been discovered among them; and their language is a medley of chirps, whistles and clucks, apparently made in imitation of the animal sounds

of the forests, or derived from them. They use poisoned arrows, also the sumpitan, or blow-pipe, with poisoned dart. It is said that this poison is procured from a decomposed corpse, frequently of a young girl killed for that purpose.

On the whole they seem closely related to the dwarfs, which inhabit the dense forests of interior Africa, the Bhil tribes in the hills of India, and probably the Cliff-dwellers of Chihuahua, Mexico. They offer no slightest hope of any capacity for civilization and will rapidly disappear before advancing civilization. Yet they intermarry freely with the Malays, Chinese and other people and constitute an undeniable strain in the Filipinos about Manila. As far as the problem of a government for the civilization of the Philippine islands, the negritos need not be taken into consideration at all.

In comparatively modern times the Malays invaded the islands and drove the black dwarfs back into the interior, or amalgamated with them to some extent, producing such tribes as the Mangyans of Mindoro and Mindanao and the Tagbanuas of Palawan. There are indications of a Papuan strain in the latter and perhaps, to some extent, in most of the wild tribes of the interior which are not negritos or Malays, although there are no pure Papuans, even scattered individuals, in the islands. The Malays are commonly supposed to have originated from the basin of the river Malayu, whence their name, and to have gradually overspread the islands and coasts of the Indian ocean and contiguous water. They are undoubtedly a Mongoloid race; and a Malay dressed in Chinese costume is indistinguishable from a Chinaman to the average white man.

They divide themselves into three classes: Orange (man) Malayu (of the Malay river, or country), which constitutes a kind of aristocracy; Orange Laut (man of the sea), corresponding somewhat to the great middle or commercial class in England; and Orange Benua (man of the soil), which con-

stituted the agricultural element, as heartily despised by the Orange Laut, or pirates, as was ever the European peasantry by the medieval barons. Beyond and below these were the Orange Outan (wild man), which included even the anthropoid apes, and has become the designation applied to one species of them.

It is positively necessary to understand these distinctions clearly in order to form any definite idea of the Philippine situation as it exists today. It is just as irrational to ignore these social and traditional distinctions among the Philippine Malays as it would be to leave out of consideration the classes and gradations of European society in estimating European politics. The Tagals, the most numerous tribe, inhabiting approximately the central portion of Luzon, are distinctly Orang Benua, or men of the soil. Traditionally they are not fighters like the Orang Laut; there is nothing of the grim determination and implacable hate which distinguish the Moros of Mindanao and the Sulu archipelago. It is an error which involves serious consequences to impute to the Tagals, the tribe with which we are at war who belong to the Orang Benua, the attributes of the fierce, warlike Moros, who belong to the Orang Laut. The Visayans are likewise Orang Benua and their attitude is that of antagonism toward the Tagaloso.

The Tagbanuas of Palawan are a cross between the Malays and Negritos, and are a simple, harmless tribe of naked savages, kind and tractable, but extremely indolent and ignorant. A grown young lady among them sells for three dollars. They suffer greatly from the Moros, who capture them for slaves. Balinbing, on the adjacent island of Tawi-Tawi, is the principal slave market, and it is currently reported in the southern islands that the best customers are the Dutch planters of Borneo. There seems strong grounds for the belief that they were much more civilized at some remote period, as they possess a curious alphabet which they inscribe upon soft bamboo joints.

PHILIPPINE NATIVES.

The Mangyans of Mindoro seem to have a similar origin, and present very much the same characteristics. They are wilder and more timid than the Tagbanuas. There are quite a number of similar tribes in the interior of many of the larger islands, which all present no problems apart from the process of civilizing and educating them.

The reason why the Tagalo tribe is hostile to us is, partly, because they have become contaminated by contact with Spanish civilization and have learned to hate it for its unspeakable cruelty and oppression, and partly because they have been misled by designing leaders to believe that they will be treated the same or worse by the Americans. While suspicion, distrust and treachery are characteristics of all savage, or semi-savage tribes, still they all respond to kindness and justice, when they feel sure that there is no covert design beneath such unusual treatment.

The Gaddans of north Luzon and some apparently related tribes of one or two of the larger islands are head-hunters, probably being descendants of the Dyaks of Borneo or some head-hunting tribe of Orang Laut. Before the prospective groom can claim his lady love's hand he must go out and take a head—any kind of a head will do.

The Jesuit missionaries of Mindanao report four tribes "sorrowfully celebrated for their human sacrifices," and the writer was astonished at a detailed report of a tribe of devil-worshippers whose tribal name and religious ceremonies indicated ethnical identity with the famed Yezidis of Mesopotamia in Asia. In a word these islands seem to have been the meeting point of numerous races of marked ethnological divergencies—the racial scrap-bag of the world.

The climate is generally mild, pleasant and equable and extraordinarily healthy, as is proven by the wonderful good health of our troops under the most trying circumstances. The worst climate in the islands is that of Manila, chiefly on account of its topographical situation. The climate of Min-

danao, several hundred miles nearer the equator, may be considered "much more bracing"—mucho mas fresco, as the director of the Manila observatory called it.

Professor Worcester thus describes the climate of one of the most southern islands: "At San Antonio we were a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the air was cool and almost bracing. Like most of the limestone islands of the Philippines, Siginjor is quite free from malaria, and with an abundance of good food, we soon got into fine physical condition."

In fact, the matter of climate is a mere question of altitude, locality, or accessibility to the sea breezes. Apart from malaria—such as prevails in the United States—there can hardly be said to exist one endemic disease, except the smallpox, while the bubonic plague, which spreads such fearful devastation among the Chinese, with whom there is uninterrupted communication, has never found lodgment upon the islands.

The resources of the Philippines are beyond computation. The fertility of the soil is incredible. Japanese farmers are reliably reported to clear annually over $500 an acre on sugarcane. The prevalent methods for making sugar are exceedingly crude; the juice being extracted by pounding the cane with a club over a log. Not one-tenth of the soil is cultivated, but such is its marvelous productivity that a famine is unknown, although parts of the land are densely populated. Almost every imaginable fruit, grain or vegetable known to civilized man can be produced plentifully, and wild fruit in endless variety and abundance grows everywhere.

Some of the known minerals are gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, coal (lignite), quicksilver, platinum, uranium, petroleum, natural gas, sulphur, marbles, alabaster, rubies, hyacinthes, diamonds (probably), kaolin and a number of other valuable substances. Gold is reported to be the medium of exchange in Mindanao, and according to the published statement of

the Jesuit missionaries abounds almost everywhere. The following is a translation from a note in a Jesuit publication:

"In Mindanao gold has been gathered in almost the entire island, but principally in the district of Misamis in the tract called Pictao. The district of Surigao abounds in the precious metal in such a way that (de forma que) all its mountains from Mainit to Caraga seem to be full of gold mines (minas de oro).

It is known that $5000 was taken out of placers in Misamis by the exceedingly primitive method of washing the dirt in cocoanut shells. This is probably but a small part of the amount actually extracted. However, the late United States Government report seems to incline to the opinion that the formation is like the gold deposits of the Carolinas and Virginia rather than that of the West.

Of greater immediate value than the mineral wealth are the vast products of the forests—precious woods, gums, spices and fruit. When one recalls that a single mahogany log sawn into planks has sold in Liverpool for more than $2600, it is easy to imagine that wealth lies in the forests of the Philippines.

The rich pearl fisheries of the Sulus should not be overlooked, to which may be added tortoise shell, sponge, mother of pearl, coral, ambergris and other marine products.

CHAPTER V.

SOLDIER LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

How can I convey to the mind of another the emotional kaleidescope into which my imagination was turned, when I gazed for the first time upon the sunrise over the hills back of Manila. There are some scenes in the lives of men which do not belong to time, space or the outer world so much as they are a part of the very soul of the seeming spectator. Almost every one, who has been accustomed to introspection to any degree, can recall one or more occasions in his life, when gazing for the first time upon an absolutely new scene, it has startlingly occurred to him that he has been there before, and that the scene comes back to him somewhat in the nature of a vivid but forgotten dream. He feels perfectly sure that he has been in that spot, has seen those views, has acted a real living part in them; yet he knows that it is impossible for him ever to have been within a thousand miles of the spot. Some such feelings came to me, only in a bewildering, worrying sort of way as I gazed upon the most beautiful sight it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

We had spent the weary weeks crossing the dreary, tame Pacific in the routine of drill, eating, talking and sleeping, until, I believe my soul had gone to sleep, as we steadily ploughed through the trackless sameness day after day. The soul sleep was still on me, I suppose, when we gathered upon the transport's deck to view the frowning battlements of the

now famous Corregidor, which vainly guarded Manila on that eventful night that our great Dewey sailed by it; although my companions seemed excited and expectant enough. As we steamed eastward the rosy fingers of the fair eastern dawn was touching with lingering caresses the purple hill tops back of the eastern metropolis. As the sun rose above the crest of the verdure clad hills, his keen shafts of light pierced the moist shadows which clung to the recesses below, like billowy curtains of rumpled lace covering the doomed city from the search of its coming foes. It seemed but a minute more and the shimmering waters of Manila bay lay laughing beneath the kisses of the new born sun like a dimpled infant in its cradled sleep.

The words of Longfellow occurred to me involuntarily:

"Ah, if our souls but poise and swing,
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
* * * * * *
We shall sail securely and safely reach
The fortunate isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see and the sounds we hear,
Shall be those of joy and not of fear."

Such was the witchery of the scene that I felt as though I had somehow once formed a part of this living whole and that I was returning to some long lost home. It all seemed so bright, so beautiful, so wonderfully blessed, as though it had come fresh from the hand of its Maker after He had just looked upon it and pronounced it good; before sin and pain, and hate and death had yet visited it.

From my reverie, I was suddenly called to the reality of the grim old world by a comrade jerking my arm and pointing to the bare, blackened skeletons of Montejo's wrecked warships. How like gibing specters of some hideous tragedy of another world they seemed at that moment!

To the left and ahead of us lay the American fleet and beyond it formed a kind of outer circle the warships of the German and other nations rode at anchor. There fluttering in the high wind which rolled the waters of Manila bay in heavy breakers upon the beach of Cavite to our right, floated the Admiral's pennant of the immortal Dewey. Was it possible that it was I who was privileged to stand amid the scene of that marvelous tragedy, to see with my own eyes the sunken wrecks of the haughty Spaniard, to behold the famed 'Olympia," to gaze upon the proud ensign of the greatest living sailor? As a schoolboy, my youthful imagination had been fired and my heart beats quickened as I read of the splendid achievements and sublime daring of my classical heroes; but as I pictured to my mind's eye the simple American sailor standing with folded arms upon the quarter deck of his flagship in the midnight darkness of that fateful morn 10,000 miles from home, forcing his little squadron between the batteries of Spain's boasted ports, into the unknown terrors of mines, torpedoes and traps, into the certain danger of shot and shell from superior fleet and more formidable shore batteries to stake everything at the rising of the sun upon one titantic effort against such fearful odds, how tame, how small, how insignificant was Caesar's passing the Rubicon, Napoleon crossing the Alps to the sublime daring of Dewey forcing the passage of Corregidor! In the awful hush of "the dark and trying hour" the plain and obscure sailor was taking upon his shoulders not merely the fate of his fleet, the fame of his country but unconsciously the destiny of a world. Ere that day's sun had set, the thunder of his cannon had rocked the thrones of civilization, had decided the issues of the war, had added an empire to his country's domain and altered the course of its destiny, had changed the map of the earth and brought the ends of the world together; had raised the flag to a height of glory undreamed of and filled the world with his name. And at what

cost? Not a life lost to the Nation nor a ship to the navy. Across the rolling waves of the smiling bay rode the flagship that carried the great sailor and on its deck walked the hero of the world's most wonderful naval battle. My heart swelled within my breast until I actually felt a sense of suffocation and a lump rose up in my throat as I gazed upon the dear old Stars and Stripes floating from the flagship of the great Admiral. The thought that insignificant I should have the honor to defend that flag—perhaps even to lay down my life for it stretched my nerves to shrill tension and sent a quiver through my frame. How gladly would I have given 10,000 lives if I had them, to have saved that glorious emblem of liberty from defeat or disgrace!

Amid the thunder of saluting guns and the wild glad cheering of sailors and soldiers the transports of the second expedition came to anchor off Cavite. It all seemed so splendid, so wonderful, so glorious that an overpowering sense of awe crept over my soul, and the intensity of the joy that I was to mingle in these scenes and form a part of this mighty drama must have made the tears swell up into my eyes; for one of my comrades exclaimed with astonishment in his voice:

"Why, what's the matter, old man? What are you crying about?"

Four days we spent on board of the transports anchored in Manila bay for want of means to convey us from the great ocean steamers, which, of course, could not approach the shore near enough to land us. The draft employed to lighter the ocean-going ships are called cascoe, and, roughly speaking, may be classified as a cross between a Chinese junk and Malay prahu. They were clumsy and slow as a canal scow; but light, commodious for their bulk and water tight. The most curious features of their construction was an arched roof of bamboo and nipa palm leaves, or as the boatmen called it, cana y nipa (canya ee neepa) and a foot walk of planks

running the full length of the boat. The method of propulsion was certainly unique. The naked boatmen with long pole in hand stepped on this marine piazza or sidewalk at the bow of the casco, plunged the pole through the water into the mud beneath, placed his shoulder chest against the end of the pole and walked toward the stern, thereby literally kicking the boat forward. Another striking feature about these remarkable vessels is their names. Names which we hold too sacred to bestow even upon our children these pious people adorned their boats with. The most disreputable looking specimen of this craft which I observed had upon its stern, in huge staring letters, the name "Jesus."

Fortunately for us our cascoes, when we did finally get them, were pulled by tugs near the beach, whence the cascoes were allowed to drift stern foremost to within perhaps fifty feet of the dry land. From the cascoes we waded, waist deep, to the beach, four miles south of Manila. Some of the incidents were ludicrous in the extreme and had it not been so uncomfortable in the pouring rain and so serious work to convey guns, ammunition and luggage ashore, it would have been enjoyable. Some of the boys stripped stark naked, tied their clothes in a bundle and carried them on their heads through the surf; some rode on the bare brown backs of the natives, some undressed partially and some paid no attention whatever to the question of toilet. The natives of all shades of brown and yellow, from a deep mahogany hue to a pale lemon tint, in all kinds of dress or of all ages and of both sexes lined the beach and waded out into the water. The gleaming white skins of the Americans seemed to dazzle them. And they unhesitatingly discussed our (to them) great size, and the girls unblushingly gazed upon our nudity. Of course, this appeared to me to be very extraordinary then, but I afterwards observed that it was the custom for both sexes to bathe publicly in the bay in an absolutely nude condition.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
PACIFIC OCEAN
SULU SEA
CELEBES SEA
SULU ARCHIPELAGO
MANILA
CORREGIDOR
CAVITE
BATAAN
CABALLO I.
CARABAO I.
CORREGIDOR I.
Bay
Subig
Cabangan B.
P. Silanguin
P. Subig
Bulacan
Lampon
Cabra I.
Verde I. Passage
Flying Cloud E.D.
C. Calavite
MINDORO STRAIT
Northumberland Str.
MINDORO
Pt. Dongon
Mansalay
Dayoyan Pt.
Romblon Pt.
Tablas
Sibuyan
Banton I.
Simara I.
Looc
Corcuera
Pt. Luk
Panay
Carabao
Barokai
Pandan Pt.
Corcuera
Capul I.
Calbaloc
Pt. Binugayan
Pasig I.
Pt. Puninjian
Napia B.
Catbalogan
Lanang
Basiao
Pt. Matarinao
Pt. Pananamitan
Pt. Sungi
Suluan I
Malhon I.
Gibuson
DINAGAT
SAMAR
LEYTE
Tacloban
Palompon
Ormoc
Carigara
Leyte
Biliran
Cabalian
Panaon I.
Surigao Str.
Surigao
Pt. Surigao
Pt. Cavit
Macaanyani I.
Arangasa I.
Lianipan
Agusan
Butuan
Butuan B.
Tubay
Tagbaobo I.
Tambog Pt.
Catel
Danasan
Bacuanga
Caraga
Tabon Pt.
Pujada B.
C. San Augustin
Calivo Pt.
Boayagang
Cateel
Davao
Samal I.
Talicud I.
Sarangani B.
Sarangani I.
Balut
SARANGANI IS.
Palmas I.
Cagayan Sulu
Basilan Strait
Basilan
Zamboanga
Sacol
Tapiantana
Sibuco B.
Sibuco
Dumanquilas B.
Malalut B.
Pt. Flecha
Pt. Panabon
Pt. Lanao
Iligan
Iligan B.
Dapitan
Pt. Dauit
Sindangan B.
Pt. Corenada
Pt. Sta. Maria
Misamis
Macajalar B.
Pt. Panabon
Murcielagos B.
Pt. Siaton
Siaton
Tolon
Cuyo I.
Cuyo
Cagayan I.
Cagayanes Is.
Calusa I.
Cauiten Pt.
Danjugan I.
Danjugan B.
Guimaras
Iloilo
Ilo-Ilo
Jaro
Molo
Arevalo
Oton
Pan-ay
Capiz
Roxas
Panay
NEGROS
Dumaguete
Bais
Tanjay
Dauin
Zamboanga
Pt. Batolinao
Pt. Batan
Pt. Tatalan
Pt. Asia
Pt. Pucio
Pt. Batbatang
Maniguin I.
Kinilubun Grp.
Limapacan
Lalulaya I.
Lalulaya
Ruggedl Limestone Is.
Malampaya Sd.
Taitai
Wedge I.
Boayan
P. Barton
Dumaran
Cook Channel
St. Paul B.
Ulugan B.
Green I. Bay
Shirt Pt.
Puerto Princesa
PALAWAN I.
(PARAGUA)
Ursula I.
Sandy I.
Tuc Bataha
Cuvilli
Pt. Flint
Island B.
Coron I.
Busuanga
CALAMIANES ISLANDS
Culion
Culion I.
Tara
Corvin I.
Pulalacaca
Cuyo Is.
Cuyo Pt.
Agutaya
Pt. Talan
Kuya
Sn. Jose
Dao
Noyas I.
Tagauayan I.
Tagauayan
Tagbanua
Tagbanua Pt.
Tagbanua B.
Pt. Tagbanua
Pt. Tagbanua
Pt. Tagbanua

There was not very much time to investigate the natives, or anything else just at that time; for there was a hard day's work before us in making our camp and carrying our supplies thither; but all the boys treated the situation very much as if they were going on a picnic and worked cheerfully and energetically till we had completed our camp and had everything up from the beach.

Rain! Every afternoon there was a downpour; not one of your well-behaved American rainstorms, but a deluge of continuous falling water. After the heavens had exhausted themselves we were treated to a fierce tropical sun which converted the plentiful moisture into a hot steam which pervaded everything, penetrated our mouths, noses, lungs, pores and every tissue of the body which could be reached.

Most of the time was put in trying to dry our clothes. To cover oneself with a poncho blanket to shed the water from above was to inclose oneself in a veritable sweatroom. Coming from the dry cool climate of the Rockies, those days were a torment by day and an inferno by night, when the mosquitos, spiders, bugs, beetles, moths, cockroaches, lizzards, flying things, creeping things, stinging things, tickling things, began their inquisitorial work upon us. I know they were genuine emissaries of Satan and that a Spanish Satan, too, sent to "buffet us;" because when the boys made the immediate atmosphere sulphurous with unprintable expletives, they paid no attention whatever to the fulminations. Our costumes were simply beyond description, for some time until we secured our uniforms and other things from the transports.

If a man had two outer garments he was considered well dressed; and often a pair of pink drawers and sky-blue undershirt constituted his entire wardrobe. We visited the American warships, the Spanish wrecks, native huts, points of interest, established a brisk trade with the natives for cocoanuts, bananas, monkeys, parrots, cigars and numerous oth-

er things. At first they were very suspicious and would not take an American dollar for more than eighty cents. Later, they clamored for them at two Mexican dollars apiece. The marvelous vegetation was specially interesting and the strange animals. The carabos, a species of hairless water buffalo, was the universal beast of burden, but a diminutive furry pony was also in use for light draught and saddle. They are larger than our American cattle and enormously strong but slow. I doubt if a carabao ever saw a snail unless he met one—he never could overtake one.

Sergeant Coolidge thus describes the situation:

"Here everything was new and novel to us. The half-naked natives who crowded around us, their queer little bamboo huts, their miniature ponies, the carabao and the island itself covered, as it is, with a dense growth of tropical vegetation. But the novelty of the situation soon wore off when we began to move our ammunition and supplies by hand with either the rain pouring down on us or the sun so hot that it seemed almost intolerable. The rainy season was on in full blast and we were never dry from the time we landed at Camp Dewey until we were comfortably quartered in Manila.

"All the time the insurgents were continually fighting the Spanish up nearer the city. On the 31st of July four guns of the Utah Artillery were ordered to the firing line. I had been changed to the first section so my gun happened to be one sent to the front.

"Our intrenchments were thrown up 1100 yards from Fort San Antonio, Malate. The detachment from Battery B was in command of Lieutenant Grow and that of Battery A in command of Lieutenant Gibbs. We were supported by the Tenth Pennsylvania Infantry. The guns of Battery B were nearest the beach and Battery A's about 200 yards to our right. Between us was a large building belonging to the Catholic church, deserted, of course, I believe—a convent. After planting our guns behind embrasures we made our

selves as comfortable as possible, constructing a rude shelter of a canvas tarpaulin. The sharpshooters from both sides kept pecking away, but with no apparent effect. All the boys except the gun detachments went back to camp with Captains Grant and Young. We took the limber chests off the carriage, set them on the ground, constructed a frame around them and then covered this with a thick embankment of earth to protect our ammunition. In front of us, and between us and the Spanish lines, lay rice fields and bamboo thickets; on our right, stretched the Calle Real (Royal Road), one of the main roads to Manila.

"Lieutenant Grow gave me instructions to divide the gun detachment into reliefs of one hour each to watch at the gun. The Pennsylvanians had a picket line thrown out in front of the trenches. About sunset the clouds partly cleared away from the horizon and the sun sank as it seemed into the water, creating a flood of blooded light upon the waters of Manila bay.

"We ate our supper of 'canned horses' (labeled 'roast beef'), hard tack and coffee and prepared to spend the night as best we could. That evening Corporal Genter and myself sat out on the front of our trenches watching the boys of the Tenth throwing earth on the embankment, and talking over possibilities of the coming fight, which I did not dream would occur that night. Everything was quiet, not a sound could be heard save the thud of the shovels full of earth as they were thrown upon the embankment. About 10 o'clock I crawled under the tarpaulin to get what rest I could. I took off my shoes, leggings and side arms, and was soon sleeping as soundly as I would have been had I been at home. I had been sleeping about an hour and a half when I was suddenly awakened by heavy firing; I raised up and saw the line of trenches literally ablaze with fire. I saw George Hudson, one of my gun detchment, standing up over the embankment and emptying his revolver. Then I realized the bullets were

coming over my head pretty thick; so I ducked, put on my shoes and side arms, and ran over to the gun. Lieutenant Grow was there ahead of me giving orders as cool as though he had been on dress parade. The breach cover, which was newly painted, was stuck fast to the gun. We cut it off with a trenching knife and prepared for action. Lieutenant Grow received orders to open fire; which it did not take us long to do with shrapnel punched at zero. All this time the roar and din was terrible. The Mauser bullets would make a sharp report when it struck. At regular intervals we would see a flash from Fort Malate, then the boom of a cannon and the awful screaming of a shell coming closer and closer until the deafening screeching detonation would explode, usually within twenty feet of one of the guns. However, most of the shells exploded directly over or a little in the rear of us. Two of our men were knocked down by the explosion of a shell, but none were hit except one of my detachment, who was struck in the arm by a Mauser as he was handing me a shell. At the same time a Pennsylvanian dropped behind our gun.

"The guns of both batteries were belching forth into the advancing fire of shrapnel; and the infantry were keeping up their end, too, as Pennsylvania always does. Speaking of the men whom I saw in action that night, they fought like men who had gone in to win, every one cool as men could be. Never at drill had they handled their guns as well. Lieutenant Grow rose high in our estimation that night.

"Every time the gun was fired, as she spit forth her message of destruction, she would leap to the rear six or eight feet, burying the flask and wheels deeper and deeper in the mud; but she would hardly stop until the wheels were seized by the cannoneers and the gun forced forward to the embrasures.

"For three hours this continued; all the while the rain pouring down in torrents, until the infantry as well as the artillery were nearly out of ammunition. The Pennsylvania

boys stood with fixed bayonets, while we waited to make a stand with revolvers if necessary.

"It was terribly ticklish. Beyond in the dense blackness of the stormy night, nothing could be seen. Any moment out of that black blank before us might flash the volley of charging Spaniards, or gleam their bayonets under our very noses. Oh, the indescribable horror of the suspense, waiting minute after minute for the enemy to burst from the maw of that hideous black space before us; to do anything but stand and wait, while the long, long minutes ticked toilsomely on! The appearance of the enemy would have been an immense relief. Cool as a cucumber Lieutenant Grow spoke to us without the slightest indication of nervousness in his voice or manner. Not a man flinched for a moment, but all will remember to their dying day the terrific tension as we stood in the mud and pouring rain with drawn revolvers, peering into the inky, watery darkness, awaiting the assault of the Spanish regulars.

"At last we heard a volley, then another on our right and left. We could easily tell they came from Krag-Jorgensens, and we knew that help had come. Captain O'Hara and a battalion of the Third Artillery armed as infantry, our boys from camp with Captain Grant and Lieutenant Critchlow came up with ammunition and food. They worked hard repairing our embrasure and putting plank under our gun; then we waited for morning to come. We were drenched to the skin. I fell asleep standing up against the embankment. That is how nearly exhausted we were.

"The boys in camp are entitled to half the credit—the officers could hardly hold them; and when they called for volunteers to go to the front (six I think) nearly every man rushed forward; and they could not tell who was first. Then when they did get orders to go, they pulled the caisson loaded with ammunition through two and a half miles of mud.

"When morning came the dead were taken back to camp.

When I saw these ghastly blood stained corpses I fully realized what I had been through. We were relieved at 8 a. m. by the third and fourth sections and went back to camp. That night, at the trenches, the boys had the same dose; only not quite so strong.

"During the second night's fight a sight was taken off No. 2 gun; while the gunner, Corporal Boshard, was training it, he simply remarked: 'That was pretty close;' and went on with his work. From this time on for nearly two weeks some of us were in the trenches every night, and not only under constant fire from the guns of Malate, but exposed to all the deadly influences of a malarial climate.

"One day, while we were eating dinner, the Spanish probably seeing our smoke, fired on us. We got behind the magazine in a hurry and were just in time, for instantly a shell struck and exploded between us and the fire; a piece going through the caisson wheel and another going through Lieutenant Critchlow's musket, which he had left out by the fire in a large can. Day after day this continued, until on the 12th of August we were ordered to the trenches in full strength and were told that on the following day we would take Manila."

The following extracts are from a letter written by Lieutenant Gibbs, August 8, 1898, to his wife, and graphically describes the situation:

"Since a week ago Sunday, when we had our first engagement with the Spaniards, we have been in the trenches under the fire of the sharpshooters with now and then a cannonade from their heavy guns. We are not allowed to fire back unless they attempt to advance on our works. From our present position we can throw our shells right into Manila, but the idea seems to be that peace will soon be declared, and the commanders are waiting for dispatches to that effect, in order that we may not wantonly destroy the city of Manila. Meanwhile ours is not a very pleasant position, for it rains all the

time and it is pretty hard to be constantly dodging bullets. We have lost about twenty-five killed and there are about forty-five wounded, but so far only one man in battery B of the Utah boys has been wounded. It seems the Lord was on our side, for we were in the thickest of the fight.

"It was my fortune to be in command of the battery on the night of the 31st, and we all did our duty, and of course, the batteries have been credited with the work so nobly done.

"We fired fifty-seven shells at the Spaniards on the night of the 31st and killed about 250 of their soldiers. But I feel that we have done enough killing and would be only too glad to have the war come to an early end.

"War is a dreadful thing for civilized nations to engage in, and I shall always be in favor of arbitration. I believe that my greatest comfort nowadays is the little Testament my father carried through the Civil War. When one is as near sudden death as we are here he is inclined to think of the future."

In a private letter bearing date September 1, 1898, Lieutenant Frank T. Hines writes so lucidly and feelingly that a copious extract will not be amiss:

"This great task and the privations and hardships of a campaign during the rainy seasons in the tropical lowlands were accomplished and endured by all the troops in a spirit of soldierly fortitude which has at all times during these days of trial given them a most praiseworthy name among the nations of the world.

"In the memorable attack by largely superior forces of the Spaniards on July 31-August 1, 1898, not an inch of ground was yielded by the Utah Batteries A and B, who were stationed in the trenches on those dates, and to be a member of one of these batteries is as great honor as any young American could desire.

"Words spoke or written cannot explain the terrors of war—"God only knows." The roar of the cannon and mus-

ketry, the crash of arms, the charge, the laying down of life for country, and above all, the victory won.

"The boys lay behind the earthworks on the memorable night only two hundred yards from where the thirsty Spaniards were wating. The time had come for the enemy to strike a blow. All day Sunday, July 31st, the flower of the Spanish army, 5000, marched through the gates of the city to reinforce the outposts and man the forts and earthworks on our front. All day their sharpshooters had been picking at our outposts and men at work in our breastworks. At 11:15 p. m. the fire opened upon our right and ten minutes later the whole line was ablaze with the fire of musketry.

"A flash—was it lightning? No. The roar of thunder is pleasant, but the roar of an eight-inch—! Can you imagine a thirty-foot steel rail coming through the air at the rate of 1,680 feet per second and making about twenty million revolutions per minute, and then imagine that rail striking about ten feet away on the top of a breastwork and filling your eyes full of mud? It is a hard matter to describe the sound while in mid air and the lighting of a shell, but the above will give you an idea of high life in the Philippines. The shells were falling thick and fast, the very earth beneath our shoe-leather trembled as if in contact with a mighty crater; the smoke was growing denser every second; our little innocent muzzle-loaders looked longingly through the embrasures. They were growing impatient as well as the men who manned them. The time went heavily until the command came to open fire. Every man stepped into the harness with the air of a veteran, as cool and composed as if on dress parade. Every man meant to fight till the last drop of blood ceased to flow in his veins.

"August 10th—We have received mail twice from home and it is a great comfort to all of us. It is the rainy season here and we are a wet lot of men and tired, too, for we stay in the trenches twenty-four hours at a time. The Spaniards

take a shot at any one who exposes himself, and it is a constant strain on us while we lay here in all kinds of weather.

"They are continuing their deadly work. Swinging her muzzle from one side of the embrasure to the other, we sent our compliments to the men that we had come so far to see, in the form of shrapnel and percussion shells. Reinforcements and ammunition came, but the battle was won. Streaks of light in the east warned us that day was fast approaching, and it was a welcoming sight for the boys, drenched and chilled as they were, yet they stood by their guns ready to respond at a moment's notice; but our midnight friends lay low in their blood-stained trenches.

"On our right and left were the Pennsylvania boys, and the "Keystone State" can well be proud of her gallant regiment. One glance down the line of intrenchments was a spectacle never to be forgotten. It was one long stream of fire. Sinking deep in our breastworks and tearing massive holes came the shells and solid shot from the enemy. Through the embrasures came the Mausers as thick as bees in a hive, but not a man flinched.

"While in the hottest of the fight the top of our embrasure was carried away by a solid shot. We cleared that embrasure under a shower of lead without losing a man. It was a miracle, and I sometimes think that the Mormons have charmed lives. At the hour of combat the enemy had left their intrenchments and were advancing on us. They came so close to giving us a hand-to-hand skirmish that some of our boys claimed they could hear enough Spanish to last them a lifetime. Every man on our left was down to his last round of ammunition. Orders came down the line to fix bayonets and be in readiness to repulse a charge. We were fighting now to hold our ground, not to drive them back. Here is where the "Utah Light Artillery" won for the "Baby State" of America a golden crown—for every raw recruit that left her fertile soil fought like an old soldier. Veterans of the late

war can well be proud of their children. The boys showed their staying qualities and while the infantry on our left was quiet and waiting for the charge, our little guns were doing the act that makes history."

CHAPTER VI.

The dawn is o'ercast,
The morning lowers,
And heavily, in clouds, brings on the day,
The great, the important day.

As the day grew older the weather settled down into ever-deepening gloom and a deluge of rain ensued as though it were the day of all the centuries sacred to the weeping goddess "Niobe."

The streets of Manila were well-nigh deserted and no one but the guards on duty were visible in the camps of the Americans. Towards nightfall they had their dress parades, disposed of their scanty rations and settled down under their tent-covering to rest as best they could with all their surroundings dripping with moisture. Just at this time the noise of some excitement on the beach, caused evidently by some unusual event taking place in the harbor, stirred the camp and there was a general rush to find out the cause. In the brief tropical twilight the United States transports "Indiana," "Ohio," "Para," "Valencia" and "Morgan," bearing the troops of the third expedition, swung into their berths in the harbor.

Cheer after cheer rose from the spectators on the beach, given for General MacArthur and his troops, and comments indicating that every one now expected prompt action could be heard on all sides.

The general sentiment seemed to be that the capture of

Manila was a foregone conclusion and that it would take but a very few days before it would be undertaken.

All day long could be heard the tramp of the swarthy soldiers of Spain, pouring through the gates of the old city of Manila to take position upon their firing line in front of the American trenches. These operations on the part of the enemy forboded some decisive action and were keenly watched and properly interpreted by the general officers. In the city, while the newly arrived American transports were dropping anchor and the Americans at Camp Dewey were shouting their cheers of gladness, the church bells in the city were summoning the faithful together to worship at the altar of their God, and importuning him to grant victory in the coming conflict to the Spanish arms. Behind lurid clouds of blood and gold—emblematic of the fading colors of Spain's bi-colored ensign—sank the dying flame of day; and as the brief tropical twilight deepened into the shadows of the oncoming night, the gathering premonitions of the coming typhoon, at once the prelude and the diapason accompaniment of the human battle that was about to rage, seemed to utter that mysterious sympathy which nature somehow always happens to express at human crises such as this.

Among the ranks of the Spanish soldiers, regular and volunteers, there was every confidence on their part to strike a stunning blow at least, and scattter the raw and untried troops opposing them. Mingled with these feelings of confidence in their own prowess and devotion to their cause, deemed by them just and holy, was a supreme contempt for the Yankees and their "tin soldiers." There were good grounds for this confidence on their part. They had all the advantage which belonged to superior drill, length of service and experience in battle; to superiority of armament and equipment, to that strange sense of superiority which comes from the feeling of being at home and of defending one's own; to the trust in fanatical superstition and ecclesiastical assur-

ance; to the choice of time and place of attack; to the peculiar but ofttimes resistless courage born of desperation; and, last but by no means least, to a decided superiority of numbers.

The experience of San Juan Hill had demonstrated the courage of the Spanish regular and proved the power of pride and heredity to sustain a soldier under the most disheartened conditions.

To meet this well-planned midnight attack, amid a raging typhoon, the Americans had but a thin line of raw and untried boys. This consisted of eight companies of the Tenth Pennsylvania; a single battery of the Third Artillery acting as infantry, and two half batteries of the Utah Artillery. This thin line of less than 1400 men stretched over the beach eastward to the swamp lands of the Paranaque.

Suddenly from out of the gloom and black terror of the night flashed the opening volleys of Spain's forlorn hope, which she was about to hurl in sheer desperation against the thin line stretched across the low-lying land from the beach to the swamps of Paranaque. Volley followed volley in rapid succession, and it needed no interpreter to tell the rawest recruit that war, in all its stern reality, had begun. The American outposts were driven hurriedly in after a sharp exchange of fire. The firing was then taken up with vigor on the right of the line, and immediately covered ours in front. The Spanish artillery at Fort San Antonio opened up a little after 11 p. m.

It was a supreme moment. It was in the power of the commanding General of the Spanish forces to hurl 5000 trained and tried veterans under cover of that midnight tempest against that thin line of not 1400 unseasoned and untried boys. The battles around Santiago de Cuba had been fought by regulars mainly. They had proved the valor of the Spaniards and the dauntless courage of the Americans. But would the volunteers stand? That was the supreme question of the hour. That the American regular was as good as any

soldier on earth had been established; that the picked American volunteer, accustomed to hardships and danger, like Roosevelt's Rough Riders, were soldiers sans peur et sans reproche could no longer be questioned; but the value and quality of the average citizen soldiery which the Great Republic could call to her defense was practically unsettled up to that trying hour when the hourglass of time was swiftly recording the expiring minutes of that last hour of July 31, 1898. Facing the leaden hail of San Juan the Seventy-first New York had quailed. Would this thin line give way? If it did after brave resistance, it were no disgrace; if it did not, if it held "its rooted place", if it dashed back that fierce onslaught, it would be at once a wonder and a warning to the world.

Fiercer, deadlier than the blinding lightning strokes, flashed the volleys of the advancing Spaniards; wilder and more terrific than the crash of thunder overhead roared and shrieked the shot and shell of the Spanish artillery. Would they stand? These careless, joking, fun-making boys?

Full and sudden it caught the Tenth Pennsylvanias working in unsuspecting security upon their trenches. The bloody tale of casualties next day told the terrible cost to them. In a flash all not hors du combat were in their places, ready, steady and determined. Coolly and rapidly they pointed their rifles and pumped lead into the Stygian blackness before them, aiming at the lines of the flashing Mausers. The Third Artillery were holding their own equally as well. But what of that handful of Utahns and their four small guns? That towering convent, on either side of which were two guns, was the target for the splendid Spanish Artillery and sharpshooters, and the boys knew it. On them depended the fortune of the day, or rather of the night. They must keep back the advancing lines of the enemy. If the Spaniards ever reach those breastworks, what will valor, heroism or enthusiasm avail against such overwhelming numbers?

Cool and steady as at dress parade, the officers gave their sharp, quick orders; ready and alert the batterymen fulfil them. The four guns belch from their parched steel mouths the shell and shrapnel, whose true aim tear bloody gaps in the ranks of the assailing foe. At every shot the hard-worked gun, like some enraged wild beast plunging back upon its tormentors, recoils and buries its sinking carriage deeper in the slushy mud, only to be seized by fierce human hands and forced forward. Again and again they spit spitefully in the face of the advancing enemy. Faster and more furious rolls the tide of war; nearer and nearer to the laughing, joking, reckless band; higher and higher rises the awful din; deadlier and deadlier rains the storm of shot and shell. Almost naked, begrimed, mud-spattered, with straining muscle and jesting lips, these new and unknown species of mocking, reckless devils deal out red death and—laugh! "On what sort of meat doth this" new-made brand of hellion feed, that he can revel in this dance of death, this midnight carnival of hell?

A well-aimed shot crashes into the earth embankment, saturated with moisture, bursts and buries one of the guns of Battery B out of sight. Corporals Shearer and Hudson jump out, followed by several of the men, and coolly start in to restore the embrasure walls, exposed to a hail of Mauser bullets, as well as to flying fragments of bursting shells. It became necessary to cut down some trees. Seizing the saw himself, Shearer proceeded to fell them. Seeing a man standing idle nearby, he addressed him thus: "What in th' 'ell are you standing there for? Here, hold this saw. You are good for nothing else." The man meekly took and held the saw. After the job was finished Shearer called out, "Where is that man with the saw?" He was there with the saw and with the straps of a Colonel of infantry—Colonel Smith of California, who was watching the fight.

Winkler of Battery B was shot through the arm by a

Mauser bullet. He did not seem to know what was the proper thing for a wounded soldier to do. Lieutenant Grow ordered him peremptorily to the hospital. Later he found Winkler "in the magazine dishing out ammunition with his good arm." When expostulated with for not obeying orders, he naively replied that he thought "it d—n hard for a fellow to have to miss the best part of the show just because he was so unlucky as to get plugged."

"The combat thickens." The pieces are now so hot that the cannoneers blister their hands in handling them. But this was all the artillery there was that night to defend the Stars and Stripes, and the boys knew it. Rapidly and steadily the guns are loaded; carefully and skilfully they are trained; terrible and bloody is their execution.

The first attack has been driven back. The enemy are now massed in two divisions to the right and left, but still pouring in a terrific fire. But the ammunition is running very low. The Tenth Pennsylvanias have hardly two rounds; the batteries are about as bad off for shrapnel. A messenger has been dispatched with all speed to the camp; but ere he even delivers his message the enemy may charge again. What then? Will the United States volunteers retreat? It would be perfectly justifiable. It would be scientific warfare. But what do they do? The infantry fix bayonets and stand waiting; the batterymen draw their revolvers and face the fire. But a bugle sounds from behind; there is a rattle of rifle firing; they are not Mauser. At the first discharge the bullets strike perilously near—all but the batteries. But the sorely needed reinforcements and ammunition have come; and none too soon. A second charge is made by the determined Spaniards; but its reception is warmer than before. Once more they rallied and charged, and a third time they were driven back. Then they retired behind their intrenchments. The day was won.

The great question which had agitated the minds of

"SIGHTING A GUN."

military circles all over the world had been answered, and answered in such clarion tones that none could fail to hear and heed. Yes, the citizen soldier of the Great Republic would stand the assault of the drilled and disciplined regulars of Europe. Dewey had startled the world with the wonderful efficiency of the American navy; but that navy was a drilled and disciplined machine differing little or nothing in principle from those of Europe. But the volunteer system of America was another thing.

General Pando is reported to have said in a recent speech in the Spanish Cortes, after asserting that he had thoroughly investigated the conditions in the United States: "I stated, and will stand by my statement, that the United States had not an army, and never would have an army without a radical change in its organic life."

The other nations are beginning to think we have a most efficient substitute. So did Spain's poor soldiers, who faced the substitute that terrible night of July 31, 1898.

The work of that night was a full compliment to that of Dewey's sailors three months previous, and taught the world a lesson which it will not soon forget, and which bore fruit at the Peace Congress at The Hague in 1899. The supreme issue before the world today—as it has been through all the ages of civilization—is the conflict between imperialism and individualism. The former conceives of a social system in which the individual is so subordinated to the interests of the institution, whether church, State or army, that he has no rights which can militate against the vested rights of the institution. The machine is everything, the operator nothing; hence the Spanish auto de fe and the French Dreyfus case. To minds trained as have been the Latin races, it is inconceivable that an individual like Dreyfus could have any rights where the good of the army is concerned. To European like General Pando the institution or machine is all in all, and at present that machine is the army. The particles which serve

to constitute that whole are more or less perfected automata. This ideal of a soldier is a mechanical unit which obeys commands and moves certain muscles with sufficient precision to insure the fulfilling of those orders. Individualism would prove disastrous to the efficiency of the machine.

Americanism means, or has meant heretofore, that institutions exist for the benefit of the individual; and the moment any institution becomes so potent and overshadowing that right and justice to the individual is endangered, the institution is pernicious and must be reformed or destroyed. In this sense General Pando is correct. America cannot have an army. The day she does she has ceased to be America. The question which presented itself to every General and statesman of Europe was this: Is it possible to maintain a democracy in this age if it is assailed by a highly organized military nation? In other words, was there enough inherent strength in the volunteer system of the United States to enable it to meet the requirements of modern war with a first-class power. Dewey's guns replied for the naval arm of the Nation's defense on May 1st and Utah's guns on July 31st. Both answers have been satisfactory.

CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE MANILA.

The week which followed the battle of Malate on July 31st was a most miserable one for the American soldiers, and was a record of constant skirmishes desultory in character and indeterminate in results. The wretchedness and suffering recall the scenes of Valley Forge in the dark days of the Revolution.

General Green, speaking of this period, says:

"The service in the trenches was of the most arduous character, the rain being almost incessant, and the men having no protection against it; they were wet during the entire twenty-four hours and the mud was so deep that the shoes were ruined and a considerable number of men rendered barefooted. Until the notice of bombardment was given on August 7th, any exposure above or behind the trenches promptly brought the enemy's fire, so that the men had to sit in the mud under cover and keep awake, prepared to resist an attack, during the entire tour of twenty-four hours.

"After one particularly heavy rain a portion of the trench contained two feet of water, in which the men had to remain. It could not be drained as it was lower than an adjoining rice swamp, in which the water had risen nearly two feet, the rainfall being more than four inches in twenty-four hours. These hardships were all endured by the men of the

different regiments in turn, with the finest possible spirit and without a murmur of complaint."

The arrival of the reinforcements with General MacArthur and that of the "Monterey" had so improved the situation both as to the army and navy that General Merritt and Admiral Dewey had decided to change from the defensive to an offensive programme. The enemy had abandoned all attempts to carry the American positions by assault; but their sharpshooters kept up a more or less constant firing upon the American firing lines, with the result that one or two of the boys were killed or wounded every day. Occasional alarms would bring the boys into position behind the intrenchments ready to repel the expected attack, but these alarms always proved disappointing to them, for the bullets or bayonets was inconsiderable beside the discomfort of squatting all day and night in the mud and rain. Anything to relieve the suspense and discomfort would have been hailed with delight.

Added to these was the serious disadvantage under which our soldiers, especially the sharpshooters, labored in having to use the old black powder, the smoke from which revealed the position of the gunner at every discharge.

The Spanish sharpshooters using smokeless powder, perched themselves in trees along our lines, and being protected from discovery by the dense foliage picked off any American who exposed himself without exposing himself in turn to the fire of our sharpshooters, who could not locate the spot from which the enemy's bullet came on account of the smokeless character of the powder used.

The tactics of the Spaniards while exhausting to our soldiers were barren of results to themselves. But so exasperating were these night attacks and bushwhacking efforts on their part that General Merritt had determined to put a stop to them. Accordingly, on August 1st, he consulted Admiral Dewey and they sent an ultimatum by the Belgian Consul on August 7th demanding the surrender of the city within

forty-eight hours and that the fighting before Malate must be stopped immediately pending the decision of the Spanish authorities. This put an end to the guerilla warfare which had been going on for weeks. The ensuing days till the 13th were consumed in dilatory tactics on the part of the enemy and generous but positive dealings with them on the part of the Admiral and Commanding General. Finally the understanding was that the requirements of Spanish honor would necessitate the Americans firing on them, but that little ceremony once properly attended to, the enemy would promptly surrender.

On the morning of the 13th the fleet, already stripped for action, took position for effectively shelling the fortifications and trenches of the enemy.

The experience of Horace E. Coolidge is representative of all, expressed as follows:

"My section was ordered to the right flank under command of Lieutenant Grow. That afternoon we pulled our gun about three miles to the extreme right of our lines and planted it at about three hundred yards from the Spanish blockhouse No. 14. We could just see the house through the bamboo thicket. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and, with the help of some of the Twenty-third Infantry, made an embrasure for the gun. Then we settled down for the night. Lieutenant Grow took me out in front of our lines through the thicket to a bamboo hut about seventy-five yards from the blockhouse. From a window we could see the Spanish working and could hear them talk. The Filipinos had their trenches on our right and near our gun they had an old muzzle loading cannon. That night we lay in an old bamboo hut and slept, that is part of us at a time as we kept a watch at the gun all night. Of course we expected a hard fight next day and did not think it possible that all of us would see the close of another day. It rained nearly all night and was still raining next morning. We built

a fire and boiled coffee. Just as we were about to eat our breakfast the insurgents touched off their old blunderbuss and brought down on us a perfect rain of Mauser bullets and also a few shells. Our orders were not to return the fire, so we laid low and did not reply, although some of their shells came uncomfortably close. We finished up our twenty-four hours' rations that morning, or at least I did, as I thought they would be easier to carry that way and did not want to go hungry to fight. About 10 o'clock we heard the boom of one of Admiral Dewey's guns on the bay, then ours on the left under Captains Grant and Young, then Lieutenant Webb with the little sea guns which Admiral Dewey had given us. We were ordered to our guns to be ready to open fire. Soon the order came; we had the gun trained on the disk (14) on the front of the blockhouse. Our first shot took this off. About fifteen shots were fired from our gun into the blockhouse and by this time the Spanish fell back. We pulled our gun back from the embrasure to allow the infantry to go through. The fighting was hot. Corporal Genter and myself, with permission from Lieutenant Grow, followed them up the road to an old church where the Spaniards made their last stand. They had thrown up a barricade across the road and here it was that most of our men fell that day. At least twenty dead and wounded of our men were lying on the road and in the church. By this time the flag had been raised at Malate and the boys were cheering all along the line. We turned back and when we reached the gun found Lieutenant Grow ready to move back around the road and into Manila. The wounded were being taken back to the rear on carts on which they could hardly manage to stay as they went jolting up and down through the holes in the muddy road. We numbered only fourteen, including the Lieutenant, and our limber chest was loaded with ammunition to say nothing of our blankets, shovels, picks and side arms.

"Lieutenant Grow did not give us any orders but simply

took hold of the rope himself and said, 'Come on, boys, we will go into Manila,' and had it been to go to the farthest end of Luzon we would have followed him.

"That night we pulled the gun into Malate where we found our comrades. One thing I must not forget. We found at blockhouse No. 14 before we left a case of sardines which came in very good. There was also a keg which had contained some kind of liquor, but one of our shots had gone through it; also a great many others which the Spaniards in their hurry had left behind.

"That night we slept in some bamboo huts without even moving our side arms.

"In a few days we were comfortably quartered in Manila where we did garrison duty until the 4th of February, 1899, when the Philippine insurrection broke out and we were again thrown into active service."

Under date of September 10, 1898, Lieutenant Hines writes:

"From this time on Manila was practically ours, and when on the 13th of August we made the combined naval and land assault on the defense the enemy held out but fifty minutes.

"It was a grand sight when the Colorado regiment went over our intrenchments and advanced on Manila; then within thirty minutes Old Glory was waving in the noon breezes over the old fort.

"I am proud to be one of the army who have not come as despoilers and oppressors, but as the instruments of a strong, free Government, whose purposes are beneficial and which has declared itself in this way the champion of those oppressed by Spanish misrule.

"Now that it is over, we are anxious to receive word to come home."

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF MANILA.

After the effort of the enemy on the night of the 31st to turn the American right resting on Calle Real, the lines of intrenchment were continuously extended until on August 12th a strong line of breastworks extended 3600 feet—about equal to the distance from the north gate of the Temple to the south corner of Main and Fifth South streets—from the bay east to Pasay road running north into Manila. Accordingly the American left flank rested on the bay and was protected by the fleet, the right on the road protected by impassable rice fields and swamps.

A word of explanation about these rice fields. Rice culture throughout the world is carried on by two distinct methods. One is the "dry" or "highland" culture, in which the rice is sown and cultivated much the same as wheat, oats or any other cereal; but by far the most profitable and general method is to grow the rice under water. Wherever a tract of land is sufficiently low to allow of its being submerged from some nearby water course, it is divided into small fields of from one-half to five acres by trenching and throwing up a permanent embankment on all four sides. So soft and mushy is the soil between these containing banks that it cannot be ploughed with mules or horses except at a very great disadvatage, as they sink too deep in it. In the Southern States oxen were employed for this work and the writer recalls see-

ing in his boyhood a very curious contrivance made of leather which was fastened to a mule's feet whenever the exigencies of the planting necessitated that mules should be pressed into service. It was a gridiron of such embankments and in the almost bottomless mud of such sloughs that the American soldiers have charged and the intrepid batterymen have been dragging their cannon by hands.

In appearance the intrenchments of the American forces on August 12th were very strong, being on an average of five and a half feet high and nine feet thick at the base. General Green says:

"The only material available was black soil saturated with water, and without the boys this was washed down and ruined in a day by the heavy and almost incessant rains. The construction of these trenches was constantly interrupted by the enemy's fire. Such as they were, they and the Utah and navy guns were all that the American troops had in the way of aid or protection."

This particular Sunday and 13th day of the month dawned damp and misty. Within the city all was gloom, anxiety and despair. In the harbor lay that terrible Dewey and his destroying angels; to the south stretched that line of mocking but invincible battle fiends; while all around the doomed city danced and raved those brown semi-savages whose hearts beat madly with the memory of unspeakable cruelties and oppressions for centuries. This, however, was but the dramatic setting to one of the most momentous issues involving the highest interests of the entire world. The civilization which was represented by the defenders of Manila was one thing, the civilization whose emblem was the tri-colors which floated from the ships in the harbor and the breastworks on the shore was another. The two were not merely different, they were antagonistic and mutually destructive. The former was old and obsolete, the latter was young and aggres-

sive. The whole world was keenly alive to this, which a glance at the arrangements of the different national warships in the harbor revealed.

As the hour fixed by the ultimatum drew near and the warships in the harbor realized that the hour had come when they must declare their sympathies, the British warships, headed by their flagship, "Imortalite," convoying the transports, for whose protection they were in that harbor, weighed anchor, steamed across to Cavite, swung under the stern of the flagship, playing the "Star Spangled Banner," and took the berths asked for and assigned by the American lines. The transports were sent for protection to Cavite bay. Next the "Naniwa," representing Japan who had so lately thrown in her lot with the new civilization, steamed over to the American lines. To the north the immense German fleet and the French warships rode at anchor.

On the land General Anderson and his brigade held the position next to the beach, General Greene commanding the center and General MacArthur the right wing. The guns of the batteries were distributed as follows, along the line: Lieutenant Grow, with one gun, was in command of the first section of Battery B, on the right flank; Lieutenant Critchlow, commanding gun No. 3; Captain F. A. Grant, commanding battery and guns Nos. 2 and 4, were on the extreme left under Lieutenant Hines. Battery A was distributed as follows:

Lieutenant Webb, with two light guns on the right flank; Captain R. W. Young and Lieutenant R. C. Naylor, with four guns at the center, three placed on the right and one on the left of the old monastery that had been the target for the Spaniards on the 31st.

The flagship opened the battle at 9:36 a. m., with her five-inch guns firing upon the Malate fortifications.

The fleet had bombarded the enemy for an hour. As the land forces advanced led by the Colorados, the fleet necessarily ceased action, as the fire would endanger them as well

as the enemy. The Colorados poured over their breastworks, advanced swiftly to the Spanish trenches, which they found deserted and proceeded to enter Malate. General Merritt says:

"But as they passed over the Spanish works they were met by a sharp fire from a second line situated in the streets of Malate, by which a number of men were killed and wounded, among others the soldier who pulled down the Spanish colors on the fort and raised our own."

General Greene says: "My instructions were to march past the walled city on its surrender, cross the bridge, occupy the city on the north side of the Pasig and protect lives and property there. While the white flag was flying on the walls yet, very sharp firing had just taken place outside, and there were 5000 to 6000 men on the walls with arms in their hands only a few yards from us. I did not feel justified in leaving this force in my rear until the surrender was clearly established, and I therefore halted and assembled my force, prepared to force the gates if there was any more firing. The Eighteenth Infantry and First California were sent forward to hold the bridges a few yards ahead, but the Second Battallion, Third Artillery, First Nebraska, Tenth Pennslyvania and First Colorado were all assembled at this point. While this was being done I received a note from Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier of General Merritt's staff, written from the Captain-General's office within the walls, asking me to stop the firing outside, as negotiations for surrender were in progress.

"I then returned to the troops outside the walls and sent Captain Birkhimer's battalion of the Third Artillery down the Paco road to prevent any insurgents from entering. Feeling satisfied that there would be no attack from the Spanish troops lining the walls, I put the regiments in motion toward the bridges, brushing aside a considerable force of insurgents who had penetrated the city from the direction of Paco and

were in the main street with their flag expecting to march into the walled city and plant it on the walls. After crossing the bridges the Eighteenth United States Infantry was posted to patrol the principal streets near the bridge, the First California was sent up the Pasig to occupy Quiapo, San Miguel and Malananan, and with the First Nebraska I marched down the river to the Captain of the Port's office, where I ordered the Spanish flag hauled down and the American flag raised in its place."

Major-General Merritt's account of the capture of the city is as follows:

"The works of the second line soon gave way to the determined advance of Greene's troops, and that officer pushed his brigade rapidly through Malate and over the bridges to occupy Binondo and San Miguel, as contemplated in his instructions. In the meantime the brigade of General MacArthur, advancing simultaneously on the Passay road, encountered a very sharp fire coming from the blockhouses, trenches and woods in his front, positions it was very difficult to carry owing to the swampy condition of the ground on both sides of the roads and the heavy undergrowth concealing the enemy. With much gallantry and excellent judgment on the part of the brigade commander and the troops engaged these difficulties were overcome with a minimum loss, and MacArthur advanced and held the bridges and the town of Malate, as was contemplated in his instructions.

"The city of Manila was now in our possession, excepting the walled town, but shortly after the entry of our troops into Malate a white flag was displayed on the walls, whereupon Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Whitaker, United States Volunteers, of my staff and Lieutenant Brumby, United States Navy, representing Admiral Dewey, were sent ashore to communicate with the Captain-General. I soon personally followed these officers into the town, going at once to the palace

of the Governor-General, and there, after a conversation with the Spanish authorities, a preliminary agreement of the terms of capitulation was signed by the Captain-General and myself. This agreement was subsequently incorporated into the formal terms of capitulation, as arranged by the officers representing the two forces.

"Immediately after the surrender the Spanish colors on the sea front were hauled down and the American flag displayed and saluted by the guns of the navy. The Second Oregon regiment, which had proceeded by sea from Cavite, was disembarked and entered the walled town as a provost guard, and the Colonel was directed to receive the Spanish arms and deposit them in places of security. The town was filled with troops of the enemy driven in from the intrenchments, regiments formed and standing in line in the streets, but the work of disarming proceeded quietly and nothing unpleasant occurred.

"In leaving the subject of the operations of the Thirteenth, I desire here to record my appreciation of the admirable manner in which the orders for attack and the plan for occupation of the city were carried out by the troops exactly as contemplated. I submit that for troops to enter under fire a town covering a wide area, to rapidly deploy and guard all principal points in the extensive suburbs, to keep out the insurgent forces pressing for admission, to quietly disarm an army of Spaniards more than equal in numbers to the American troops, and finally by all this to prevent entirely all rapine, pillage and disorder, and gain entire and complete possession of a city of 300,000 people filled with natives hostile to the European interests, and stirred up by the knowledge that their own people were fighting in the outside trenches, was an act which only the law-abiding, temperate, resolute American soldier, well and skillfully handled by his regimental and brigade commanders, could accomplish."

In an incredibly short time order was established and the different commands assigned to their respective duties and quarters.

The following is from the record book of Lieutenant Webb:

"The night of the 13th the batteries took up quarters in Nipa barracks, at Malate. The 14th spent in barracks; 15th, Battery B entered Manila; was detailed and assigned to the position opposite the Administration building, Hacienda de Administration.

"On 18th Battery A left to take quarters at Binondo Engineer barracks, known as Cuertel de Meisic. Later Battery B joined Battery A at this place, where they remained until the breaking out of hostilities with natives.

"(Lieutenant Webb was detailed during this period to take charge of all Spanish munitions in and about Manila and to report their condition and number)."

"Lieutenant Naylor, with a detachment of men, was detailed on the tin-clad boat 'Laguna de Bay.'

"The other officers being occupied with duties on service and courts-martial."

CHAPTER IX.

THE INTERIM.

Thus ended the war with Spain. News of the signing of the protocal was received two days later, and the arduous and tedious work of police and garrison duties began for the American soldiers.

The volunteers had enlisted for the war with Spain, and now that peace was declared, they all felt that their duty to their country had been discharged and all were anxious to return home. Petitions to be relieved were the order of the day, and among others was one from the batteries to the Governor of Utah to secure their return.

"Dear Governor:—It is understood to be the fact that many organizations of volunteer troops are making every effort to secure their discharge, and to that end are sending cablegrams to the Governors of their respective States, to Congressmen and to the press.

"In order that silence on our part may not be misconstrued as an expression of a desire to remain in the service, we will say:

"That since the 14th day of August last our duties have been simply those of garrison routine, and, so far as we can judge, the future duties here will be little less than those of occupation and garrison.

"This command, officers and men, as a unit, do not desire to continue in the service for the love of the duties of a

soldier. We enlisted in the service to support the Government in the time of need. And as soon as our services can be dispensed with honorably and without embarrassment, we wish to be recalled to our State and mustered out.

"Without criticising the action of other troops, and without entering into an unnecessary scramble to that end, we do not want to see one organization after another discharged before us and be among the last to be mustered out.

"When it shall be determined to send the volunteers home, it may require several months to transport all of them. It will be then that we desire your active assistance in having us named among the first to be mustered out.

"We stand ready and willing to do our whole duty, but feel that the necessity for our presence here has passed. Since Manila was occupied two light batteries of the Sixth regulars have arrived, and in the routine duties of garrison life we are of little practical use, the work necessarily falling on infantry.

"Hoping that we have made our position clear, we place the matter entirely in your hands and request that in such manner as you deem proper you secure our recall at as early a date as practicable and consistent. Most respectfully, your obedient servants,

"RICHARD W. YOUNG,
"F. A. GRANT,
"GEORGE W. GIBBS,
"E. A. WEDGWOOD,
"J. F. CRITCHLOW,
"O. R. GROW,
"RAYMOND C. NAYLOR,
"WILLIAM C. WEBB."

The long period between the surrender of Manila and the breaking out of hostilities with the natives was by no means a blank. With characteristic energy and enterprise

the soldiers started in to Americanize the dreamy old Oriental city. Almost every kind of American institution was established from religious association to prize fights.

There is a proverbial saying in the Orient that if a Spaniard, an Englishman and an American were to be shipwrecked on a desert island, the first thing the Spaniard would undertake would be to build a church, the Englishman would establish a club and the American would start a newspaper. Certainly it was not long before one or two of the Utah boys started "Freedom," which subsequently passed into the hands of the Musser boys of Salt Lake City, and soon became an important factor in the work of Americanizing the city, as "the Giant of the Orient" has wielded an immense influence in moulding popular opinion. "The Bounding Billow" made its first appearance shortly after the battle of May 1st and was printed on Dewey's flagship. "The American Soldier" and other publications followed suit. Dramatic, literary, musical and other companies were organized, entertainments, wrestling and boxing matches put on the boards, A. O. U. W.'s, Greek letter and other secret societies started, and almost all the ordinary social features and functions of American life were represented. But the one national institution which filled the minds of the Spaniards and natives with most astonishment was baseball. It is contrary to Spanish etiquette and Malay nature to express surprise or any strong emotion, but American baseball broke down their impassiveness. To see great stalwart men tear like mad in the hot sun over a field on the Luneta after a little ball, and shout, hurrah, get excited and even quarrel over hitting it with a club, was entirely too much for the natives. They never fathomed its mysteries or comprehended its fascinations. Two leagues were quickly formed and Utah soon forged to the front, finally carrying off the elegant championship prize.

Barrooms and restaurants made their appearance, and the former were too well patronized for a tropical climate.

Dances, plays, races, games, contests physical, oratorical and intellectual, guying "rookies" and playing pranks in barracks helped to relieve the tedium of barracks life; but it also served to excite in the minds of the natives a grave suspicion that these rollicking, fun-loving boys were not the stuff that warriors were made of. In fact they were not bloody minded enough to take to bull fights or even game cock combats. On the other hand the natives and their ways were a course of never failing curiosity and wonder to the American soldiers.

The following clippings are from "Freedom," October 15, 1898:

"Utah won first blood in the race for the Schlitz gold cup on Sunday by defeating the Star ball tossers of the Fourteenth Infantry. They conquered the infantrymen as easily as if everything had been run on ball bearings, and when the dust had ceased flying after the fifth and last inning the score was 6 to 3 in favor of the Silverite Athletes.

"The day was as perfect for a ball game as if it had been expressly ordered for the occasion, and a crowd of 500 threw their hats in the air and tore the air into lean strips when Utah won. Margetts (Utah) and Wheeler (Third Artillery), were the battery of the winning team. Wheeler did wondrous things in the box and his twisting was so puzzling that the infantrymen had a way of ducking and side stepping every time he sent the sphere cavorting over the plate.

"Margetts' pipole Amical late display behind the bat also gave the crowd a few spasms of enthusiasm and Roberts was cool and effective at the first plate. There were no particularly spectacular plays, except a home run which Walquist executed by falling in the lea way of an armed infantryman.

"The game was an exceptionally good baseball exhibition and was sufficient of a struggle to give prophecy of some exciting contests before the final innings come for the championship and the gold cup.

"On next Sunday the second game will be contested by

the Astor Battery and the Twenty-third Infantry. Both teams are practicing almost daily and a warmly contested struggle is expected."

INTERIM.

"Last Tuesday evening the ladies of the Red Cross, God bless 'em, were surprised and serenaded by the band boys of the First Colorado Infantry. The affair was one of those pleasing arrangements that live in memory long years afterwards, and that it is quite useless to try and describe.

"Light refreshments were served, coffee and sandwiches such only as mother can prepare, disappeared in remarkably short order and the hours that usually are made of sixty minutes seemed cut down to fifteen.

"Time jumped a cog or two and as a consequence tatoo sounded much too soon."

"The other day a Utah Artilleryman was sent to the guardhouse for laughing while at drill. It seems to me his case is serious. He ought to have been placed in a padded cell in an asylum. Poor fellow! it's to be hoped that with complete rest he will regain his normal condition. The news should be gently broken to his folks at home.

"In the interests of science it would be well to have his brain examined. No doubt there would be found some extraordinary development there. A man who can find anything to laugh at in drill is almost beyond hope."

From a private letter of Lieutenant Hines, dated August 22, 1898:

"In your letter you are greatly worried over reports that we do not get enough to eat. Of course, the bill of fare is rather short at times, coffee, hardtack and bacon for breakfast; coffee, bacon and hardtack for dinner, and bacon, hardtack and coffee for supper, but I fare a little different. I am doing Lieutenant duty and have been eating with the officers.

It may spoil me if I have to come down to the above bill of fare. But I laugh so much (to keep fat) at the natives. They are surely a great mixture. They live on rice and cigarettes, and amuse themselves at cock fighting and rarely does either sex tuck their shirts into their trousers. All hands smoke, from the baby in its mother's arms to the gray-headed old-timer."

From a private letter of Hon. Ben Harbour:

"The natives are very small and very dark, with a strong Chinese cast of countenance. They are sharp in their dealings and will swindle the life out of you in making change if you are not careful."

But beneath all this merry making was a deep undercurrent of disgust and an anxious longing to be relieved and to return home which appears in all the correspondence of the boys who wrote to friends and relatives at home at this period. There is also a most unmistakable indication of the ever-widening chasm between the Americans and Tagalos. It was inevitable that sooner or later the friction of conflicting purposes would increase to the flaming point, and misunderstanding arising from inability to understand each other's language or appreciate each other's motives and feelings should crystalize sooner or later into pronounced antagonism, but above all, that the fundamental antipathies of race should develop into positive hate. The breech was widening with every revolution of the earth and the hour was swiftly approaching when the rupture must occur. It is useless to speculate on who was to blame. Doubtless mistakes were made on both sides. It is possible that an intimate knowledge of the Malay character might have averted the catastrophe.

Of one thing there cannot be a doubt, that the cry of independence was a pretext, and that Aguinaldo and his colleagues would have sold out to the Americans as they did to the Spaniards at the time of the previous rebellion. They had been driven to desperation by Spanish cruelties and ex-

actions, and had taken up arms in expectation of obtaining redress in some vague way, but until Dewey's fleet placed Manila at his mercy, and their expectations of becoming its masters inflamed both their vanity and cupidity, the Tagalo leaders had neither planned nor purposed an independent republic. To anyone who has studied Malay character the imputation of patriotism is preposterous. They have no more patriotism than the Chinese, and no more idea of self-government than the Zulus. Some of the leaders have been educated and have imbibed vague ideas of independence, but the rank and file of the Tagalos are simple, ignorant peasantry who care nothing for political rights or privileges beyond the power to escape the lash and torture of the tax gatherer. To attribute the political aspirations and motives of the American revolutionist to the average Tagalo is as imbecilic as to impute compassion to the Spaniards.

At no time have the Tagalo tribe possessed the island of Luzon or any other of the Philippines.

At no time have they ever aspired to possess it, nor do they now want it. True, they would like to slaughter the Maccabebes and Illocans and massacre or enslave the Negritos, but to own, control, cultivate and establish an independent republic of Luzon they never dreamed. What they wanted, and now want, is possession of Manila, and they want that for revenue only. With the political aspect of the question this history has nothing to do, but in seeking the cause and locating the blame of that rupture the facts must be taken into consideration, and patriotism in our sense of the word had little or "nothing to do with the case."

CHAPTER X.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

Baffled rage, no doubt, inspired the atrocious attempt on the part of the natives to burn the city of Manila, as well as the hope of inflicting a serious blow upon their enemies at the time of the conflagration in consequence of the confusion and disorder which could not fail to prevail. Strangely enough, they selected the birthday of George Washington to execute this nefarious design of their leaders, whom some Americans (?) have called the Filipino George Washington.

The Associated Press dispatch of the 23rd gives the following graphic account of this indisputable evidence of the civilization and "fitness" of the Tagalos for self-government:

"Just as the long strings of carriages which daily pass and repass each other on the Luneta were forming for the procession homeward, a dense black column of smoke rolled up above the intervening roofs and almost immediately afterward an ominous red glare was reflected from the sky. The blaze had started in a row of two-story modern buildings with brick foundations, on the Calie Lacoste, in the center of the Chinese section, and as several of these had been fired within a few minutes of each other it soon assumed alarming proportions.

"By the time General Hughes and his men arrived on the scene and commenced to clear the streets, the fire was

spreading on both sides of the Calle Lacoste, and a stiff breeze was fanning it forward.

During the excitement the hose was cut five times, and other impediments placed in the way of the firemen. Upon learning of this, General Hughes issued orders to his men to shoot the first man who interfered with the checking of the flames or attempted to start others. Several natives who picked up burning wands and darted off with them were either shot or bayoneted by the guards and then a general round-up of all natives on the streets in the vicinity was ordered. As thousands of people were vacating their houses and carrying off their effects and the sidewalks and roadways were littered with furniture for blocks, this was a work of some difficulty, but by degrees the soldiers coralled hundreds of protesting natives and hustled them into yards and vacant lots, where they were guarded until the excitement subsided.

"About 9 o'clock the European volunteer fire brigade arrived on the scene with a modern (American) engine and after three hours' work the fire was controlled. Meantime the whole of the block in which the blaze originated, two-thirds of that on the opposite side of the street and a block and a half west of it had been completely gutted.

"From a spectacular standpoint the fire was a magnificent sight, the flames leaping from the wooden structures fifty feet into the air, while millions of sparks glistened among the rolling clouds and fell in golden showers upon adjacent roofs. Scores of fires were started by these sparks to windward, but as every one was alive to this danger they were promptly quenched in their incipiency.

"Shortly after midnight, just as the weary workers and watchers were repairing to their quarters, congratulating themselves that the fire, bad though it was, had been no worse, another blaze was reflected from the smoke-beclouded sky in the direction of Tondo. This being the most densely populated native district in the city, which had always been

identified with the rebel cause, preparations were at once made for trouble and it was not long in coming.

"No sooner had the fire brigade coupled its hose and commenced to play upon the flames which had again started in a block of buildings occupied by Chinese, than shots were fired at the men from the windows of adjacent houses. Companies E and M of the Second Oregon volunteers and M and C of the Thirteenth Minnesota volunteers, under Major Williams, were hastily reinforced by Major Goodlae's battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry and an attempt was made to clean out the neighborhood.

"Suddenly, however, shots were fired down half a dozen streets at once and when this fusilade was followed by volleys from Mausers in the vicinity of the railway station it was realized that the enemy had sneaked around to the left flank of the outposts at Caloocan by way of the creeks and estuaries in the Vitas district and that there was other work than fighting fire to be done.

"As the strength of the enemy was unknown, it was a ticklish situation to cope with, but it had to be met, and the Americans, regulars and volunteers alike, met it like men. A skirmish line fully a quarter of a mile long was formed, and advanced under cover of huts and trees until the rebels were discovered behind hastily formed barricades of paving stones and street car rails commanding two streets and within two stone buildings.

"The firing from bushes and shacks became so hot that it was found necessary to set fire to other shacks to windward in order to smoke the rebels out, and this having been done, an advance was made upon the barricades. Both were carried with a rush but the rebels made a determined stand within the ruins of an old church and it was not until a detachment of the Oregon volunteers flanked them from an adjacent brick building that they were moved. Thirty were shot within the inclosure and six more in another.

"Once the rebels commenced to fall back it was easy to keep them moving, although they threw up barricades and hastily entrenched themselves near the terminus of the Balabon street railway. This, however, occupied all of Thursday morning, the rebels not being driven out of the city limits until long after daylight. While they left 113 dead on the ground and several hundred were taken prisoners, many escaped into the swamp land north of the city this side of Caloocan and are still believed to be in hiding there."

CHAPTER XI.

TWO QUESTIONS.

A decided and definite policy early announced and vigorously carried out would possibly have averted war; whether it were one of extreme concession or stern repression. In the former case the presence of soldiers was wholly unnecessary, and could not but result in arousing alarm, suspicion and finally enmity. In the latter, conciliation should have been safeguarded by precautions to overwhelm any show of force at its first appearance. It is easy to see these things after the event, but at the time when the authorities were trying to solve the problem it would have required a knowledge of the men with whom they were dealing, their methods, aims and ambitions which was not possessed by either the Government or its representatives in Manila. It was a task beyond the powers of any government, with the possible exception of the British, which has had centuries of dealings with Asiatics. Certain it is that humiliating failure has been the result of every attempt on the part of occidental nations to rule oriental peoples unless we accept such seeming successes as Britain's rule in India and Holland, in Java. In both these cases the peoples are ruled through their native chiefs and according to their own customs and traditions.

The first prerequisite was an intimate knowledge of the native character and an ability to address all intended changes to the native conscience. In the nature of the case

this was unobtainable; not that there were no Americans who had both the requisite knowledge and ability to apply it, but they were not either politicians or prominent citizens. That the Government appreciated this is evidenced by such appointments as that of Professor Dean C. Worcester of Ann Arbor, who had spent three or four years in traveling in the islands.

The second prerequisite was a definite policy; such, for instance, as the one laid down for Cuba. But here again it was impossible to announce a programme for a heterogeneous aggregation of dissimilar tribes in all degrees of civilization, from that of naked savagery to that of educated gentlemen, segregated upon a hundred islands and requiring almost as many different policies as there were tribes. To these embarrassing features, which arose from the character of the problem, we must add the aggressive criticisms and strictures with which every effort of the Government was assailed. The administration had been forced into a war with Spain most reluctantly; but when waging war became its duty, it proceeded to make war with American vigor and energy. As a result of the fortunes of war, Manila was left on its hands at the close of its war with Spain. What to do with Manila was the problem, and to the immediate and temporary answer to that question the administration addressed itself.

Up to the day of the surrender, the most pleasant and amicable feelings existed between the Americans and the undisciplined and unorganized horde who surrounded the doomed city, attracted together by the alluring prospects of plunder and rapine. Without arms, equipment, or organization, these ragamuffin recruits of Aguinaldo could have been corralled easily and kept herded together until some definite plan of action could have been determined upon. Nothing is farther from the truth than to impute to these mental and moral tatterdemalions any sentiments of patriotism or as-

pirations after independence at this period. They were simply an aggregation of individuals who were impelled by various motives, more or less worthy, to join themselves to a movement agreeable to their natures and exciting to their cupidity. Their highest idea at this time was to take revenge for past injuries and to rid themselves in the future of the cruelties and atrocities to which they had been subjected by the Spaniards. As often as the wretched Tagalos had been goaded into insurrection by Spanish oppression, in no instance had it ever entered their imaginations to demand anything more than a reform of existing laws and institutions. When Aguinaldo arrived and gathered his motley crowd, it was with no other idea than that of effecting, with American aid, the reforms for which every insurrectionary fight had been waged. Personally, Aguinaldo himself may have cherished some vague ambition of a nominal republic, like that of Santo Domingo, with himself as virtual dictator; but everything points to the opposite. It is beyond dispute that what the Tagalos were fighting for before and after his arrival was the granting of reforms by the Spanish Government. The thought of independence never once entered the head of a single one of them, leaders or followers. The concessions demanded by the insurgents and granted by the Captain-General Primo de Rivera in behalf of the Spanish Government in 1896 were: First, a general amnesty; second, introduction of reforms and correction of evils complained of, and third, an "indemnity" of $800,000, to be paid to Aguinaldo later upon compliance with certain conditions.

The notion of independence appears in one of his many proclamations on May 24, 1898, of which the first paragraph is as follows:

"The Great Nation North America, cradle of true liberty and friendly on that account to the liberty of our people, oppressed and subjugated by the tyranny and despotism of those who have governed us, has come to manifest even here

a protection which is decisive, as well as disinterested, towards us, considering us endowed with sufficient civilization to govern by ourselves this, our unhappy land. To maintain this so lofty idea, which we deserve from the now very powerful Nation North America, it is our duty to detest all those acts which belie such an idea, as pillage, robbery and every class of injury to persons as well as to things."

Without exception, the American officers interviewed by the writer assert that, considerably after this novel idea of independence had had time to find lodgment in their minds, the closest questioning failed to elicit the most shadowy notion of what the word meant or the fact involved. When pressed for a definite answer to the question: "What do you mean by independence?" the answer was invariably this, in substance: "When we get independence every man will have a wife, a gamecock, a dog, a nipa hut, and no taxes."

The unvarying and unanimous testimony of officers and privates is to the effect that the rank and file of the Tagalos were not only incapable of self-government, but could not possibly desire to form a stable independent republic; as they never seen one, had no conception of what it was, how to procure it, what it would do, or, in fine, any rational idea whatever upon the subject.

Assuming the sincerity of those who assail the administration for continuing the campaign against the Tagalos on moral grounds, their propaganda can only be accounted for on the grounds of ignorance and misinformation. It certainly seems incredible to the writer that any intelligent man who has studied the subject thoroughly, acquainted himself with the Malay character, and posted himself upon the Tagalo situation, should maintain that the administration could withdraw our troops from the islands and abandon the wretched inhabitants to the fate of the "Kilkenny cats."

But beyond the question of the right or wrong of our presence in the Philippine Islands, is the other question: Are

the Tagalos or any of the Philippine tribes capable of self-government? The answer to the question, of course, will depend upon one's definition of self-government. If such a government as exists in Santo Domingo is meant, they probably are; but if such as exists in Switzerland or the United States is meant, then the answer is an unequivocal No! The Malay idea of government is essentially the same as that of the Chinese, and it would be about as sensible to expect the Tagalos to establish and maintain a genuine republic as it would be to demand of the primary department of one of our public schools the establishment and maintenance of a daily newspaper. It may be true that Admiral Dewey expressed an opinion to the effect that the Filipinos were as capable of self-government as the Cubans, but he did not say how well qualified he considered the Cubans.

Some insight into Malay character is absolutely indispensible to form a correct idea of the moral issue. No one will accuse Professor Dean C. Worcester of prejudice against the natives. He invariably shows a decided sympathy for them. A few extracts from his very interesting book are given. Speaking of a Malay chief, he says (p. 146):

"He knew his people, and ruled them with an iron hand, punishing the slightest opposition to his will with death. At first he did his own killing, but, when his reputation was once firmly established, he turned work of that sort over to his subordinates. If he chose to drive off a herd of cattle, and the owner ventured to object, Pedro only said: 'Cut off his head, and it was done. If the father of a girl whom he wished to add to his large circle of wives protested, the answer was: 'Cut off his head.'

"Pedro was shrewd enough to know that it was not worth while to fight the Spaniards, and when some of his unruly subjects made an unsuccessful attack upon Zamboanga, he awaited their return, and gave them a vigorous drubbing. In return for this service he was forgiven for having killed a

Spanish officer and committed a few other little indiscretions. At the time of our second visit to Basilan, in 1891, the Governor was in constant communication with Dato Pedro, who still continued to keep his people in fairly good order, while, if the Spanish officials happened to want the head of one of his subjects, he had it cut off and forwarded at once.

"During our stay, he invited a former acquaintance in Mindanao to come over and go boar hunting with him. The Zamboangueno accepted the invitation. At the close of their day's sport they were standing in front of Pedro's house when a Moro from a neighboring village rode up on a fine horse. The visitor admired the horse, and when Pedro asked him if he would like it, thoughtlessly replied in the affirmative. Decidedly to his surprise, his host picked up a rifle, took deliberate aim, shot the Moro dead, and presented him with the mount."

Speaking of Moro character, in another place (p. 175), he says:

"Inhuman cruelty is one of his most prominent characteristics, and he will cut down a slave merely to try the edge of a new barong.

"Hardly a night passed during our stay at Sulu that marauders were not in evidence near the town. They took pot-shots at the sentries, stole cattle, and made themselves generally disagreeable.

"Finally, there was a rumor that a band of juramentados was about to attack the place. Now a juramentado is a most unpleasant sort of individual to encounter. The Moros believe that one who takes the life of a Christian thereby increases his chance of a good time in the world to come; the more Christians killed, the brighter the prospect for the future, and if one is only fortunate enough to be himself killed while slaughtering the enemies of the faithful, he is at once transported to the seventh heaven.

"From time to time it happens that one of them wearies

of this life, and desiring to take the shortest road to glory, he bathes in a sacred spring, shaves off his eyebrows, dresses in white, and presents himself before a pendita to take solemn oath (juramentar) to die killing Christians. He then hides a kris or barong about his person, or in something that he carries, and seeks the nearest town. If he can gain admission, he snatches his weapon from its concealment and runs amuck, slaying every living being in his path, until he is finally himself dispatched. So long as the breath of life remains in him, he fights on.

"Eye-witnesses have repeatedly informed me that they have seen juramentados seize the barrel of a rifle, on being bayoneted, and drive the steel into themselves further, in order to bring the soldier at the other end of the piece within striking distance and cut him down."

Another "good Moro" he thus describes (p. 178):

"Toolawee was well worth seeing at such a time. As he stalked at the head of our little party, with his barong loosened in its sheath and his short rifle at full cock, his flashing eyes searching the cover for an ambush, he was the warrior personified. I must confess, however, that the dignity of his expression was somewhat marred by the fact that he had his mouth stuffed full of cartridges.

"He was considered a 'good' Moro, and we were therefore interested in several incidents which gave us some insight into his real character. After satisfying himself that we could use our rifles with effect, he made us a rather startling business proposition, as follows: 'You gentlemen seem to shoot quite well with the rifle.' 'Yes, we have had some experience.' 'You say that you wish to get samples of the clothing and arms of my people for your collection?' 'Yes, we hope to do so.' 'Papa (General Arolas) told you if you met armed Moros outside of the town to order them to lay down their weapons and retire?' 'Yes.' 'Papa does not understand my people as I do. They are all bad. When we meet them do

not ask them to lay down their arms, for they will come back and get them, and probably attack us; just shoot as many of them as you can. You can take their weapons and clothing, while I will cut off their heads, shave their eyebrows, show them to Papa, and claim reward for killing juramentados. Toolawee never really forgave us for refusing to enter into partnership with him on this very liberal basis.

"Just before our final departure from Sulu, he presented himself before me and remarked: 'Senor, I want to buy your rifle.' 'But, Toolawee,' I replied, 'you do damage enough with the one you have; what do you want of mine?' 'My rifle is good enough to kill people with, but I want yours for another purpose,' my good Moro made answer. Pressed for details, he confided to me that he had heard Papa was soon going back to Spain, and after the Governor left he should be 'afuera' (off shore), waiting for victims. He explained that he never fired at the people in a canoe, but shot holes in the boat itself, so that it would fill with water. The bamboo outriggers with which all Philippine boats are provided would serve to keep it from actually sinking, and the occupants, being up to their chins in water, could easily be dispatched with the barong, thus economizing ammunition, and he added: 'My rifle makes but a small hole in one side of a canoe, senor, while yours would make a much larger one, and the ball would go clear through.' Toolawee was nothing if not practical."

Of the Tagalo, Professor Worcester writes (p. 476):

"The civilized natives seldom voluntarily confess faults, and often lie most conspicuously to conceal some trivial shortcoming. In fact, they frequently lie without any excuse whatever, unless it be the aesthetic satisfaction derived from the exercise of their remarkable talent in this direction. When one of them is detected in a falsehood, he is simply chagrined that his performance was not more creditably carried out. He feels no sense of moral guilt, and cannot understand being punished for what is not, to his mind, an offence.

"A servant of mine once sulked for days because I had beaten him for telling me a most inexcusable lie. Some time later, in attempting to carry me across a stream, he stubbed his toe and fell, pitching me into the water, and sadly demoralizing my spotless white suit. I treated the affair as a joke, but my laughter seemed to cause him more anxiety than reproaches would have done. He acted strangely all the evening, and when I was about to retire, presented me with a rattan and asked me to give him his whipping then, as it made him nervous to wait, and he wanted to have it over with. This serves to illustrate the well-known truth that a native will submit without a murmur to punishment for a fault which he recognizes as such. Too much kindness is very likely to spoil him, and he thinks more of a master who applies the rattan vigorously, when it is deserved, than of one who does not. On the other hand, he is quick to resent what he considers to be an injustice, and is quite capable of biding his time until he can make his vengeance both swift and sure.

"With all their amiable qualities, it is not be denied that at present the civilized natives are utterly unfit for self-government. Their universal lack of education is in itself a difficulty that cannot be speedily overcome, and there is much truth in the statement of a priest who said of them that 'in many things they are big children who must be treated like little ones.'"

The nondescript Malay mob which surrounded Manila entertained sentiments of admiration and friendliness for the Americans up to the surrender of the city. Of this there has been no dispute. The first cause of estrangement was the wounded vanity of Aguinaldo, who expected to be treated as an equal by the Commanding General of the American forces. The next was the refusal to let native soldiers enter Manila. Lieutenant Hawkins was compelled to use force to keep them out. The discontent thus engendered gradually and rapidly

developed into such strained relations that an open rupture was inevitable. The experience of all history taught that two bodies of men, differing in language, manners, habits and customs; in thought, feeling and temperament; in intelligence, experience and aspirations; when brought into close contact, will develop antipathies.

The novelty of a city simultaneously occupied by three hostile armies, crystalized finally into the surrendered Spanish army fraternizing with the American, and the Tagal army virtually besieging both.

Corporal W. D. Riter says in an interview published in the Deseret News:

"Our relations with the Filipinos, which had been most friendly up to the 13th of August, soon took on a serious aspect. No sooner had the city been captured than guards were stationed around the outskirts to prevent armed natives from entering for the purpose of looting houses abandoned by their owners for fear of the bombardment; and natives who had already gained access to the city were, upon their return, halted by our guards, and relieved of any ammunition gathered from the Spaniards. To their demand for a joint occupation, General Merritt replied that he would have to refer the matter to the President, who sent back word that there should be no joint occupation.

"The natives then began to keep up an effective guard at the points which we held when fighting the Spaniards; and that the military enthusiasm of the whole population ran high was shown by marching bands of children, with broomsticks on their shoulders, parading the streets of Manila, often led and commanded by an adult. We soon began to form a strong dislike for them—a dislike so strong that the men were only too glad to relieve the monotonous life of guard duty by meeting them in actual combat."

The following opinions were publicly expressed by Major Richard W. Young:

"It was the general sentiment throughout the entire Eighth Army Corps that the Filipino war was justified, being brought on by events that no one could foresee at the time Dewey and Merritt captured Manila. On February 4th a Filipino was killed while trying to pierce the line of the Nebraska regiment.

"They are absolutely incapable of self-government, being half-barbarous, and each tribe considers every other one its natural prey. If we should recall our forces they would destroy each other in the race for supremacy, millions of American and foreign capital would be lost, and hundreds of foreign residents would be massacred. If they set up a government among themselves some other dictator would happen along tomorrow and topple it over."

In the Forum, Senor Lala, a Tagalo, native of Luzon, writes as follows:

"Second the multiplicity and heterogeneous nature of the tribes is something astonishing. Over sixty different languages are spoken in the archipelago, and though the majority of the tribes are small, there are half a dozen each having over a quarter of a million members. The languages of these people are as distinct from another as French and Spanish or Italian, so that the speech of any one tribe is unintelligible to its neighbors. These tribes are all civilized and Christianized, but small, uncivilized tribes, among whom the Igorotes seem best known in America, inhabit the mountains in Luzon and form a large part of the population of Mindanao. In this island also there is a large Mahommedan population, which is independent of the Mohammedans in the neighboring Sulu archipelago.

"Third, it is the Tagalos inhabiting some of the provinces about Manila who are resisting the authorities of the United States. Other civilized Filipinos are neutral, except where they are coerced by armed bands of Tagalos, who seized upon their governments during the making and the ratification of

our treaty of peace with Spain. It would be incorrect to assume, however, that these tribes are allies of ours. They are not; indeed, they are not without suspicion of the white race, of which they have had experience only through Spain. But there are men of intelligence and property, and the masses, when not stirred up by the Tagalos, recognize the advantage to them of American sovereignty, and so many remain neutral.

"Fourth, the insurrection, though serious enough, as experience has proven, is not a national uprising. Indeed, there is no Filipino nation. As I have already said, there is a multifarous collection of tribes having only this in common, that they belong to the Malay race. The inhabitants of the archipelago no more constitute a nation than the inhabitants of the continent of Europe do."

CHAPTER XII.

THE RUPTURE.

It is easy to condemn the policy of conciliation now, but so subtle and secretive were the strategies of the Tagalos; so well informed seemed Aguinaldo and his chiefs; so complete had been the exhibition of the prowess and strength of the United States in the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the capture of Manila, and so manifestly inferior both Spaniards and Tagalos to the Americans, physically and in every other way, that it was very hard for a majority of the Americans to believe that the natives could be so mad as seriously to contemplate actual hostilities until shortly before the rupture came. In fact, it was not until about two weeks before the fatal 4th of February, 1899, when two Utah guns were taken at midnight, January 24th, under cover of night, to Santa Mesa and concealed under tents, that the batterymen became satisfied that trouble was at hand.

The following editorial from "Freedom" indicates the prevailing sentiment:

THE INSURGENT SCARE.

The latest insurgent scare seems to be fading away like all the previous ones, and it seems at the present writing that the soldiers will soon regain their freedom.

It is to be hoped that this is the case, for trouble with the natives is not desirable. As a people, we are here to bene-

fit them by introducing some of our nineteenth century civilization into their midst and to help them to more successfully and happily solve life's problems and not to wage war with them. There are many both in and out of the army who desire to fight with the insurgents, and when it comes to argument, their whole stock in trade consists of the assertion that they are low and degraded. We admit that from the point of view such men take, this, to an extent, is true, but a much greater extent when looked at in the light of comparison, it is untrue. But even were they low and uncivilized, it would be their misfortune and not their crime, and to war against them and exterminate them would never add luster to the stars of Old Glory. Right-thinking people would deplore anything of the kind. Americans will always shrink from such a policy, and unless it becomes absolutely necessary, they will never cross swords with those poor, long-afflicted people.

Reports seem to be exaggerated. For instance, it has been stated that the Nebraskas had been surrounded by the insurgents, who were building intrenchments, and were in great torture. Of course, this was not official. It was merely a rumor among the men of certain organizations, I think, who were all eager to march to the rescue. Yesterday a representative of this paper went out to the Nebraska encampment and found that regiment in absolute ignorance of any torture whatever.

The first man he saw out there was one on a twenty-four hours' leave of absence, and when he asked him about the threatened trouble, he received what is vulgarly known as the horse laugh. "Why," he said, "we are passing in and out of the insurgent lines all the time." There is all the regiment speaking in the same strain. And as if intrenchments there were unknown. Everything seemed as calm and peaceful as a summer's dream, and it is to be hoped the conditions will continue.

We can get no glory or anything else by fighting insurgents. If through ignorance they trespass too much on Uncle Sam's dignity and long-suffering, he may be compelled to chastise them, but it will not be with any thought of glory in accord with the principal of sparing the rod and spoiling the child. He will spank them properly, and not because he wants to, but because it is necessary in order to make them understand that the world still moves and that there are rights that civilization demands shall be respected.

The famous Katipunan, a secret society which had been the backbone of previous rebellions, was now busily at work exerting its tremendous influence to foment a conflict.

THE KATIPUNAN SOCIETY.

The long and desperate struggle for Philippine independence, which began in 1896 against the Spanish, and in 1899 is still continued against their successors, the Americans, owes its origin and strength to a widespread secret society, the Katipunan, or league, to which all the leaders and most of the members of the party of patriots belong. It was organized in 1894 by Dr. Jose Rizal, poet, patriot, political philosopher, and finally martyr to the cause of liberty, its object being to expel the Spaniards from the islands and establish an independent native republic. It spread with such rapidity that in no great time it numbered fully 50,000 members, by whom and their followers was fought the bitter war.

Aguinaldo, Luna, Agoncilla, Francisco Roxas, Pedro Roxas, Artacho, Mamni and others whom I might name were all prominent members of this powerful organization. To it also belonged many native priests, a class which has always been foremost in the movement of opposition to Spanish tyranny. The same cannot in any sense be said of the priesthood of Spanish origin, since these have been the bulwark of Spanish tyranny.

The great element of opposition to the priesthood in the

OUR FAMOUS BATTERY BOYS.

OUR FAMOUS BATTERY BOYS.

Philippines has been the order of Free Masons, and from this the Katipunan arose. For years the Masons have been cordially hated and greatly persecuted by the priests, who looked upon them as the enemies of religion and the disturbers of public order. The hostility of the Katipunans was strongly directed against the friars, who had long persecuted the Masons, at one time imprisoning no fewer than 3000 of them in the dungeons of Manila. This the Masons did not forget, but bided their time for revenge. The Katipunan society was organized as the great agent of retribution upon these oppressors, and, indeed, upon the Spaniards as a whole, who were to be destroyed by any means, fair or foul.

Its mystic rites were of a dread and impressive character, in harmony with the remorseless nature of the oath taken by the members, a terrible obligation which breathed vengeance upon Spain and everything Spanish. The ceremonies were as weird and mysterious as Oriental ingenuity could devise. Each member of the organization received the "brotherhood mark," which was an incision made on the left forearm or the left knee with a knife of peculiar form, the handle of which was covered with the peculiar symbols of the society. The candidate was further obliged to sign the roll of honor with his own blood. The third finger of the left hand was pricked until the blood flowed, and with this finger the name was traced on the paper. The cicatrice caused by the knife wound served one useful purpose. It was adopted as a mark of mutual recognition, the mystic mark of the association. The work or the plans of the league were never discussed with one who did not bear the significant mark of brotherhood.

The Katipunan instantly sprang into popular favor. Its operations, however were conducted with the greatest secrecy, for the Spanish authorities soon became aware of its existence, and, recognizing its threatening character, resolved to destroy it, root and branch. But this was by no means easy

to do. The seeds of disaffection had been scattered far and wide over the islands, and wherever they fell there sprang up a branch lodge of the great order, whose central society was at Cavite. But though it was too widespread and too secret to be exterminated, it had one prominent martyr. Dr. Rizal was at length suspected of being the chief agitator in the revolutionary movement, and paid the penalty with his life.

Many of its members I know to be in the ranks of the insurgents today, but the society, since it has attained its aim in the expulsion of the Spaniards, is no longer so powerful and united as it was.

But by far the most potent influence which compelled the inevitable conflict was a genuine, deeprooted and avowed contempt for the fighting qualities of the Americans. Through the Katipunan and other media, the leaders had convinced the natives that the muchachos Americanos (American lads) would not dare to expose themselves to the fire of the Tagalos in serious battle. This unaffected contempt was openly expressed on all hands, in every conceivable manner; the phrase uno Filipino iqual cinco Americanos (one Filipino worth five Americans) was shouted at the boys on the lines loudly and regularly. When the huge Americans declined to take notice of words, gestures and actions, which would goad the native offering the deadly insult into the frenzy of running amok, or at least defending his honor with his life, it was simply impossible for him to attribute it to self-restraint imposed by military discipline at the command of a chief. To him it was an ocular demonstration of abject cowardice, and he was perfectly sure that whatever the Americans could do with cannon on sea, they would not stand up against infantry who were not bluffing as the Spaniards did on the day of the surrender. It seems incredible, but, as Julius Caesar remarked of soldiers in a somewhat similar situation, homines credunt quod volunt (men willingly believe what they wish to).

The following is from a letter of Private Carlos Young:

"For weeks the Filipino soldiers had taunted us with cries of derision. For weeks both Spaniards and Filipinos thought the American soldier was a soldier in name only and that he was afraid to fight. And it was acting on this belief that many Filipino families moved into the interior rather than be in Manila when the insurgent army should enter and drive the Americans out. And down in Camp Santa Mesa the Nebraska officers, than whom no braver men exist, were jeered and hissed at and called cowards and insulted in every possible way, simply because the United States Government was doing its level best to settle matters peaceably and avert bloodshed, and our foes thought it a sign of our weakness. If some of those misguided Americans who are assiduously trying to injure the honor and integrity of our Nation at home by telling of the wrongs of the Filipinos and petitioning the American soliders to mutiny, could have been out here in Manila while the Paris treaty was pending in the Senate, and had had to put up with what the soldiers have had to put up with, they would have wondered why we did not start the war ourselves, and that a few months sooner."

Never was there a stronger confidence, nor one based upon so worthless a basis, and never was there greater surprise nor a prompter or more complete correction of error. They were accustomed to the Spanish tactics of making an attack at night under cover of darkness, followed by an abandonment of the ground taken, if successful. The repulse of the Dons by the Americans at Malate, and the prearranged exchange of shots at the surrender of Manila had done nothing to apprise them that while the seemingly meek-spirited boys who had only Springfields and black powder to oppose their Mausers and smokeless powder, did not make a business of fighting, they made fighting a business when they had it to do. It must be remembered that their hereditary Mongoloid instincts as well as experience led them to frighten their

enemies, not to destroy them. Today the Moro warrior engages in fiercest grimaces, gesticulations, prancings and invectives before beginning actual battle, and the Chinese in remote provinces attack the enemy with beating gongs and drums.

On the night of the 24th, before the advance on Malabon on the 25th, the natives actually fired Chinese bombs, following the terrific noise of their explosion with Mauser volleys. This will account, in a large measure, for their strange indifference to accuracy of aim. Their main reliance in battle is to strike terror into the foe, principally by means of noise.

When the Americans unexpectedly marched in the open day on the 5th of February, out of their trenches, right ahead and over and into theirs, without heeding their din, blank astonishment seized them, and as they did not know what else to do, such conduct being unprecedented, they took to their heels. A common sight in saloons, both in Santiago and Manila, is to watch the pantomime with which a native Cuban or Tagalo illustrates his idea of a proper soldier. Taking a stick, he points it at an imaginary man, prefacing and accompanying his actions with the exclamation "Americano no bueno" (American no good); then take a step forward, fire, exclaim, step forward, fire, etc., the length of the room. For a Spanish soldier he reverses this, firing, stepping backward and repeating, "Espanola mucho bueno." All this in perfect seriousness. The Spanish commander who had the misfortune to be the first to encounter the Americans before Santiago said to the American General:

"Your men behaved very strange. We were much surprised. They were whipped, but didn't seem to know it; they continued to advance, and we had to go away."

This reminds one of the story of the Chinese fort, impregnable at that time on the water front, but practically defenseless to attack from the rear. When the British forces proceeded to assault it in the rear, the Chinese commander,

under a flag of truce, informed the British ranking officer that the fort was not built to be attacked that way; so please to assail it in front.

To us many incidents of the Spanish war seem humorous; such as the polite message of the Governor of Guam to Captain Glass of the "Charleston" when that warship was bombarding the fortifications on that island, expressing his regret that, in default of ammunition, he could not return his salute; as was also the request of the commander of a Spanish war vessel near Manila to be allowed a brief space of time to go for ammunition in order to fight the American vessel. But, without question, the choicest bit of serio-comic in war was Admiral Montejo's application to Dewey for a certificate of good conduct to be presented to the Spanish Government. But to the Spanish mind there is nothing comic or humorous in these incidents. To the Don the etiquette of war is as inviolable as that of the court. A new Cervantes may appear and portray to the countrymen of Don Quixote the exquisite humor of their making war at all, but for the present the American and his ways are simply passed finding out to the Spaniard. When we reflect that the Tagalos had no ideas of fighting except such as they had received from the Spaniards it can hardly be a matter of wonder that they were astonished at the Americans—whom they had already whipped, in their minds, according to all known precedents—disregarding all etiquette and convention by simply advancing and compelling them to "go away."

The aggressions of the Tagalos or Filipinos, as they styled themselves, increased daily and became so unbearable that it was a mere question of time when a soldier on either side might precipitate a general engagement. The tension was brought to the snapping point by the action of the Tagalo leaders in posting their sentries well within the American lines. But before this overt act of aggression, they had captured and detained as prisoners of war some Americans who

had entered their lines with arms, as alleged. To avoid friction as much as possible, the Americans had been confined strictly to their barracks; and as no effort was made to investigate their capture or demand the release of the Americans, the Tagalos felt emboldened, and more than ever convinced that the Americanos would not fight.

About the middle of December Major Young was informed by General MacArthur that the "situation was extremely strained, and his officers were ordered, along with those of the other commands, to "ride the country," so as to maneuver intelligently when hostilities broke out. Reports of a plot of a contemplated uprising of the Katipunans and other natives in Manila to massacre all the Americans, burn and sack the city, while their soldiers outside attacked the Americans, were received and steps taken to avert the catastrophe. The proofs of this pleasant little enterprise were too overwhelming to be questioned for a moment.

The night of the 4th of February differed in no respect from many which had preceded it. The circus, theaters, cacinos and other places of amusement were filled with soldiers and civilians as usual. No suspicion of what was coming crossed the mind of a single American, as they engaged in their usual pastimes and amusements.

The Nebraska regiment was posted at Santa Mesa, to the east of the city, and between them and the natives an imaginery line ran from Blockhouse No. 7 to San Juan Bridge. The native Colonel had filed an agreement that the soldiers on neither side should cross this line with arms. By posting his sentries about 200 yards within this line he directly contravened this convention. The direct violation was borne with good naturedly until it looked too dangerous to continue. Accordingly, on the night of the 4th, Colonel Stotsenberg, who commanded the Nebraskas, spoke to the little Tagal Colonel and advised him that no further infraction of the compact would be tolerated. It seems that the little Colonel was ad-

dicted to acquiring "Dutch courage" by copious potations of vino, and either deliberately forced the issue according to programme, or recklessly defied the consequences of disregarding the warning. At any rate, some armed natives attempted to pass the Nebraska sentry, and were promptly challenged. They paid no heed, and boldly walked on. Private Grason dropped on one knee, took aim, and made one Tagalo permanently "good." The rest quite properly ran away.

About 9 p. m. firing along the whole Tagalo line commenced, and the war was on.

CHAPTER XIII.

TAGALO WAR.

It has been questioned in certain quarters whether the Americans were the aggressors, and whether the open rupture could have been prevented or not. The answer to both is simply, No. In addition to the reasons already assigned, is the fact of the existence of a declaration of war dated prior to February 4th; and the character of the natives' earthworks offered indisputable evidence of their design. These had been constructed in the most approved scientific and efficient manner, and strengthened from time to time, until they were practically impregnable, if defended by first-class troops; but the most striking circumstance was that their lines of trenches were a trifle over 800 yards apart, which was exactly the effective range of the obsolete Springfield rifles borne by the Americans, while the effective range of their Mausers was 2000 yards. They were thus perfectly safe from the enemy's fire, while theirs would be just as effective as if they were 100 yards distant. Added to this was the fact that if the Americans hid in their trenches they could be kept from even firing by their sharpshooters, who could climb a tall palm at night, wait for daylight and pick off every American who exposed himself; the smokeless powder used would not reveal his location, while every puff from an American sharpshooter's gun would make him a target. The only thing remaining for them to consider was the American artillery,

which, apart from that of the fleet, was insignificant. The danger from the fleet was insignificant, away from the shore, and the diminutive pieces of the Utah and Astor batteries were of little use without horses and could not do very much damage to their first line of magnificent earthworks, and none to their second, if they found it necessary to retire to them, as it was manifestly impossible for cannon—and without horses, too—to cross the intervening ricefields. Besides, artillery did not amount to much in their past experience of many years; so that was their smallest trouble. The Katipunans and the other conspirators could give the Americans in the city all the occupation they wanted in putting out the conflagrations, protecting it from pillage, and defending themselves from their assailants stationed within, behind, and on the roofs of their houses and in innumerable other places of concealment. As to the muchachos on the line, they were too cowardly to resent an insult from natives half their size. They might stay in their trenches, and under cover of night try to creep up and fire their volleys, but they could easily take care of that. Had they not conquered the Spaniards, who would at least resent a personal affront? Why should they allow these big tin soldiers to deprive them of the fruit of their victory? They were a thousand times better armed, equipped and drilled than they had ever been in all the wars which they had waged with the Spaniards and had worsted them; they had drilled and could march as well as the Americans, they even had cannon; surely it would be the height of folly and cowardice to allow themselves to be "bluffed" by a lot of cowards, out of the rich spoils in the city which belonged to them by right of conquest. That they would never get any of the precious loot was sure, for had they not followed up the Americans as they went over the Spanish trenches the day of the surrender, plundering them of all the ammunition, food and valuables, and were they not stopped by those cowardly fools? They would find they would not have such a picnic as

they had that day. But in any event, they could take to the woods and bushwhack Americans, as they had Spaniards, as long as they lived, or wanted to continue. On the whole, they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by bringing on an engagement.

All this was sound reasoning and good logic from the standpoint of their experience and knowledge. The only defect was that the facts were against them. It was impossible for them to know or even suspect that those juveniles, who seemed so weak and mean-spirited, would walk out of their trenches and walk over and through what to their former foes would have proven insuperable obstacles; that they would do what never had been done in their experience—never stop till they reached their destination, paying no attention to the terrific din and leaden hail in front of them. How could they dream that cannon could be aimed with such accuracy that shot and shell could be dropped on any spot with exact precision, or, still more incredible, that men would drag their artillery pieces over rough ricefields where even rough carramatas could not go, and in the face of a terrific fire? How could they know that these men would fight in the broad daylight, and in the open? They could not know these facts, because they were beyond their experience; and man really knows nothing that has not been experienced.

But it was precisely these unknown facts which entirely upset their well-laid plans. There was one fact, it must be remembered, that no other body of soldiers in the world could have anticipated, viz.: that the Utahns would invent the "artillery charge." This novel invention will figure so extensively in subsequent events that it may be left out of consideration for the present.

By 9 p. m. the firing became general, and the infantry kept up a desultory fire all night; the Utah platoon of artillery spending the night under the enemy's fire in constructing gun pits for protection next day. By 3 a. m. this work

was completed and guns planted on McLeod's Hill. At the breaking of the dawn the firing became lively, and as soon as it was light enough, about 5:30 a. m., the artillery opend up and for four hours poured such a rain of shot and shell upon the enemy as was never known in Luzon. After the first fifteen minutes the infantry ceased firing, consequently the mass of the insurgents' fire was concentrated on the batteries, which lost two men in fifteen minutes, viz.: Corporal John Young and Cannoneer William Goodman. During these four hours a church, convent, blockhouse and bridge were destroyed by our fire. One cannon of the enemy on San Juan bridge was shattered into fragments by the well-directed percussion shell of one of our batteries. After these four hours Lieutenant Gibbs advanced behind the line two Nordenfeldts."

It is not intended to give a detailed account of the numerous engagements with the Tagalos, or as they are called in most of the accounts "insurgents," which would be an almost interminable task and belongs properly to the general history which can only be written after the publication of the full official reports. What is purposed in these pages is to put the reader specially interested in the Utah volunteers in possession of the facts of their deeds and daring in the 100 fights in which they became engaged, their feelings, emotions and connections with the general actions and results. Every engagement had the same general ending and was never in doubt; hence there is no scope for martial description.

The following letter from Horace Smith, a Utah boy in the Fourth Cavalry, Troop E (regulars), who was severely wounded afterwards, fulfills this purpose better than words of a non-participant:

"At the time of the outbreak, February 4th, blockhouses 1 and 13 were occupied by E troop, and a line of earthworks between the two were also held by a platoon from the same

body. This was the position at the time the first shot was fired and also when the firing ceased. Part of the time, when the engagement was the hottest, these positions were reinforced by a portion of the Fourteenth Infantry and the North Dakota volunteers.

"By many people it is claimed that the hardest fighting of the 5th was at this place, for the insurgents held an admirable position in trenches where 500 Americans could hold at bay an opposing force of at least 5000; and from these trenches they poured an incessant fire into the American lines, but, fortunately for us, they were too high. From our position we returned the fire with good results, and the way our Krag-Jorgensens (The regulars were not armed with Springfields. Their rifles are considered equal to the Mauser) cracked told the enemy plainer than words that our "pickaninny guns"—as they have named the carbines—were useful for other purposes than ornament, and that, contrary to Aguinaldo's teaching, the steel-coated bullet would not glance off.

"While we in blockhouse No. 13 were passing our jokes between volleys, the Fourteenth Infantry were ordered to advance on the enemy's trenches. The task was a difficult one, but never a man faltered, and when they were deployed as skirmishers we knew that they would succeed before returning to their old position. Owing to the dense growth of brush and trees we could not see their movements, but the constant crack of their rifles told us plainly enough that they were advancing by rushes, holding their strength for the final rush on the trenches. The boys had finished a hearty meal before going out, and in less than an hour from the time they left the blockhouse we heard a mighty cheer, followed by others as hearty.

"Now the boys in blockhouse No. 12 could see the enemy retreating, ever and anon one falling to arise no more. That night the Fourteenth had established headquarters at Pineda,

having driven the insurgents through Pasay and Pineda and on to San Pedro Macati, where they now await our attack. Towards evening we were relieved and for another night slept on our canvas bunks in the quarters. Three days later we returned to the blockhouses, remaining there until 5 p. m. on the 9th, when we returned to the post long enough to eat supper."

The following transcript of Lieutenant Webb's log book is as effective as his cannon and brings to one's mind a realizing sense of the action:

"Thursday, 2nd—Things are getting more and more strained.

"Friday, 3rd—Slept with our clothes on last night.

"Saturday, 4th—Things were quiet all day; but at 4 o'clock Colonel Stotsenberg sent for me and told me that he had heard that the insurgents had mounted two guns to use against the camp. Sergeant Fisher and I went down to the river to try and find out where they were. We did not find them, but we did see something that surprised us. It was some savages that the insurgents had brought in to help them fight us. They were dressed in breech-clouts and turbans, and were armed with bows, arrows and spears. About 8:45 at night we heard the report of a rifle at the outpost of the camp. In about three minutes there was another, and in a minute came a volley. By that time we had our guns out of the camp and well on their way to the position assigned to them on the hill (McLeod's). Then the attack came and they made it pretty warm for us. We spent the night building breastwork and getting ready for the fight that we expected to come in the morning.

"February 5th, Sunday—At 4:45 the men had breakfast and at 5:15 the fun commenced, and by daylight, about fifteen minutes later, there was a regular storm of bullets, not aimed at us, for they did not know where the guns were. A few minutes later we opened up, and after a few shots they

found us out; and how they did give it to us. For about one hour they concentrated their whole fire on us, and they killed Corporal John Young and Cannoneer William Goodman; but we fixed them. In one place the infantry credited us with twenty niggers. We shelled a church, a convent, a blockhouse, a bridge, besides several houses, and when they started to run we sent shrapnel after them to hurry them up a little.

"Kept up the fire until about 11:30. Then the left of the line advanced, and after they had taken B. H. (blockhouse) 7, Lieutenant Gibbs came up with two Nordenfeldt guns. He went with the advance to the deposito. We remained on the hill until after dark, when we were ordered to the deposito. Arrived there at 11 p. m. tired out.

"February 6th, Monday, at 1:30 p. m., the First Nebraska, Gibbs and my guns started to advance on the pumping station. We (the artillery) just went along with the firing line, and now and then opened fire on the niggers to start them running, and we just took the works (the pumping station) without losing a man, and the niggers lost eighty-five dead. The artillery can claim six or eight for sure and probably many more."

The plain straightforward narrative of the young Lieutenant's logbook records as a mere matter of fact a most remarkable feat. It doubtless seemed to the brave young officer that it was the most natural thing in the world to "just go along with the firing line"; yet according to all received traditions of the service and all the rules laid down by the authorities, the place for artillery was in the rear. It would never have occurred to a Spanish officer, or perhaps any other European artilleryman, to "just go along with the firing line," but the American conceived that as the business of his guns was to kill as many of the enemy as he could, that the best place to do this was on the firing line. This was American business methods with a vengeance.

There is not the least indication in his narrative that he

was doing anything in the least remarkable. This is the sort of thing the foreign military critics call the marvelous "initiative" of the American soldier.

The naivite with which he relates that they "now and then opened fire on the niggers to start them" for the benefit of the infantry is positively delicious. It is little to be wondered at that with such novel tactics they killed eighty-five without loss; nor that this military innovation became immensely popular with everybody but the insurgents. The claim of the intrepid Lieutenant for the artillery of "six or eight for sure" is exceedingly modest in view of the fact that it did the starting and provided the targets for the infantry. It was such acts as this which made the Utah boys the idols of the Eighth army corps.

On this occasion Lieutenant Gibbs undertook a little excursion of six miles with some infantry, advancing on Caloocan, and though surrounded by the insurgents, paid no attention to a little thing like that till they were ordered back.

It is more than probable that had the pursuit been vigorously kept up that the entire force of the enemy might have been coralled in the valley or scattered to the four winds of heaven; but in default of cavalry in view of the enormous obstacles to be overcome, the dangerous condition of affairs in the city, but chiefly on account of the impossibility of holding the country captured with the small force at his command, it seemed prudent to General Otis to recall the advance. The signal fires of the insurgents could be seen in the surrounding hills continually, so that the boys soon learned their meaning and could be prepared for their frequent sallies. The enemy were recovering from their consternation rapidly and were constructing defenses of almost every conceivable character between the American lines and their capital, Malolos. From the standpoint of approved tactics the commanding General's conservatism was correct; according to all the rules of the schools it would have been the height of

imprudence to pursue scattered bands of an agile enemy at home in impenetrable jungles, without a commissariat, leaving the intervening country at the mercy of the treacherous natives, who, changing their uniforms for civilian clothes whenever hard pressed, would gather in dangerous numbers behind the advancing lines. This again is good logic and sound reasoning, like that of the Tagalos already analyzed, but it erred, just as theirs did, by failing to take into consideration facts which had never been experienced hitherto and were, therefore, unknown to the authorities. First is the character of the natives. From the naked Gadan, armed with bows and arrows, to Mabini and Aguinaldo, there was not one single patriot in our sense of the word. The leaders were actuated by motives of self-aggrandizement and their followers by mixed motives of lust of plunder and fear of their supposed new masters. The assertion seems sweeping, but it is based upon law—inviolable law—namely, that men cannot feel a sentiment at variance with their knowledge and past experience. If there is any certain truth of right reason, or any established fact of psychology, it is this: That sentiment is not the result of reason but the heriditary product of past experience. The Tagalo could feel enmity to the white man, aspirations after surcease from oppression and cruelties, the least of revenge or of plunder, but definite determinations to found and maintain a civilized government of their own guaranteeing freedom, equality, protection of life and property and opportunity to pursue happiness he could not have, for the identical reasons that the Chinese, their conquerers, do not possess them. Any competent orientalist could have told the commanding General this, and he could have advised the Government at Washington. Possibly the commanding General understood that the empty talk about the Filipino Republic was merely a phrase with which to conjure for the benefit of the insurgent leaders and their American political sympathizers. But there were other facts which he could

OUR FAMOUS BATTERY BOYS.

UTAH BOYS IN THE REGULARS.

not know, such as the confident expectation of the insurgents that they would either defeat the American forces utterly, or deal them such a blow as to bring them to terms. This knowledge could only arise from practical experience and intimate acquaintance with the Malay character. Then again he could not be aware of the total absence of any organizing genius among the Tagalos which would enable one commanding mind to reconstruct the scattered groups and individuals with sufficient promptness and vigor into any formidable demonstrations immediately in the country from which they had been so precipitately driven.

The same law of human thought which made the Tagalos eager to invite disastrous defeat caused the commanding General to lose the opportunity to accomplish not merely a crushing defeat, namely, ignorance of the facts. It is perfectly true that "men who do not make mistakes do not make war." But Generals who do not make war do make mistakes—sometimes. The law is that a man cannot be expected to take into consideration facts wholly beyond his experience and knowledge—a genius would. But no school ever made a genius.

The week of preparation on the part of the Americans, accompanied by desultory skirmishing, gave the demoralized insurgents time and opportunity to recover from the shock of surprise and consternation and effect a complete and elaborate system of defenses across the country intervening between their enemy's lines and their capital. From every source came expressions of wonder and admiration at the remarkable perfection of these defenses. Every natural advantage was seized upon, every available vantage point was strengthened; nothing in the nature of time, labor, engineering skill or available material was wanting; topography and strategic conformation were carefully studied and skillfully utilized; and in consequence an incomparable line of defenses were constructed in the incredibly short time over

a stretch of country extending from the American lines north to Malolos. A striking characteristic of their lines of intrenchments was that they were placed 800 yards apart—the effective range of a Springfield rifle.

Plainly Aguinaldo, Luna and company expected to fall back successively until their enemy was decimated or worn out. This plan, together with the well-known Spanish tactics of reporting daily losses and discouragements of the enemy, was relied upon to keep up the courage of the insurgents sufficiently long to secure either a large bribe for the said A. L. & Co., or to disgust the American public and result in their withdrawal from the coveted Manila.

CHAPTER XIV.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF MAJOR YOUNG TO THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

Headquarters Battalion, Utah Light Artillery.
Caloocan, P. I., February, 15, 1899.

Assistant Adjutant-General, Headquarters Second Division, Eighth Army Corps:

Sir:—I have the honor to submit a report of artillery operations in this division since the night of February 4, 1899.

At that date there were under my command Batteries B and A, Utah Light Artillery, commanded respectively by Captains Grant and Wedgwood. Each had four 3.2-inch B. L. steel rifles (model 1891) and two 57 Maxim-Nordenfeldt guns (1897), captured from the Spanish August 13, 1898. This was the only artillery in the division.

At the opening of hostilities on the night named, I was directed by the Division Commander to carry out the prearranged plan. Accordingly I dispatched Captain Wedgwood with two 3.2-inch rifles to the Sampaloc cemetery, there to co-operate with the Colorado regiment; Captain Grant with 3.2-inch rifles to Calle San Lazarus, there to co-operate in the forward movement of the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment up that street with two guns, and to leave the third gun at Bilibid prison in reserve; and Lieutenant Seaman, Battery B, with one 3.2-inch rifle to the Caloocan road, Tondo, to co-operate with the Kansas regiment. Lieutenant Webb, Battery

A, was stationed at the time at the Nebraska camp with two 3.2-inch rifles. Lieutenant Naylor, with detachment, was stationed on board the river gunboat "Laguna de Bay," in charge of the Gatlings. I personally reported to the Division Commander on Calle Iris and was soon ordered to send a second gun to support Lieutenant Seaman on the Caloocan road. I conducted this gun personally to the position then occupied by our forces, which was about 1000 yards in advance of our previous outpost position. The gun was one of the Maxim-Nordenfeldts. These guns were served throughout the night from their position in the road—the only available site. A heavy fire was poured in by the enemy at frequent intervals during the night, their advance approaching occasionally to within 150 yards of our position. They used some artillery from an intrenched position further up the road, and fired about fifteen solid shots into our lines. One of their shots struck down a couple of banana trees ten feet in rear and immediately to the right of our right gun. Our guns used shell and shrapnel, most of the latter being punched at short ranges. Corporal Wardlaw and Private Peter Anderson were wounded at this position in the road while serving their guns, neither very seriously. On the succeeding day their guns advanced under Lieutenant Seaman along with the firing line of the advancing infantry, and were served under a galling fire. They were of great value in the charge on the insurgent intrenchments near the Spanish blockhouse No. 1. After the enemy was driven from this position, the 3.2-inch gun was advanced to a position on the Caloocan road opposite the blockhouse named on the firing infantry line. There it was intrenched and remained until the advance on Caloocan February 10th, frequently being brought into action to assist the Kansas regiment in repelling the insurgent attacks on their position. The Maxim-Nordenfeldts was moved February 6th to a position at blockhouse No. 2, near the Binondo cemetery. The 3.2-inch gun under Lieutenant Seaman was em-

ployed during the attack on Caloocan as long as possible and until it was imprudent to fire longer on account of the advancing infantry. It would have been impossible to take the gun along the road at the time of the advance on account of the flames from the burning houses on both sides of the road. About 9 p. m. February 10th, however, the gun was pulled forward through the town of Caloocan to an advanced position on the Kansas line; subsequently, February 11th, the gun was drawn back, placed in position on the hillside near the residence of Mr. Higgins, north of Caloocan, so as to command the causeway between Caloocan and Malabon. Here the gun, with a platoon of the Sixth Artillery and a 3.6-inch mortar under Corporal Boshard, Battery B, Utah Light Artillery, remained heavily intrenched.

I am satisfied that no troops, during this advance, have performed more dangerous service than these detachments under Lieutenant Seaman in their perilous progress up the Caloocan road; too much, therefore, in my judgment, cannot be said in praise of their intrepidity and efficiency. Lieutenant Seaman's detailed report is appended.

Two guns of the Sixth United States Artillery, under Lieutenant Adrian S. Fleming, Sixth United States Artillery, reported for duty with the division early in the afternoon of February 10th, and were assigned a favorable position on the Montana line, with a view up the railroad track of a number of railroad buildings in Caloocan, of a section of the insurgent trenches and of a gun which the insurgents had disembarked from the cars but had not prepared an emplacement for, the gun being situated near the railroad shops.

During the advance on Caloocan this platoon did very accurate and effective work under a heavy small-arm fire of the enemy. The morning of the 11th the guns were moved to the intrenchment in Caloocan previously mentioned, where they now remain.

In addition to these two guns the Utah gun and the

mortar, a fifth gun (Hotchkiss mountain cannon, caliber 1.65) has been placed near the Higgins residence with a command of the railway track for about 2500 yards to the north. It has been necessary to use these guns on several occasions to suppress annoying sharpshooters; in each instance their use has proven to be very effective.

During the construction of the larger intrenchments at Caloocan Private C. S. Hill, Battery B, and Lieutenant George A. Seaman, Battery B, were wounded by the enemy, the former being shot in the back, the latter through the flesh of the calf, neither wound being serious. Hill was sitting down within the works when shot and Lieutenant Seaman was outside directing a party who were strengthening the parapet. (Detailed report of Lieutenant Fleming annexed).

Captain Grant, with Lieutenant Critchlow and two pieces, advanced with the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment on the night of February 4th to a position near a small cemetery near the San Lazarus hospital. Here he intrenched and awaited daylight, firing during the night only a few shots as occasion seemed to demand. From this position he shelled the Chinese hospital, the Chinese cemetery and the Binondo cemetery, where the insurgents were making a stubborn resistance to the advance of the Montana and Pennsylvania regiments. Excellent shooting was done, the enemy dislodged, and the advance of the infantry rendered comparatively easy. From advanced positions on the crossroad to the Chinese hospital at Lico, and at the Chinese hospital, the two guns, now supplemented by the third gun from Bilibid, under First Sergeant Hines, rendered valuable aid in dislodging the enemy from the high ground occupied by the cemeteries.

After the Pennsylvania, South Dakota and Montana regiments and the Third United States Artillery (armed as infantry) had with Grant's assistance dislodged the insurgents from the ridges, the guns were hurried forward to an

advanced position near the Binondo cemetery, where they were serviceable in driving the enemy from scattered positions beyond the infantry skirmish line. These three guns were placed in position at an angle of the cemetery wall (Binondo cemetery) behind embrasures constructed and formerly occupied by the Spanish.

February 6th the Nordenfeldt from Lieutenant Seaman's command, with a second from the barracks manned by a section of Battery A, were intrenched near the Spanish stone blockhouse No. 2 and placed under command of Lieutenant Critchlow. A 3.6-inch rifle mortar was procured from the arsenal, Manila, and placed in position near Captain Grant's 3.2-inch rifles. These six guns were employed at various times, February 6tth to 9th, in repelling attacks on the Kansas regiment, shelling groups of sharpshooters, etc.

The advance on Caloocan February 10th was preceded by thirty minutes' cannonading by the navy and the nine guns on the left of our position. Grant's and Critchlow's guns had as targets the woods in advance of the Kansas and Montana regiments, the insurgents' trenches near the railway track south of Caloocan, the Caloocan church and convent, the railway shops and station, the cemetery, the town generally, the rifle pits in advance of the town and the woods on the right of the open plain. Extremely accurate work was done; one of the best shots of the campaign was at a party throwing up earthworks at the cemetery gate, the left side of the gate having been destroyed at an estimated range of 2600 yards by the first shell.

Shrapnel fire was very efficacious at a range of 2000 yards in driving back a party which advanced fearlessly from the right to attack a flanking party under command of Major Bell, United States Volunteer Engineers.

The 3.2-inch rifles remain at the Binondo cemetery church, the two Nordenfeldts under Lieutenant Critchlow

having been placed in a new position to the front of the South Dakota position near blockhouse No. 4.

Corporal Peterson, Battery B, was shot through the flesh of the leg at Binondo church February 9th. (Captain Grant's report is appended).

Captain Wedgwood, with two guns of his battery, reached Sampaloc cemetery in good time on the night of February 4th, the men having dragged the guns for three miles without assistance from any other organization. They took position near the Sampaloc cemetery and were constantly engaged from about half-past 5 until half-past 8 of the morning of February 5th, the enemy being strongly intrenched and posted at ranges varying from 300 to 700 yards. The practice on blockhouses Nos. 5, 6 and 4 were very effective, causing the enemy to retire in great numbers, paving the way for the infantry advance. The guns were served under heavy cross-fire, the cannoneers having little or no protection. From personal observation I am able to concur in Captain Wedgwood's estimate and commendation of his men. I call attention to his mention of Hospital Steward Shellby B. Cox, U. S. A.

Captain Wedgwood's two guns mentioned have now been posted on the line of the Colorado trenches about three-fourths of a mile beyond blockhouse No. 5. (Captain Wedgwood's report is appended).

The two guns under Lieutenant W. C. Webb were moved at the call to arms February 4th to their previously selected position at McLeod's hill, near by. These guns were not fired until daylight. Two field guns of the enemy were successively silenced, the one near the San Juan bridge being dismounted and overturned.

The field of fire from this position was very large, extending through an arc of nearly 180 degrees.

Throughout this wide extent of country these guns were directed at buildings and trenches occupied by the enemy

and at their strongholds blockhouse No. 7, most successfully in every instance, the effect being to silence the enemy's fire almost without exception. Gunner Corporal John G. Young was shot in the chest and died about 4 p. m. of the same day. Private Wilhelm I. Goodman was shot in the head and instantly killed. Both casualties occurred while serving their guns at McLeod's hill.

These two guns were moved forward to the deposito during the night of February 5th. Monday, the 6th, these two guns with two Nordenfeldts commanded by Lieutenant Gibbs took part in the advance on the pumping station. During the advance the artillery was substantially on the skirmish line at all times. The four guns were brought into action four times and in each instance with marked success, the result being to clear the way for an almost bloodless advance by the infantry. The enemy was not merely shelled from successive positions in the front of the advance, but was followed with shrapnel over the ridges on the flanks. The village of Mariquina was shelled during the evening and a number of long-range shots at retreating insurgents on the plain across the San Juan. The four guns mentioned remain in position on the bluffs above the pumping station. The two Nordenfeldts have been advanced on several occasions to the outposts.

Just previous to the advance toward the pumping station, Quartermaster-Sergeant Harry A. Young, who had passed his examination as assistant surgeon of the battalion, and no doubt had been commissioned as such by the Governor of Utah, who was under appointment to meet me at the deposito, advanced under some misapprehension into the insurgent lines and was killed, his remains being found about one and one-half miles from the deposito near the road.

Under orders from the Division Commander the remaining two Nordenfeldts under Lieutenant G. W. Gibbs, manned by one section of A battery and B Battery, moved forward

early on the morning of the 5th to report to Colonel Stotsenberg at Santa Mesa. The platoon was ordered to advance to the San Juan bridge under cover of a Tennessee battalion, but the latter had not arrived, and with a few flanking skirmishers the two guns were moved at double time down the 500-yard slope to the bridge in the face of a heavy fire from the wooded slopes beyond, coming into action near the bridge and advancing with the infantry firing lines up the hill leading to the deposito. The guns were handled with great skill and efficacy. This movement in the open view of the enemy under close range was one of the most bold and commendable of the campaign. The platoon moved to the vicinity of the deposito, and on the 6th took part in the advance to the pumping station as previously described.

My own movements during the time covered by this report were as follows:

I was present with Lieutenant G. A. Seaman's platoon on the Caloocan road the night of February 4th-5th; on the 5th I spent the morning with the detachment of Captain Wedgwood and Lieutenants Webb and Gibbs during part of their cannonading, and the afternoon with Captain Grant's guns during the advance on the cemeteries; on the 6th, the morning, in replacing Captain Wedgwood's guns to conform to the new infantry lines, and the afternoon was present, in command of the artillery, during the advance from the deposito to the pumping station; from the 7th until this date I have been almost constantly with the guns on the left of our position and commanded the several detachments in the attack in Caloocan.

I have not the accurate figures at hand, but may approximately state our expenditure of ammunition during the operations above detailed to have been 600 rounds.

In conclusion, I desire to commend most heartily and without distinction the officers and men in the organization under my command; the amount of labor done by them in

dragging guns and constructing earthworks has been prodigious, and it has always been done cheerfully. All have been fearless. Compelled to advance along open roads, usually in plain view of the enemy, without the opportunity of concealment, they have unshrinkingly served their guns. It has, too, been a feature of these operations that in every advance the guns have gone forward practically on the line of skirmishers. Their willingness to work and their intrepidity have not been more conspicuous than the skill with which they have handled their guns and their accuracy of aim.

Dr. J. S. Kellogg, battalion surgeon, has been tireless in his attention to the medical and surgical needs of the men.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

RICHARD W. YOUNG,

Major Utah Light Artillery Commanding Battalion.

First Reserve Hospital,

Manila, P. I., February 14, 1899.

Major R. W. Young, Utah Light Artillery:

Sir:—Following is the report I have to make of the movements of my command from February 4th to 13th inclusive:

I was assigned with the Kansas regiment on the Caloocan road with one gun. After the call to arms Saturday, February 4th, I started out with my detachment, arriving at the road before the troops did. I moved with them up the road about 300 yards beyond the steam tram station, where we stayed for the night, protected by a wall around an inclosure. You soon joined us with a Nordenfeldt gun.

About 1:30 a. m. of the 5th a heavy infantry fire commenced. Our guns were moved out in the open street, where the men worked them under a most galling fire. Corporal C. B. Wardlaw was wounded slightly in the leg just above the ankle, and Private Peter Jensen in the thigh. Firing did not last long. By daylight we had intrenchments thrown up

across the road. There was scattering firing during the forenoon.

Brigadier-General Otis directed me to move the 3.2-inch guns some 150 yards west into the field to clear some rifle pits. Three well-directed shrapnel stopped the insurgent fire.

Before the general advance in the afternoon we shelled the woods in front and to the right of us. We advanced with the line to a small church about 600 yards further. A heavy fire was opened from the insurgent trenches 600 yards away. I placed my 3.2-inch gun in the open street. Too much credit cannot be given the cannoneers, who worked the gun in a regular hail of bullets.

The Nordenfeldt was directed across the lagoon to the left, where it did excellent work in the insurgent rifle pits. When the fire became so heavy that my men could no longer work the gun effectively, the infantry made an advance, driving the insurgents from two lines of trenches, but they received orders to draw back 1000 yards because they were that far ahead of the line. On the morning of the 6th the lines moved forward to the intrenchment carried the day before without opposition. In the afternoon I moved my Nordenfeldt along the railroad track to the right of the blockhouse No. 1, where there was an excellent view of Caloocan station and a portion of the insurgent trenches. We fired a few shots only, and when night came were ordered to return with the guns. Tuesday, the 7th, I moved the Nordenfeldt by a circuitous route about a quarter of a mile to the right, where Captain Grant took command. February 8th I moved my gun some 200 yards beyond the bridge spanning a small stream and fortified in the road. About 11 p. m. there was some heavy firing some twenty minutes, in which I joined.

The next night, February 9th, was more quiet. I fired only three shots.

February 10th at 3:20 p. m. I joined in the bombardment of Caloocan, and at dusk, after the infantry had stopped

chasing the insurgents over a half mile beyond the town, I took my gun and train up to the firing line, and by 12:30 a. m. of the 11th had an embrasure and protection thrown up and moved my ammunition and stores back half a mile. After breakfast, the line where we were, being in the form of a V, it was drawn back half a mile. I was joined by Lieutenant Fleming of the Sixth Artillery with two guns, and together on a hill just west of the railroad track we built Fort MacArthur. We had to stop in the middle of our work and drop a few shells and shrapnel in the insurgent rifle pits to stop their disagreeable fire. At 11:30 a. m. Private C. S. Hill of my detachment was wounded in the back while sitting in the fort.

During the afternoon five men from Battery B with the 3.6 mortar joined us in the fort. The 12th was quiet. The forenoon of the 13th I was furnished a detail of twenty men by Colonel Funston of the Twentieth Kansas regiment to strengthen our fort and build its walls higher. We were nearly through when at 11:15 a. m. the insurgents opened a light volley on us. I was wounded in the calf of the right leg. The Mauser entered on the left side and ranged down to the right, down and back just enough to miss the bone and to make the wound slight. I was removed to the First Reserve Hospital, where I received every attention, and from which place I send the above detailed report.

I am, your most obedient servant,

GEO. A. SEAMAN,

Second Lieutenant Utah Light Artillery, U. S. V.

In Camp near Caloocan, P. I., February 14, 1899.

Major R. W. Young, Utah Light Artillery, Chief of Artillery, Second Division, Eighth Army Corps:

Sir:—I have the honor to submit the following report on the work done by my platoon of Light Battery D, Sixth Artillery (Dyer's) since I was ordered to join the division:

In obedience to the verbal instructions of my battery commander, my platoon, comprising two 3.2 field guns and a personnel of one officer and twenty-five enlisted men, two of whom belong to the Fourteenth Infantry and are attached to Light Battery D, Sixth Artillery, was put in readiness on the 9th inst. At 11:25 a. m. on the 10th I was personally directed by the commander of the division to proceed at once to Ayala bridge, where an aide would meet me and direct my movements. Infantry was to be there to assist in hauling the guns. Accordingly I left barracks at 11:55 a. m. The infantry had not yet arrived and by direction of Lieutenant Pegram Whitworth, Eighteenth Infantry, aide-de-camp to division commander, I moved on to Santa Cruz to Calle Dulumbayan. Upon reaching Calle Bilibid I was directed to await the arrival of the infantry, which reached that point some ten minutes later. From this infantry (First Idaho) a detail of twenty-eight men was made to assist the cannoneers in hauling the guns. At 1:25 p. m. the platoon reached the fork of the road leading to the Chinese church, where I was directed to halt and await orders. They came about half an hour later and were the written directions of the division commander to go forward with the bearer, Lieutenant Critchlow, Utah Light Artillery, who would direct me to my position, and as soon as my guns were in position to report to him at the Chinese church. The guns followed me and after looking at the position to which I was directed, I rejoined them and found that the infantry support was no longer with them, although the men detailed from it to assist in hauling the guns were still present. After leaving the main road it was found necessary to stop twice to corduroy, etc., yet the guns were in position and opened fire in less than four hours after leaving barracks. The difficulties attending their movement during the last mile were enormous.

The position selected for me was near blockhouse No. 1, just southwest of the railroad, in the trench occupied by part

of the First Montana Volunteer Infantry, and commanded the railroad towards Caloocan. The visible field of fire was limited to the railroad, the station of Caloocan and part of the railroad shed located near the station. Lieutenant Critchlow gave me the range of the sheds as 1700 yards and showed me the approximate position of an insurgent gun quite near them but not visible. He also informed me that the insurgents had a trench 200 yards nearer my position and on my left of the railroad.

About 3:20 p. m. Captain Sawtelle, A. Q. M., U. S. V., arrived and informed me that the Division Commander desired me to open fire as soon as possible and that I need not report to him as I had been directed. At 3:25 p. m. I opened fire with shell on the station at Caloocan and on the railroad shed nearest the track where I had been told the gun was located. The results were good and the range quickly established at 1600 yards. The insurgents made no response. Their gun (afterward found a little to the left of the designated position) was never fired. About 4:05 the infantry advanced and with it went the Montana company, whose commanding officer I had been informed was to act as my support, so that I was left with no support whatever.

Just before the advance I fired, very much at random and at close range, several shrapnel into the dense woods beginning about 250 yards in front. These shots, however, at least developed the position of the insurgents. The firing at once became general and I located the trench occupied by the insurgents on the left of the railroad. Two shots gave me its range as 1000 yards and one or two more silenced its fire. I then ceased firing at points nearer my position than the station, as our infantry was rapidly advancing, but continued to throw projectiles into the station and such of the adjacent buildings as could be seen from my position. Just at this time Captain Sawtelle again visited me and, informing me that the town of Caloocan extended for some considerable distance

beyond the station, directed me to throw shell and shrapnel beyond that point. This was at 4:30 p. m. At 4:40 I ceased firing and at 4:50 the most advanced of the infantry were observed at the station.

The Idaho detachment which had assisted in hauling the guns was attached to a Montana company when I was informed that a company of the First Montana Volunteer Infantry was to act as my support. These men advanced with the Montana regiment, and afterward rejoined their own regiment.

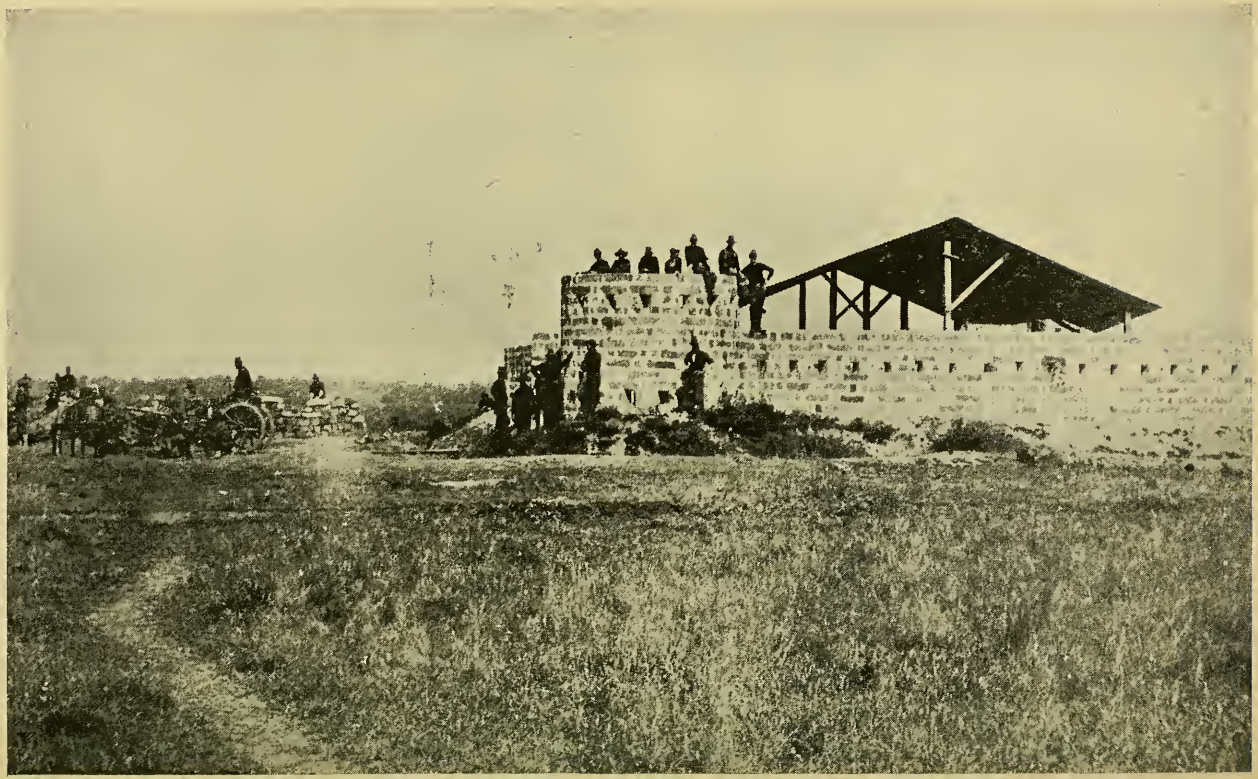
At 5:30 p. m., all firing having ceased, I reported to the Division Commander at the Chinese Church, and was directed by him to send an immediate request to the First Brigade Commander for a support. Upon my return to my platoon, I met the Chief of the Artillery of this Division, who instructed me to supplement my request for support with one for orders.

About 10 p. m. two companies of the First Idaho Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Major Figgins, arrived, and I received the Brigade Commander's orders to use my own judgment as to whether the guns should be moved forward at once or at daybreak. I considered the task impracticable in the darkness, and moved forward at a few minutes past 6 o'clock the following morning, finally taking the position now occupied by my platoon.

The thorough skill of the gunners, Sergeant Pharius, Corporal Miller and Acting Corporal Jones, all of Light Battery D, Sixth Artillery, is evidenced by the number of shots taking effect in the targets in the vicinity of the station of Caloocan. I counted twenty unmistakable hits—practically all the shots fired at them. In the trench above referred to were found the bodies of eight or ten insurgents, and infantry officers who saw them informed me that they were unmistakably the victims of shrapnel.

The ammunition again proved all that could be desired, yet it is remarkable that one building in which was stored a

OUR FAMOUS BATTERY BOYS.



UTAH ARTILLERY AT BLOCKHOUSE FROM WHICH INSURGENTS WERE DRIVEN, FEB. 5, 1899.

quantity of lumber, barrels, etc., which was struck by at least half a dozen shell that exploded in it, was not set on fire.

About 8:30 a. m. on the 11th inst. I received orders from the Brigade Commander to move my platoon forward to the firing line. This order reached me at Caloocan church, where I had been directed to halt and await further instructions. Upon arriving on the line, the Division Commander directed me to report to Captain Grant, Utah Light Artillery, who indicated to me the position my guns were to occupy. I at once began extending the epaulment, already commenced in front of a gun of the Utah Light Artillery by its commander, Second Lieutenant Seaman, Utah Light Artillery, so as to secure the greatest field of fire possible. This work has been strengthened from day to day until it is quite a formidable field fort. It was located in its present position in order to enable the Utah gun referred to to sweep the approach to Malabon, but for fire to the northeast and for more effective cover it is a little too far down the slope of the hill on which it is situated.

During the afternoon of the 11th inst. an annoying fire was kept up on the fort and adjacent trenches from the nearer suburbs of Malabon, but a few shrapnel from my two guns and Lieutenant Seaman's quickly silenced it.

I also endeavored to get the range to the Cathedral in Malabon, but it was found impossible to observe the effect of the shells from my position. Since then this range has been quite accurately determined, and I am of the opinion that the shells fired at the Cathedral fell a little short of it and beyond a large building about 500 yards this side of it, where their bursts could not be seen.

Several times small bodies of insurgents have annoyed us by long range firing, but one or two shrapnel has each time caused them to desist promptly. Yet a member of the Kansas Volunteer Infantry who was assisting in the construction of the fort was slightly wounded in the hip by it. Pri-

vate Hill of Lieutenant Seaman's section was struck in the back by a spent ball and slightly wounded, and yesterday morning Lieutenant Seaman was shot through the calf of the leg while superintending the strengthening of the work. I now have command of his guns as well as my own.

In addition to the three field guns referred to, there is a 3.6 mortar (field) under the immediate charge of Corporal Boshard, Battery B, Utah Light Artillery, located in the fort, and a 1.65 Hotchkiss occupies a position near the division headquarters, and is manned by men of my detachment. This gun commands an insurgent position of unknown character about 1800 yards distant on the railroad.

In the action of Friday last I had command of two guns and twenty-five cannoneers—ten of them being attached from the Fourteenth Infantry. The men were under a heavy fire for nearly an hour. At one side of the battery Captain Hill, First Montana Volunteer Infantry, was wounded within a few feet of the guns, and on the other side a wounded Corporal was shot a second time as he climbed the bank from the railroad some six feet from my left gun. Yet my command suffered no casualties.

All did their full duty and all did it promptly, accurately and well. Very respectfully,

(Signed) ADRAIN S. FLEMING,
Second Lieutenant Sixth Artillery.

De La Loma, near Manila, February 14, 1899.

Adjutant-General Department of the Pacific and Eighth Army Corps:

Sir:—I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken against the insurgents by Light Battery B, Utah Light Artillery, commencing on 4th inst.

At 10 p. m. February 4th, Major Young ordered me to send Second Lieutenant Seaman out on the Caloocan road with one 3.2 inch gun, and to take three 3.2 inch guns to

Bilibid prison, leaving two Nordenfeldt guns at the barracks. Having complied with this order I arrived at the Bilibid prison and was ordered to leave one gun there, and to proceed out Dulumbayan road with two guns. I reached the little cemetery, one hundred yards north of the Lazaro hospital, finding that our outpost had been drawn in to that point. I had the first section tear down two houses that obstructed our view and build an emplacement for their gun, and ordered First Lieutenant Critchlow to construct an emplacement for No. 2 gun in the field to the right of the cemetery.

With the exception of an occasional shot to keep down the enemy's fire, we waited for daylight, and having measured the exact distance of my field maps to the Chinese hospital, the Binondo church and graveyard, I opened fire and was not long in driving the enemy out of the above places. From my position one gun completely covered the advance of the Tenth Pennsylvania and Montana Infantry until they reached the cemetery. Then I limbered up and Sergeant Hines having arrived with No. 3 gun, I advanced with the three pieces. After going 300 yards the burning houses fired by infantry compelled me to wait about twenty minutes. Upon reaching the fork of the road I turned to the Chinese hospital and advanced 400 yards, where I was in plain view of our infantry in the flat to my left. Here we encountered a heavy infantry fire, gave the command action left and commenced firing at the Chinese and Japanese cemeteries. After firing about thirty minutes Major Bell reported some of our infantry in a close place beyond the Chinese hospital, and asked me to move up. This request I complied with, after sending First Lieutenant Critchlow out the Lico road with one gun to assist Col. Wallace, who had me ask for help.

I advanced with two guns 300 yards north of the Chinese hospital from which position the guns shelled the woods to the eastward across the front of our infantry, making it

possible for the right wing of the Tenth Pennsylvania and the South Dakotas to advance (as they did) with small loss in killed or wounded.

I then changed the direction of fire toward the Loma church and continued firing until our infantry was within two hundred yards of it. In the meantime First Lieutenant Critchlow had been shelling the cemetery further to the left with splendid results, his gun being planted on the Lico road.

As the Tenth Pennsylvania approached the church from in front and the South Dakotas from the east, I limbered up and moved forward, being joined by Lieutenant Critchlow at the Chinese church; continued to a point two hundred yards north of the above mentioned building, halted and shelled the woods to our left and in front of the Third United States Artillery and Twentieth Kansas, until ordered to cease firing by Major Young. I was then ordered to advance my three guns to the Loma cemetery. On the 9th inst. one Nordenfeldt and one section of my battery and one Nordenfeldt gun with fifteen men from Battery A were ordered up and placed in position to the left of the blockhouse No. 3. First Lieutenant J. F. Critchlow was placed in command of the platoon by my order.

Friday, the 10th, these five guns shelled the woods in front of the Kansas Infantry and also Caloocan, continuing the firing until compelled to cease by the advance of our infantry.

Yesterday, February 13th, I moved the two Nordenfeldt guns under command of Lieutenant Critchlow from blockhouse No. 3 to a position 1200 yards east of Loma church and in front of the left battalion South Dakota Infantry.

Corporal Peterson, who was shot through the leg on the 10th inst., is the only man with the above named sections who has been wounded.

First Lieutenant J. F. Critchlow, non-commissioned officers and men under my command deserve great credit, not

only for their fine gunnery but for the cheerful way in which they pulled their six-horse guns and ammunition to the front, part of the time under fire, and up hill, keeping up on the firing line. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) F. A. GRANT,
Captain and Brevet Major Commanding Battery.

In Camp near Blockhouse No. 5, Philippine Islands, February 15, 1899.

Major Young, Commanding Utah Light Battery:

Sir:—In obedience to your telegraphic instructions of February 14th, I have the honor to report upon operations to date.

On the night of February 4th at about 10:30 o'clock, in obedience to your order and in accordance with the pre-arranged plan, in case of an attack, I left Curatel Meisic, taking sections one and two of Battery A, consisting of about thirty men and seven non-commissioned officers, and proceeded to Sampaloo cemetery; the men taking with them blankets, ponchos and rations for about two days. These with the two hundred matting sacks were loaded upon the gun and limber; drag ropes were attached to the guns and they were hauled to the cemetery by our own men, the distance being approximately three miles. We came up with Company L, First Colorado, at the position known as the "Colorado Reserve," and followed in their rear to the cemetery. The gun of the second section was placed in position at the northeast corner of the cemetery within the wall, the gun of the first section on a line with it about two rods to the right and outside the wall, in order to command the country lying to the left. Sand bags were immediately filled and placed so as to afford some slight protection at No. 1 gun. At the time these positions were taken the heavy firing had ceased, and I received instructions from General Hale to retire with the guns to the reserve before daylight. About

3:30 o'clock Sunday morning, February 5th, the insurgents opened fire which was heavy and continuous for perhaps twenty minutes, but as the night was too dark to admit of sighting the guns or judging distance with any accuracy, their fire was not returned by us. At 4:45 we started to move No. 1 gun to the rear to the gate in the east wall of the cemetery. The noise apparently attracted the enemy's attention and they at once commenced firing heavily, and from that time on the firing was practically continuous until the close of the engagement at that point, about half past eight o'clock. After establishing No. 1 gun at the gate of the cemetery, the old Spanish earthworks there were strengthened somewhat by sandbags. Orders were then received from General Hale to hold our positions. At daylight we opened fire on blockhouse No. 5 and both guns were in action from that time until 8:30 o'clock. During the action No. 1 gun was moved inside the cemetery to a position about two rods to the left of No. 2 gun, and a portion of the cemetery wall knocked down to enable this gun to be used; this movement was made in order to gain command of the country to the left. Four companies of the Colorado Infantry occupied a position a little in front on a line with our guns to the right, and one company of the regiment and the South Dakota regiment a similar position on our left. The enemy occupied a deep slough or swale, a perfect natural protection and defense three hundred yards distant, and blockhouse No. 5 five hundred yards distant to our front; a native village and stone church three hundred yards distant on our right, and a strong position under large trees seven hundred yards distant on our left. Blockhouse No. 4 was about twelve hundred yards distant on our left. Our fire was directed mainly at the positions of the enemy at the trees, their line along the slough, blockhouse No. 5, and the stone church and native village, and some few shells were thrown at blockhouse No. 4. I think I can say our fire was effective, that it

caused large numbers of the enemy to retire from their positions during the engagement, and properly paved the way for the charge of the Colorados, which was made at half past eight o'clock.

After the enemy's position was taken by the Colorados, several shots were fired at blockhouse No. 4 and the trees before mentioned, prior to the advance of the South Dakota regiment.

We expended sixty-three rounds of ammunition, about equally divided between shrapnel and percussion shells. We had none of our detachment killed or wounded.

Of our men, each and all of them, I can speak in terms of highest praise; every duty was performed properly, cheerfully and well, and until the trees, stone church and native village were shelled they were out under a heavy cross fire from both the right and left, as well as under fire from front, all the time with no protection above the hips.

The charges of the Colorado troops was made under my personal observation, and of the judgment used and courage displayed by Colonel McCoy and his gallant officers and men, too much in the way of commendation cannot be said.

I desire to mention Shelby B. Cox, a hospital steward of the regular army stationed at Corregidor; he reported to me and joined our detachment on Calle Iris on our way to the cemetery. On the way out he procured bandages and other necessities. He remained with us until Monday morning, February 6th; throughout the engagement he was unremitting in his efforts to render aid to the wounded, exposing himself to heavy fire in the early part of the engagement, and following the charge of the Colorados across the open field.

On Monday, February 6th, at 1:30 p. m., together with all the Colorado regiment, we advanced to a point about three-quarters of a mile beyond blockhouse No. 5 to the point we now occupy. The guns are planted on the crest of the

hill about 150 yards distant from each other; one commanding the country to the north, the other to the east. Both are fairly well protected by earthworks. We have shelter tents, a comfortable camp and plenty of good water. We have on hand 96 shrapnel, 162 percussion shell, 216 charges of powder. I have at this point twenty-eight men and six non-commissioned officers; at blockhouse No. 7 First Sergeant Nystrom, Corporal Rogers and two enlisted men in response to your telegram to Captain Grant this morning by him forwarded to me. I have detailed Corporal Hesburg to instruct infantrymen in the use of the Hotchkiss gun at the "Deposito," at which place he now is. I have on hand sufficient transportation to move me a short distance with the exception of one bull. (I have the cart.) If a move is to be made over a rough country, I would like for that purpose at least two bulls and carts, preferably four. Respectfully,

(Signed) E. A. WEDGWOOD,
Captain Commanding Battery A, Utah Artillery.

Waterworks, February 13, 1899.

Major R. W. Young, Commanding Utah Volunteer Artillery, Caloocan, Philippine Islands:

Sir:—In accordance with your telegram of this date I have the honor to report the following operations of the third platoon of Light Battery A, Utah Volunteer Artillery, from February 4th to date.

At the call to arms the guns were immediately placed in the positions assigned to them on McLeod's hill. The rest of the night was spent in digging gun pits and building breastworks—most of the time under infantry fire.

My orders were to open fire as soon as I could find anything to open fire on.

At daylight Sunday the enemy opened a heavy rifle fire, and a few minutes later they began to fire with two cannon—supposed to be smooth bores. The cannon fire was quickly

silenced (later it was found that the gun on the San Juan bridge was dismounted and the carriage smashed).

Later in the morning the other gun opened up again but was soon silenced. Infantry fire was seen coming from several large buildings. The shell fire was directed against all of these and the enemy's fire ceased.

Shrapnel fire was then sent against the San Juan bridge and several other places along the line of the enemy where the fire seemed heavy. I was then directed to shell blockhouse No. 7. About ten percussion shell were fired at it, all seeming to take effect.

In this action the platoon fired: Shrapnel, 23; percussion shell, 58. Loss: Killed, Gunner Corporal John Young and Cannoneer W. T. Goodman. Wounded: None.

At 9 p. m. received orders to move to the Deposito; arrived there about 11 p. m. At 1:30 p. m., Monday, advanced with the command consisting of the First Nebraska and Second Platoon Light Battery A to the waterworks. During this advance the artillery was with the skirmish line and opened fire three times on the road and once on the waterworks.

The Artillery was then ordered into position on the hill near the stone blockhouse. At sundown General Hale ordered the village of Mariquina shelled. About eight shells were thrown into it.

On this day the platoon fired: Shrapnel, 21; percussion, 20; total, 41. Loss: None.

Since that time no change has been made in the location of the platoon and no firing has been done.

All the enlisted men behaved splendidly under fire, and at all times did their duty to the very best of their ability.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) WILLIAM C. WEBB,
Second Lieutenant Utah Volunteer Artillery, Commanding Platoon.

Waterworks, February 15, 1899.

Major R. W. Young, Commanding Utah Artillery, U. S. V.:

Sir:—In compliance with your message of 14th inst. I have the honor to report the operations engaged in by that part of the battalion placed in my charge. On the 4th inst. was left in charge of barracks. On the morning of the 5th but two sections remained in quarters, section four of Battery A and section six of Battery B. By your orders at 8:45 a. m. these two sections were ordered to report to Colonel Stotsenburg, First Nebraska, U. S. V. I took command of the two detachments and arrived at the First Nebraska at 9:45 and reported to Colonel Stotsenburg, who immediately advanced the platoon towards the San Juan bridge. The Tennessee regiment was ordered to support us but failed to come up on time; the Colonel asked me if I would advance without them; I replied that I could defend my own front if he would place a few men on the flanks. This arrangement being satisfactory, the platoon advanced at double time under a severe infantry fire, taking position on the bridge. We opened fire on the enemy and fired advancing until the enemy broke and the infantry charged, driving them out of that vicinity. We advanced to the storage station of the waterworks where Brigadier-General Hale took command and placed the platoon in position four hundred yards beyond the station. We remained in position until 5 p. m., when the platoon was ordered to return to the station for the night. I was ordered to return to the position occupied by Lieutenant Webb on McLeod's hill and informed him to report with his platoon to the waterworks immediately. Lieutenant Webb arrived at 11 p. m. and packed his pieces with mine.

February 6, 1899—Did not move until the following order was promulgated by Colonel Stotsenburg:

Extract (C.) "The Artillery will advance between the Second and Third Battalions, First Nebraska."

Immediately on receipt of the above order the two platoons took position in the order prescribed, you in person taking command of the artillery. We had proceeded but a short distance when the insurgents opened fire on our troops. All four guns took position and opened fire on the insurgents, who shortly retired. The advance was resumed; Lieutenant Webb's platoon went forward, I remaining in position to cover the advance until you notified me to advance and resume my position in column. Action was resumed at intervals, firing and advancing until the blockhouse above the pumping station was reached, where we took position, and under direction of Brigadier-General Hale bombarded the village across the San Mateo river. Rested on arms until daylight when a large body of insurgents were seen moving towards Pasig. We fired two shots with 3.2-inch piece by order of Major Mulford. They showing white flags, ceased firing.

February 7, 1899—By direction of field orders No. 3, the following will be the disposition of First Nebraska and Utah Battery:

First—Two platoons, Lieutenants Gibbs and Webb, Utah Battery, will build gun banks at place indicated.

By verbal order of Colonel Stotsenburg the work was discontinued at noon. Rested on arms until the 8th at 3 p. m. Received orders to maintain lookout, keep two days' travel rations on hand and complement of ammunition.

February 9th—Ordered by Colonel Stotsenburg to cover his line while scouting on the east side of the river. Prepared ford for crossing pieces.

February 10th and 11th—Rested on arms.

February 12th—Colonel Stotsenburg gave verbal order to have platoon of rapid-fire guns ready for an immediate arvance in case his reconnoitering party was fired on. Detachments lay by the pieces from 10 p. m. until 3 a. m. of the 13th inst.

February 13th and 14th—Strengthened gun emplacements. Rested on arms.

Casualties: None with my detachments.

Very Respectfully,

GEORGE W. GIBBS,

First Lieutenant Utah U. S. V.

Note.—The copy of this report from which the foregoing pages were prepared was loaned to the editor by Governor Wells and has been copied verbatim, literatim et punctuatim.

CHAPTER XV.

BATTLE OF LA LOMA.

Whatever may be the criticism made in regard to the failure to pursue the flying insurgents after their disastrous defeat on February 5th, little fault can be found with the campaign which the commanding General planned and executed for the movement on Malolos.

Mr. John T. McCutcheon, the staff correspondent of the Chicago Record, has given an account of the transactions of the week which General Otis had allotted for the capture of the "rebel capital," which is so brilliant and accurate that it is worthy of a place in permanent history. He writes:

"Our army had been waiting a long time for the movement. The soldiers were eager and impatient to be on the march. Our trenches were a mile beyond Caloocan and ran in a zigzag line to the Chinese cemetery near La Loma and on to the water deposito at Santolan. For weeks the soldiers had sweltered in the trenches waiting for the time to come when they could climb out into the open and assail the insurgents in the long screen of bamboo a mile to the north. Every day there was a little shooting, but nothing approaching a serious fight had taken place. The Kansas troops played baseball behind their earthworks and the insurgents shot at them. Occasionally the game would be interrupted long

enough for a couple of volleys or a shrapnel shell just as a reminder, but the game would be resumed almost immediately.

"English naval officers from the 'Powerful' visited the trenches and looked with amazement at the reckless daring of our troops. But weeks of this inactivity bred impatience and every soldier wanted the order to start in. They didn't care whether there were 3000 or 30,000 insurgents peeping over the trenches before them, just so the mysterious delay at headquarters would end, and the commanding officers give the word for the charge. They felt that a desperate struggle awaited them the moment they rose from their trenches and moved out in the broad open paddy (rice) fields which lay between the two forces.

"The second division, under General MacArthur, which guarded the north of Manila and numbered over 10,000 men, was to attempt to pen the insurgent force at some point where it would be powerless to flee and where it would have to make a decisive stand. The plan contemplated a decisive battle, and it was thought that this could be arranged at Polo, a strong insurgent position about twelve miles north of Manila. The First and Second Brigades, under Brigadier-Generals Otis and Hale, were to swing in a long sweep like a giant arm, with Loma church as its axis, folding the insurgents into Polo and preventing their retreat to the eastward and northward. Then the Third Brigade, under General Wheaton, would advance from the south and by a joint attack from the south and east, with support from the river gunboats on the west, the insurgents would be trapped. The first object of the movement was to capture the main force of the insurgent army. The second was the taking of Malolos, the Filipino capital. The first and prime object was doomed to fail, but the second was accomplished after six and a half days of magnificent fighting, which included such gallant battles as took place at the Tuliahan bridge, the swimming of rivers under heavy fire, the bloody advance across the field at Polo,

the charge of the Nebraskans through San Francisco del Monte, the taking of Malinta, the deadly ambush at Guiguinto bridge and many other superb exhibitions of reckless courage.

"On March 23rd and 24th every man that could be spared from Manila was hurried on to the front. Fresh rations were distributed, wagon trains got in readiness, hospital and ambulance corps stationed back of the lines, and the hurry of final preparations was apparent everywhere."

The special report of Major Young upon the action of the 25th is given in its entirety without any corrections or alterations of any kind:

Headquarters Utah Light Artillery,
Manila, June 4, 1899.

Assistant Adjutant-General, Headquarters Second Division, San Fernando, P. I.:

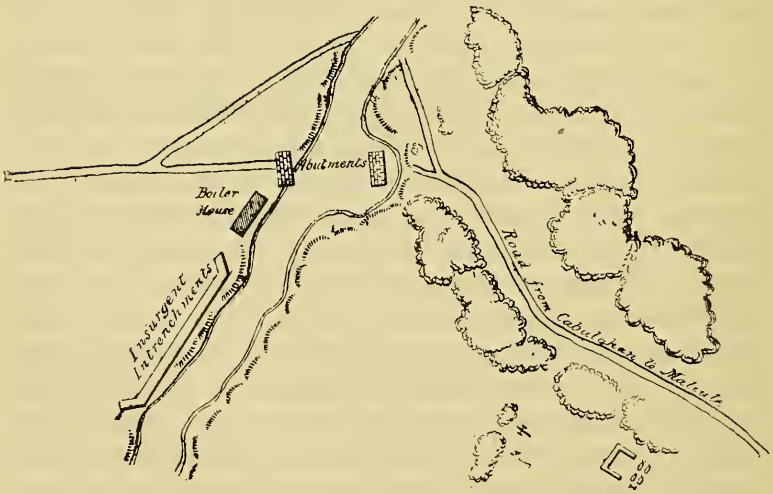
Sir:—Pursuant to telegraphic instructions from the Division Commander, I have the honor to submit the following supplementary and more extended report on the action at the road crossing on the Tuliahan river March 25, 1899.

The General, accompanied by his staff, a platoon of Battery B, Utah Artillery, under First Lieutenant John F. Critchlow, a platoon of Light Battery D, Sixth United States Artillery, under command of Second Lieutenant Adrian S. Fleming, Sixth Artillery (both platoons being under my command as chief of artillery of the division), and troop of the Fourth United States Cavalry, under command of Major Rucker, had halted temporarily at a small church on the road from Cabalahan to Malinta to enable the General to re-establish his lines, the component regiments of which having temporarily failed on account of the density of the timber and undergrowth to keep in close touch with each other. Lieutenant Whitworth of the staff had been sent forward along the road with a message having this purpose in view and was

fired on by a party of insurgents intrenched at the river crossing.

Having reported this to the General, the latter sent forward a detachment of dismounted cavalrymen from Troop — under Captain Wheeler and Lieutenant Batson. The detachment advanced in skirmish order and was soon heard to be heavily engaged. After the firing had continued for about a half hour, Major J. F. Bell, U. S. V., who had gone forward with the detachment for the purpose of observation, sent an orderly back to the General asking for reinforcements. The former stated that no other troops were then available, but on my request to take a gun with Lieutenant Davis's automatic gun to the front, the General directed the orderly to ask Major Bell to report whether these guns could be used. The latter rode up at the time for the purpose of requesting that a gun be sent to the aid of the hard-pressed soldiers.

In order that this report may the more easily be understood, I will undertake to make the following rough sketch of the scene of action:



The banks of the Tuliahan river where intersected by the road were from fifteen to twenty feet in perpendicular height. The abutments of a former bridge remained, one on either bank of the river; but a very steep and sidelong road, passable only for light caromattas and little used, crossed the chasm a few rods above the dismantled bridge. The Filipinos had made a strong breastwork of stones and earth on the right abutment, and had so arranged a heavy steel bridge beam over the top of the breastwork as to leave a continuous loop-hole or slot from which the opposite approaches might easily be commanded. Adjacent to this approach, and just below it in the stream, was a boiler and engine house, said to be the pumping station for the Malabon or Polo waterworks. With a few feet interval, still lower in the stream, began a field-work of semi-permanent character, about 200 feet in length along the river. The exterior and interior slopes were sustained by bamboo wickerwork. A slot about six inches in vertical height at the interior slope and flaring to about eighteen inches at the exterior ran from end to end. Above was a layer of earth about two feet in thickness sustained by bamboo flooring.

Upon receiving the order to take the guns, I instructed Lieutenant Critchlow to order his leading piece forward, and for Lieutenant Davis to come. Advancing a few hundred yards we came to the top of a small hill on the other slope of which the bullets were falling thickly. Halting the guns until the ground might be reconnoitered, I rode forward with Major Bell. No available position could be found near the crest of the hill, and we rode well forward to the bottom of the hill, where I selected a position which commanded an excellent view of the intrenchment across an open field and furnished a slight screen of underbrush in a row of bamboos for the guns and personnel and a ruined stone foundation as shelter for the mules.

The enemy's work was scarcely 100 yards distant. While

selecting the site Captain Sawtelle appeared on the ground and remained with the detachment until the enemy was dislodged.

The guns were brought down by Lieutenants Critchlow and Davis at a rapid gait. A bamboo fence was cut through and the 3.2-inch rifle run in and unlimbered near the stone foundation and the mules speedily placed under cover. The piece was run forward by hand through the rough intervening space, obstructed by banana trees and other plants, to a position behind the screen.

Under my instruction the 3.2-inch rifle was loaded with percussion shell and both it and the Colt's automatic were directed to aim at the slot in the hostile fieldwork. Firing was opened simultaneously and was continued as rapidly as possible on the part of the field piece and continuously by the Colt's until the former had discharged three shots, when the enemy was seen to be evacuating the intrenchment. We then followed them up the hill with shrapnel and the automatic gun fire, with apparent telling effect. After our first shots the insurgents, who had been pouring a murderous fire into the woods with a view of controlling the road, redoubled their exertions and apparently devoted their chief attention to our position, which, on account of our using smokeless powder, they could not definitely locate, but which, on account of the nearness of the explosion of our guns, they were able accurately to approximate. The bullets fell in a storm at and around our position, but fortunately, almost miraculously, in view of the absence of bullet-proof cover, no one was hit.

At Major Bell's information that the enemy still remained in the engine house and bridge head, we limbered the gun and ran it to a position near the cavalry, where these positions were visible. One shell was fired into the boiler house and the remnants of the defending force dislodged.

The cavalry, when I first saw them, occupied a position

scarcely seventy-five yards from the enemy. This is the position which I understood they had occupied from the beginning of the engagement.

An inspection of the works showed that two of our shells had struck the floor of the slot, exploding at the interior face with disastrous results, and that the third had struck the exterior face but had failed to perforate the wall, which was about ten feet in thickness. The effectiveness of the cavalry fire may be judged by the fact that the steel beam referred to, forming a gap to the bridge-head, which was about twenty feet in length and eighteen inches in height, was struck by no less than ninety Krag-Jorgensen carbine bullets.

If I may be permitted, I desire to commend as worthy of special recognition for bravery and efficiency Major Bell, Captains Wheeler and Sawtelle and Lieutenants Critchlow, Batson and Davis.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. W. YOUNG,

Major Commanding Utah Light Artillery, Chief of Artillery.

Mr. McCutcheon resumes:

"On the evening of March 27th Manila was almost deserted. The word had passed that the action would begin at daybreak on the following morning. General MacArthur was at Loma church with his staff and the brigade commanders were at their places.

"Along the northern limits of the churchyard ran the American earthworks, with occasional emplacements for artillery, and across the open field beyond, screened by bamboo, runs the first of the insurgent trenches.

"When daylight came it came with a rush. Everything was in readiness and everybody was waiting the boom over on the right that was to mark the beginning. The Kansas troops were in the trenches on either side of La Loma, with the Third Artillery on their left. To the right of the Kansas

and extending away over to the extreme right were the following regiments in the order named: First were Colonel Kessler's Montana men, then Colonel Hawkins's Pennsylvanians, then Colonel Frost's South Dakotas, and on the extreme right Colonel Stotsenberg's Nebraska troops. Between the Nebraskas and the South Dakotas were the Fourth Cavalry acting as support, while General Wheaton's brigade, consisting of the Twenty-second regulars, the Second Oregon volunteers and part of the Third Infantry, were in the trenches to the extreme left. The last named brigade was not intended to advance with the first movement, but were to be held in reserve to protect the trenches. Two guns of the Utah battery under Lieutenant Critchlow were posted just in front of Loma church, and two guns of the Sixth Artillery under Lieutenant Fleming were away to the right. Major Young of the Utah battery was in command of the entire artillery force.

THE ADVANCE.

"Soon after daylight a line of brown figures came from the clump of trees along the trench to the right of the church and advanced slowly out into the open. At about the same time the Kansas and Third Artillery were seen deploying out into the open. Away off to the right came the sound of one of our heavy guns, and a moment or so afterward the rattle of Springfields in the bamboo groves that screened the first movements of the extreme right from those who watched on the breastworks at Loma. A thin haze of smoke rose from the treetops, and the regular sound of volleys became general along the right. During the first few minutes the insurgent trenches remained quiet, and the long line of the Third and Kansas and Montanas had advanced nearly half-way across the open before there came the sound of the popping Mausers. A continuous line now extended entirely across the field, a

line nearly two miles long, every man separated from his neighbor by at least three paces. The right had reached the open, but the Nebraskas were still further beyond. The volleys had become incessant, and a long gray haze hung over the firing line. Over in the bamboos that marked the enemy's position the answering fire was steady and deadly, and there appeared gaps in our firing line and the hospital corps, with their Chinese litter-bearers, were carrying off heavy burdens from the wake of the advancing column of brown figures.

"There was no impetus rush or charge. Our advance was more like the slow, remorseless moving of the tide, unswerving, implacable and terrifying. When those fearful volleys came from the hidden enemies ahead, a dozen gaps would appear, but the line went onward, neither faster nor slower, but just as resolute and relentless as before.

"This advance from the trenches, extending from Loma church, was one of the grandest exhibitions of courage one could ever see. The admiration which I may have felt for the American soldier before this morning was increased to a degree of wild enthusiasm. What the insurgents must have thought when they saw that giant skirmish line stretching across the fields and coming toward them with a grim determination which their volleys and volleys of Mauser bullets could not even momentarily stay, can be imagined.

OCCASIONALLY WOULD HALT AND FIRE.

"Occasionally one of our regiments would halt and fire and then go on. Along the line there were volleys running back and forth, as the various companies paused and fired, so that the crashes were almost incessant. Away over on the right it could be seen that the troops were almost to the rebel trenches. With the sound of the musketry came sounds of cheering. How that noise makes the blood leap in battle! It is said the Filipinos are stricken with terror when our men

begin to cheer,* and those cheers that came across the broad paddy fields told that our soldiers were chasing the insurgents from the trenches. Directly in front of Loma church the rebels were sticking to their earthworks with desperation. Their trenches at this place ran with the direction of the tress, which gave them a V shape. It was here that the Third Artillery met such a terrific cross-fire from the front. For nearly 2000 yards this superb body of men marched under a withering fire, but they never paused to answer it. It was not until they had approached to within 600 yards that they opened up, and the accuracy of their fire drove the insurgents out of their positions and sent them rushing back to the next line of defenses. But the Third had suffered fearfully. They lost thirty-four killed and wounded in that advance, which was nearly 10 per cent of their whole number, but they won a proud record for bravery and discipline."

POLO.

Next day the advance to Molinta was made in single column along the road. The heat was fearful, not a breath of air stirring in those dry, stifling bamboo thickets. When the edge of the woods was reached the silent brown figures noiselessly took their places on the firing line. The hush of the grave hung over the thicket. In front stretched a wide field across which could be seen the figures of the Tagalos. Suddenly the rattle of Mauser bullets among the dry bamboos announced that the Americans were discovered.

The same eyewitness continues:

"The Kansas men deployed out to the right and then the Third Artillery pushed out of their curtain of foliage and began one of those slow, relentless walks across the open. Then

*Already attention has been called to the fact that the aim of the insurgents was to terrify by noise. This is characteristic of all savage and semi-savage people. In their battles with the blacks the British find ground-rockets more effective than bullets.

the Kansas men started out, and with the long line of men stretching for nearly a mile along our front the Americans swept across the field in the face of a continuous chorus of Mausers.

"It was another Loma charge, although not quite so extensive. Then our men began firing volley after volley, as the distance between them and the insurgents diminished. The artillery was hurried forward—the woods were reached and the troops charged into them. Beyond the woods the great field surrounding Malinta and Polo unfolded to view. To the northward was Polo station, and hundreds of insurgents could be seen taking positions around it and retreating toward it from the woods where we now were. Malinta lay before us along the road on which we were, the old church which surmounts the rise looking grim and suggesting resistance of desperation. Major Young shelled the Polo railway station at a range of 3000 yards, and we could see the shells sending up great clouds of dust in the midst of the hurrying figures of the enemy. Then our firing line came into view on the right, advancing toward the path of the Utah shells. Then the rush began for Malinta. Dead and wounded insurgents were found here and there, telling a grim story of the effects of Krags and Springfields.

"Up from the south came General Wheaton with his brigade. There were heavy bomb-proof intrenchments along the railway track, these guarding the southern approach to Malinta and the fields lying to the south. A desperate fire had greeted the appearance of the Twenty-second regulars as they charged these trenches, and Colonel Egbert of that command was killed in the outset by a rifle bullet. Trench after trench had to be charged before reaching Malinta. The rebels held out splendidly, reserving their fire until the Americans were close upon them, and then pouring out an extremely hot fire and continuing the fire until the bayonets were within a few yards of them, when they broke and ran.

A number were captured and nearly 100 were killed. The insurgents then retreated to Malinta, and, panic-stricken, fled to the north toward Polo, three miles away.

"After a long consultation an advance was ordered. Reconnoitering parties had found strong earthworks just beyond the Polo railway station. The station had been burned, either by the insurgents when they retired or by one of the shells from the Utah gun. The railway takes a sudden turn to the right from Polo station. An open field about two miles long runs from Malinta to beyond the station and the trees which mark its northern limits strike the track in such a way that a sort of V-shaped wedge is formed. Across this V, reaching from the railway to the trees, was a heavy line of earthworks nearly 200 yards long. The insurgents were intrenched there in considerable numbers waiting the Americans. The right wing of the firing line, composed of the Montanas, Pennsylvanias, South Dakotas and Nebraskas, were ordered to take this trench. The action was entirely on the right of the railway track. The Third Artillery and Kansas troops were on the left.

"The advance and capture of this position was splendid work. The British Consul, Mr. Ramsden, who watched the charge, was wild with enthusiasm and admiration.

" 'Magnificent, magnificent. Listen to those volleys. See, they're never stopping.'

"But the rebels' fire, hot as it was, was not enough to stop the men who charged them. The line went on, delivering volley for volley, never pausing until they had jumped on the earthworks and taken the trench. The rebels fled to the woods to the right and were escaping in the cover of shelter. Our troops waded in after them, chasing them off to the north. Again there were those rousing cheers that had marked the charge of the first day's opening fight.

"Polo, to the left of the track, was burning, filling the sky with gigantic volumes of smoke and roaring and cracking

with the explosion of bamboo. The fire expands the air in the bamboo, and when the expansion becomes great enough the bamboo bursts with a loud pop that sounds something like a Mauser report.

"The firing line did not pause long at Polo, but kept pushing onward after the insurgents. The Kansas troops and Third Artillery came up and occupied the captured trenches at Polo, acting as reserve, while the rest of the firing line advanced. The rebels were driven back to the Meycauayan river, which they crossed and made a stand on the north side of the stream. They tried desperately to prevent the railway bridge being taken and put up a desperate fight.

"The insurgents held their ground as long as possible, but the infantry fire and the shells of the artillery finally drove them out, and our troops crossed the river, some swimming and others going over the bridge. A great many insurgents were killed there. Thirteen were found in one bunch near the bridge, and many others lying in bunches all along the position where the rebels had made their stand."

On the bloody field of Polo ninety dead bodies of the enemy lay. It was a magnificent victory, but it had cost dearly—thirty-nine dead and 277 wounded. Beneath the shadows of a Christian church lay the corpses of the men who had crossed half a world to die for the salvation of those who slew them.

CHAPTER XVI.

CALOOCAN.

(By First Lieutenant George W. Gibbs, Battery A, U. S. V.)

ADVANCE OF THE AMERICAN FORCES AND BOMBARDMENT OF MALABON, MARCH 23, 1899.

I received orders to proceed on the following day from Balic Balie, where I had been stationed with the First platoon of Battery A, to Caloocan, and there relieve Lieutenant Fleming of the Sixth Artillery with his two guns. I arrived at Caloocan about 6 p. m. of the 23rd and was saluted by a hot rifle fire from the insurgent infantry, wounding one of my Chinese litter bearers, before we could get under cover. I halted the command in rear of the Caloocan church and proceeded alone to Fort MacArthur to find the best route to approach the fort. Under cover of darkness I moved the guns quietly to the position ordered, Lieutenant Fleming vacating at the same time.

On the 24th I made everything secure as possible and was informed that the advance would be made on the following day. Was directed by Major Young to receive orders direct from General Wheaton, who instructed me as to when to open fire. I had the two guns, 3.2 of Battery A, one 3.2 of Battery B, one 3.6 mortar with detachment of Battery B, one Hotchkiss revolving cannon commanded by Corporal Dusenberry. About 2 o'clock that night the insurgents in the direction of Malabon opened up by firing

some Chinese bombs, following the discharge with loud yells and volleys from their Mausers. We paid no attention as the instructions were not to bring on an engagement unless they should advance. The insurgents kept up their fireworks about an hour when the firing ceased. Our men were up early the next morning getting their coffee and breakfast and making ready for the day's work. They had just finished when firing commenced on our extreme right. I could hear Naylor's and Critchlow's guns and as that was my signal to commence work in Fort MacArthur, the gun detachments fell in and I gave the order to load. The command was to "fire by battery," and when the guns went off the insurgents thought we had blown up our fort and jumped on their trenches and yelled. The next discharge of the pieces made them realize that the Americanos were doing business and they disappeared from sight; but commenced a hot rifle fire into our embrasures. About this time the mortar was making it very uncomfortable in their works and they began to move out, which subjected them to a hot shrapnel fire from our guns. The advance was ordered and the Oregons on my left and the Kansas on my right went over the entrenchments and commenced to advance. At this time General Wheaton instructed me to bombard the barricades on the Malabon road where the insurgents were delivering a withering Mauser fire. Sergeant Kneass and Corporal Backman placed some excellent shots which caused the fire to cease. I was then directd to bombard Malabon, which was done until the insurgents ceased operating at that place. The advance having met with resistance at the railroad bridge, General Wheaton sent for two guns, which were forwarded with Lieutenant Seaman in charge; also directed Corporal Dusenberry to report with his Hotchkiss detachment to the Oregon regiment. They were in action under a hot fire but soon caused the insurgents to retire; remaining in position over night, they were ordered to return to Fort MacArthur the

next day. The morning of the 26th the insurgents fired their barricades, burned the greater part of Malabon and evacuated that town, which was immediately garrisoned by the Fourth infantry. Our guns remained at Fort MacArthur, supported by the Third and Fourth Infantry until ordered to San Fernando in June.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARILAO.

The third day of the advance on Malolos, March 27th, opened still and hot, like those which had preceded it. Resitsance was met with all along but the event of the day was the battle of the Marilao. Finding the enemy entrenched in force in front of them the South Dakotas proceeded to clear them out. "How the Dakotas dashed into the teeth of those trenches is a matter of history which ought to make South Dakota forever proud of this regiment." The Third Artillery were warmly engaged on the left firing with their Krag-Jorgensens across the Marilao river. At 3 p. m. the river was still uncrossed. Captain Bell and five men of the Third Artillery were engaging a large force of the enemy on the opposite bank all by themselves. The Kansas boys far down the river were infilading the foe. The Utah guns were throwing in shells, the Colt gun was getting in great work, the Kansas men were firing in on their flank and the artillery and Pennsylvanians were a few yards in front, keeping up an incessant fire. Retreat was impossible. In a very short time a small boy appeared on the rebel side of the river with a white flag. Twenty-three rebels gave themselves up and several corpses were found in the trenches, with four very badly wounded men.

This was the first instance where a rebel force had surrendered. A little further down the river Colonel Funston,

with the Kansas boys, was busy with another force of Filipinos, who were making a strong resistance.

Then followed a thrilling incident which must have astonished the natives, which is related as follows by Mr. McCutcheon:

"The Colonel noticed a raft moored on the rebel side of the river, evidently used by the rebels in shifting their troops back and forth, and asked for volunteers to swim across under fire and bring the raft, in order to effect a landing in the face of the enemy. Lieutenant Hardy and two of company H stripped and swam across with a rope, which they tied to the raft, and, in spite of the enemy's fire, they brought the raft back to the American side of the river, and thence to and fro until the regiment had crossed. Colonel Funston counted thirty-six rebels killed or so badly wounded as to be unable to move".

The Americans crossed the river and took positions on the north side along the railroad and in woods to the right. Everything seemed quiet; the town of Marilao had been set on fire by the insurgents and there seemed little likelihood of immediate hostilities. The boys started in promptly chasing pigs and chickens for supper and began lighting their camp fire. Then followed a unique incident; for the first time the enemy attempted to charge in the open. Evidently they had grown weary of hiding in their trenches, being charged and running away, and either supposed there was some occult magic in the American method of making war, or had been persuaded to try the experiment by their leaders. About 5:30 p. m. they emerged from the woods, two miles to the north, formed a line about a mile long and began to advance a la Americano. Just as they reached the middle of the field opposite the Third Artillery, who were replying to their volleys, the Nebraskas broke from the thicket on the enemy's left and started at them with a yell. In the meantime the Montana and Kansas men had crossed on pontoons

and were advancing on the enemy's left. In a minute more they broke wildly and scampered back.

This settled it and the boys resumed their pig-catching after the slight interruption.

The following special report of Major Young details the account of the batteries:

Headquarters Second Division Eighth Army Corps, Office of Chief of Artillery, Manila, June 10, 1899.

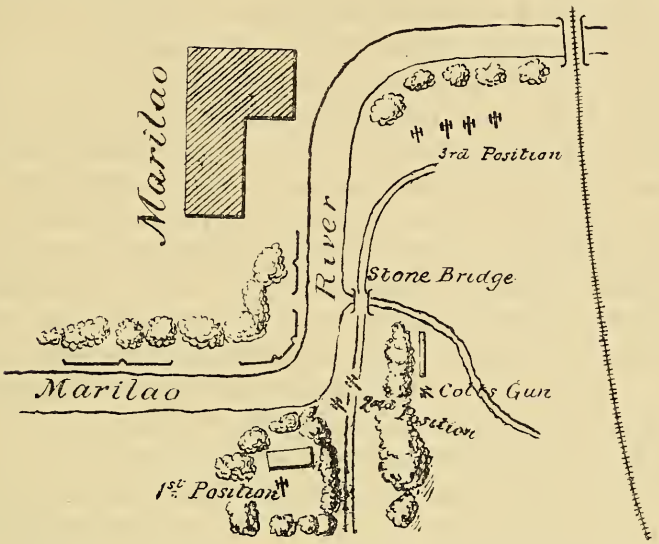
Assistant Adjutant-General, Headquarters Second Division:

Sir:—Having been requested by the Division Commander to furnish him a special report on the use of the artillery in the engagement at Marilao, I have the honor to submit the following:

"On the morning of April 27, 1899, I was ordered to take position with the artillery in the advance from Meycauayan to Marilao, immediately in rear of the leading battalion of the Kansas regiment. The artillery under my command at that time consisted of one platoon of Battery B, Utah Light Artillery under command of Lieutenant John F. Critchlow, one platoon of Dyer's Light Battery Sixth Artillery, under command of Lieutenant Adrian S. Fleming, and one Colt's automatic gun, under command of Lieutenant Cleland Davis, U. S. N. The advance was ordered at about 11 a. m. We proceeded along the wagon road about 500 yards in rear of the Kansas battalion, which moved out in column of fours, but was soon afterward deployed to the left of the road. The other battalions of the Kansas regiment were immediately in our rear in column. We had moved forward less than a mile when the infantry engaged with the enemy 800 or 1000 yards to our front. I rode forward with Lieutenant Davis to reconnoiter the ground with a view to ascertaining if the guns could not advantageously be employed. Upon reaching the rear guard we dismounted, leaving our horses in the timber and walked out into the open field in search of Colonel Funston or the other officer in command. The battalion was

entirely deployed and engaged quite actively with the enemy entrenched on the other side of the Marilao river. Some of our troops advanced to the bank of the stream and found it to be deep and unfordable, and without bridges or boats. Major Metcalf, then in command brought his battalion back a distance of five or six hundred yards and withdrew them under cover, having suffered a number of casualties during the advance. Meanwhile Colonel Funston appeared and a consultation followed as to the best means of carrying the position. He stated that he believed he might be able to get possession of several rafts which had been seen on the opposite side of the river if the insurgent fire could be kept down while making the attempt. I told him I would order Lieutenant Davis with the automatic gun to a position on the road as near the enemy's trenches as practicable if he would detail a company to assist. The offer was immediately accepted, and Captain ———— was ordered to perform the duty. Lieutenant Davis with his detachment and gun immediately proceeded up the road and with a platoon of Captain ————'s company crept into a very secure position, screened by vegetation and protected by the raised roadbed from the enemy's trenches not more than seventy-five yards distant across the stream. Major Metcalf's battalion was immediately deployed and advanced to a renewal of the attack. I went forward to look for a gun position and found and advantageous location under a native hut, which commanded a full view of the trenches scarcely sixty yards away, with a slight screen of vegetation but entirely without protection. I immediately sent orders to Lieutenant Critchlow to bring up one of his guns, leaving the mules well under cover down the road. The order was promptly complied with and the gun was run into the position selected, the limber being left in the road hidden from the view of the enemy by the trees along the roadway."

The following is a rough sketch from memory of the scene of action:



"I instructed Lieutenant Critchlow to fire as rapidly as consistent with accurate aiming at the trenches on the opposite bank of the river with both shell and shrapnel, and to devote some attention to the open country, slight glimpses of which could be gotten through the trees bordering the stream. The insurgent trench, though but a comparatively short distance away, was scarcely visible, being dug into the ground and the dirt therefrom scattered over the adjoining space without at any time raising it into a conspicuous parapet. The Colt's Automatic gun and the platoon of infantry were vigorously employed during our firing and served to make the enemy extremely inaccurate in aim. The fire being kept down so successfully I sent back ordering up one of Lieutenant Fleming's pieces, but was informed soon afterward that Major Bell, who had been upon the ground previously, had upon his own responsibility ordered a second gun of Lieutenant Critchlow's platoon forward. Upon its arrival

both guns were run into the road and forward beyond the intervening timber to the bank of the river where several shots were directed at the insurgent trench at the point of the river directly opposite and from forty to fifty yards distant. After three or four shots delivered from the position at the road, three or four white rags tied to sticks or guns were shoved up above the insurgent trench. A few minutes before this event a part of a Pennsylvania regiment and a few men from the Third Artillery had taken position on the same bank of the river as ourselves, and were firing vigorously at the opposite trenches. Upon the appearance of the white flags firing immediately ceased along our front at this point and the insurgents were told in Spanish to stand up, an order which they conformed to with apparent reluctance. Lieutenant Coulter of the Pennsylvania regiment with one of the enlisted men of that command stripped and swam the river and gathered the guns and other arms of those who surrendered. In the meantime quite a party of insurgents scampered out of the trench back into the woods and escaped. At about the same moment Lieutenant Coulter reached the trench, Colonel Funston and a squad of men from his regiment emerged from the trees to the left and rear of the insurgent position, having crossed on a raft lower down the stream. About twenty-five men surrendered. Many of those who had been in the trenches at the point of the river and all who were in position above or below that point had escaped soon after the guns opened.

"The arch of the stone bridge over the confluent immediately to the right of our firing position had been destroyed and it was impossible for us to cross until the engineers had constructed a bridge. About half past four in the evening we moved forward to a position south of the Marilao river not far from the railway track, the infantry with the exception of the Montana regiment which was in reserve having crossed the river on the railway bridge and being deployed

into their several positions and engaged in making camp for the night. At the moment of reaching the camping ground the enemy advanced in considerable force in an extended order upon an infantry line. It was impossibe on the south of the river to find a position from which the enemy could be seen. Having been forward to our infantry lines I felt satisfied that the artillery might be brought into battery and used advantageously by firing over the screen of bamboos three or four hundred yards to our front. This I directed and we fired nearly thirty shells over the heads of our troops, who were invisible at the invisible enemy at ranges from 2000 to 2500 yards. It was gratifying to learn that several at least of the shots thus fired under difficulties had fallen directly into the ranks of the attacking party.

"I have mentioned and desire to mention again the intelligent and fearess service rendered on this occasion by Lieutenants Critchlow and Davis. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) "R. W. YOUNG,

"Major U. S. V., Chief of Artillery."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GUIGUINTO.

On Wednesday, the 29th, the Americans were once more on the march to Malolos. The first encounter was at the Bocaue river, but did not amount to much or last long. There lay ahead of the advancing forces the Guiguinto river, where a determined stand was expected. The peculiar situation of the bridge approaches made the natural defenses extremely strong. Some hurried attempts had been made to destroy the bridge, but it was not sufficiently damaged to prevent the American troops from crossing. Here occurred the first indication of confusion or indecision on the part of the American troops, and one of the grandest displays of coolness and courage on the part of the Utahns on record. The Pennsylvanias had crossed in columns of fours and were forming a skirmish line in the open; the Kansans were just beginning to do the same; the four remaining regiments were waiting their turn to cross.

Mr. McCutcheon thrillingly describes the situation thus:

"He (General Hale) had barely spoken these words when the whole stretch of forest to the north and the woods to the right burst into a fearful crash, and the railway track where we were standing and the bridge behind us were swept by a storm of bullets. It sounded like a swarm of bees. The bridge was jammed with the troops that were crossing and

the rebels had the range. All their fire converged to that point and it could be seen that many men were being hit. A thousand yards up the track there was a little stretch of breastworks visible where it left the woods and met in the cut. From this point a fearful fire was coming. As quickly as possible all who were on the railway track got down in the excavations on either side, where there was protection from the crossfire, but absolutely none from that which came from directly in front. The bullets were ripping through the grass and bushes lining the track and were popping into the earth on every side. The Kansas troops who had not already advanced to the open field were lying flat along the ground in the ditch. Officers were shouting and cursing on the bridge, telling the men to hurry down to some protection. It was the first evidence that I had seen where the men seemed to lose their nerve and were looking for some place to go to protect themselves. As it was, they were massed, hundreds of them, on the bridge, where it was impossible to answer the enemy and where they felt absolutely helpless.

"Out in the open field the firing line was down behind the rice ridges waiting for orders, but none came.

"For fifteen minutes the insurgents kept up their fire, with almost no response from our side. Four of our men had been killed and thirty-three wounded. It was the hottest and most disastrous action, considering the time it occupied, of any fight that occurred during the week. The sight witnessed was unparalleled in the annals of war.

"Then the troops, after what seemed to be hours of delay, began answering. Major Young and Lieutenant Critchlow, of the Utah battery, with their men, dragged one of their heavy guns across the railway bridge amid a terrifying fire, and advanced it along the track. Lieutenant Davis, with a little Colt gun, took a position near by and the two pieces directed their fire on the barricade up the railway. After shelling the woods in advance a few minutes the insurgent

fire ceased. It is hardly to be wondered at that such artillery work as this has filled the military world with amazement and made the chief of artillery, Guig, and his command the idols of the Eighth Army Corps.

The division halted for the night to the surprise of the soldiers, who were disgusted at the idea of "leaving them niggers in their trenches." It was the first time such a thing had been done and the boys felt as though they were being defrauded somehow, but with American practicability they started in to chase pigs and chickens for supper.

He concludes: "An hour later Young, Critchlow, Bass and I were sleeping soundly in the ditch beside the railway, a big artillery tarpaulin under us, some ponchos over us, and a cool drizzle of rain cooling the lacerated wounds inflicted by the ferocious Guiguinto tribe of man-eating mosquitoes."

CHAPTER XIX.

MALOLOS.

The morning of the 30th dawned clear, bright, hot and still upon the little army at Guiguinto. Malolos was but five miles away up the railroad. The scouts had reported no enemy within two miles of the lines and a silent and cautious advance was begun. Slowly and steadily the soldiers moved forward, feeling their way, pausing and listening at times—through dense woods, bamboo thickets and over all manner of formidable obstacles. An intense excitement pervaded the soldiers—the excitement of expectation. It was rumored and generally believed that Aguinaldo meant to stake his all on his stand at Malolos; that he had modern cannon, machine and rapid-fire guns, impregnable earthworks and barricades, and that he meant Malolos to be MacArthur's Waterloo. Line after line of splendid intrenchments were taken and passed with no resistance worth mentioning, until within sight of Malolos. The troops encamped that night in sight of Malolos and the battery boys threw themselves down anywhere for a good rest in preparation for the hot work which surely awaited the artillery in the morning.

Mr. McCutchen says: "Very early in the morning the

troops were moving about and preparations were being made for the great day. The guns of the Utah battery and Sixth Artillery were in their emplacements down at the edge of the woods and about 3000 yards from the trench crossing the railway track and about 4000 yards from Malolos, over to the left of the track. MacArthur assured himself that every command was in its place and then gave the word for the artillery to begin. Shrapnel and solid shell were showered into the trenches and over toward Malolos. There was a vigorous an snappy answering fire from the insurgents. For half an hour or until nearly 7 o'clock, the artillery kept pounding away, and then ceased. The bugles along the line sounded the thrilling 'attention' and then the 'advance' or 'forward.'

"The line swung into the open and we expected to see them mowed down. It had been said the insurgents had artillery in Malolos, some being rapid-fire Maxims, and that with Aguinaldo Malolos meant 'do or die.' The soldiers to the right struck some resistance, having one man killed and fourteen wounded, but there was no boom of rebel cannon or the tremendous volley firing that was expected.

"On the left the Kansas troops were moving cautiously along toward Malolos itself, the railway being three-quarters of a mile east of the city. Trenches were seized with no opposition, and it began to look as though the rebels were either up to some trick or else had fled. No smoke was seen in Malolos, and that demonstrated that the insurgents were probably still there.

"On went the Kansas men until in the outskirts of the place. Aguinaldo's headquarters were visible down the street. Absolute quiet prevailed, not a soul being seen. Major Young of the Utahs threw two shells into an old stone building that looked like a fort, but there was no sign of the insurgents. It was concluded the city had been evacuated.

Then a thin column of smoke was seen rising from Aguinaldo's headquarters."

A feeble stand was made by a handful behind a stone barricade across a street, but they fled at the charge of Colonel Funston and his advance line. The enemy had evidently deserted and applied the torch to his capital.

So fell the ephemeral capital of a meritricious republic: premature offspring of old world tyranny and new world liberty, on the last Good Friday of the nineteenth century. Was it a special providence or a mere coincidence that, upon the day of the year which has been consecrated for 1900 years to the idea of vicarian atonement, that doctrine should have received its highest expression and grandest fulfillment "since the son of God died for the sons of men?"

What means it, and why is that strong large form lying stiff and cold beneath this Good Friday's sun, his white face staring with sightless open orbs into the blue vault of a tropical sky? A stranger in a strange land, at the other side of the world, who has come to "give his life, a ransom for many?" How out of keeping gleams that white brow amid the wild riot of tropical greenery! How foolish it seems that he should be there! They will lay his youthful form beneath the soil of a far off land and his dust will mingle with it, and he will be forgotten. The world will turn as ever on its axis, the sun shine on the scene as of old, and the sweep of human life flow on, but "the individual withers and the world is more and more."

But some sun will rise upon that scene, when the holy cause of human liberty for which he bled and died shall reign beneath the Stars and Stripes which he follows; a sun which shall chase the reluctant shadows of militarism and priestcraft from that fairest face of nature and the thralldom of that effete civilization whose emblem was of blood and gold shall give place to the rule of that new humanity

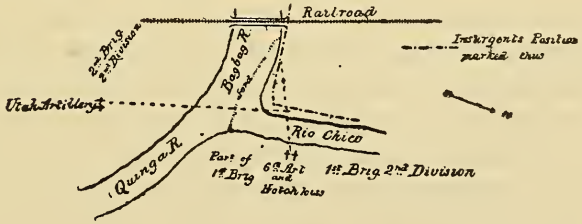
where tricolor stands for liberty, equality and fraternity for all the sons of men. Upon his headstone let this be placed: "An American Volunteer, aged 18. He gave his life a ransom for many—Good Friday, 1899."

CHAPTER XX.

THE BAG BAG.

April Fool's day, 1899, found MacArthur's troops in undisputed possession of the rebel capital. April 23rd (Sunday) Major Bell's scouts having unexpectedly developed the presence of the enemy at Quingua, came near being entrapped and underestimating the strength of the enemy, had sent back for reinforcements, which came up in time but not in sufficient force. It was finally decided to charge and drive out the enemy.

"Major Mulford realized that this would be a hard and costly thing to do, so he sent back for another battalion of



Nebraskas and asked that some guns of the Utah battery be hurried out. The Nebraskas or Fourth Cavalry did not return the insurgent fire at this time. There were four companies in that battalion, and they were lying in the bamboo grove gaining what protection the clumps of trees afforded. This protection was not adequate, for two men were wounded in a

very few minutes. One was sitting behind a log with only his head and neck exposed and a Mauser bullet struck him in the neck and lodged behind his ear, inflicting only a flesh wound.

"Out in the open rice field, fifty yards from the edge of the grove, was a high rice ridge which was long enough to afford good protection to part of the battalion while waiting the arrival of the Second Battalion and the artillery. So two companies were sent out to occupy this place, and, except for the discomfort of being in the sun, they were comfortably and safely located. The other two companies remained in the grove availing themselves of as good protection as could be had. The Fourth Cavalry troops went across the road to the left and took a post in a small ravine, where they were protected from the bullets and where they could cut off any flanking attempt on the part of the rebels.

"General Hale in the meantime had ordered two battalions of the Iowas forward away over on the right, and these troops now began to engage the fire of the insurgents. A steady and continuous fire was being exchanged, but the Iowas were being held in position until the artillery would arrive. They were not allowed to rush the enemy, but were pouring in volleys from a rather long range, which had the good effect of holding the rebels in their trenches, although probably not inflicting much damage to them.

"The Hotchkiss gun with the Nebraskas was taken back beyond a turn in the road where it could not be seen by the insurgents, and then taken across into the woods beyond. In this way the enemy's fire, which would undoubtedly be drawn to it the very minute the first volume of smoke burst from it, would not be drawn into the grove where the infantry was, and the gun would not have to fire over our own troops.

"The gun was placed in position next to a little mound of earth, behind which the gunners could go after each discharge.

"The two companies out in the open field were by this time almost baked by the furious heat of the sun, which beat down upon them. They had been exposed for over an hour, and some were showing signs of exhaustion and heat prostration. A Sergeant came back and reported that the men were suffering and asked to be allowed to withdraw them. Major Mulford told him that there was insufficient protection in the grove for that many men, and he felt that if they got into the trees they would relax their caution, taking concealment to be protection. He thought they would be in greater danger in the grove than in the protection of the rice ridge, even however, to withdraw them, and ordered the Sergeant to have them return one by one, in order not to precipitate an unnecessary fire in the crowded bamboo thicket. The Sergeant returned, but the men decided to stay where they were, and made no attempt to reach the shade.

"Then the Hotchkiss was opened on the trenches. That's the sound that cheers the soldier, for the minute the artillery opens he knows that the 'amigos' begin to lose heart. The gun was used steadily for over half an hour, but the insurgents stuck tight to the trenches, striking back viciously with a Mauser volley every time the gun was fired. Then the Second Battalion came, and soon afterward General Hale, and close behind four guns of the Utah battery under Major Young. The latter were posted across the roadway near the Hotchkiss, two companies of the newly arrived battalion were advanced into the open field to join those along the rice ridge, and the remaining company stayed in the woods.

"Major Mulford briefly explained the situation, and General Hale assured him that he had done right in ordering forward the battalions of the Nebraskas. In the meantime Hale had the last two battalions of the Nebraska and Iowa regiments on their way to the front.

"When the artillery had opened and the three-inch shells were screaming across the open field Colonel Stotsenberg

rode up, having just got off the train at Malolos. He heard there was fighting out toward Quingua and that his regiment was in it, and as fast as a horse could carry him he had ridden out. It was then after 11 o'clock, and the fighting had been going on for several hours. On reaching the field he dismounted and walked out into the open field toward the extreme right of his command. It was at this time that General Hale decided to withdraw the Nebraska men from the sun until the artillery had finished the shelling and until the time would be ripe for a charge across the open. He had just ordered Major Mulford to carry this message when he noticed that the men who had been crouching behind the rice ridge had risen and were rushing forward. The troops in the trees were running out to join the line that was sweeping across the field. Stotsenberg was leading them, but whether he gave the order to charge, or whether the mere sight of him coming out on the field was the inspiration for his men, I don't know. It is true, however, that he no sooner was seen by his regiment than they dashed forward.

"'They're not withdrawing. They're advancing!' shouted General Hale as he saw them. 'Go and bring them back.'

"'I'll try, General,' responded Major Mulford, 'but after they get started it's mighty hard to stop them.'

"Mulford raced out after the long stream of brown figures, but they had advanced half across the field before he reached them. He saw Colonel Stotsenberg over to the right running forward—the men had been advancing in short rushes, one company firing while the next one went forward fifty yards, and then the latter stopping to fire a volley until the former had advanced—but now they were all rushing and cheering wildly, with not a stop or pause. It was a cyclone of soldiers that would have been as hard to stop as a stampede of cattle. Major Mulford knew that it would be impossible to stop them and that a withdrawal at that time would have been disastrous both in its moral and physical effect, so

he yelled 'Forward!' and joined the men as they stormed the trenches in the teeth of a gale of bullets. It was all over quicker than it takes to write it. The Filipinos fled, terror-stricken, back over another line of trenches, through the town and across the river, while the Iowas poured volley after volley into them as they ran.

"It was one of the most gallant and thrilling charges of the war, but what a deadly one it was. Colonel Stotsenberg lay out in the open field with a bullet through his heart. Lieutenant Sisson was killed in the same way. The wake of the charge was strewn with men who had gone down, and many of those who were in at the finish carried wounds that stained their garments with blood—but still they had kept on in a fever of enthusiasm."

CHAPTER XXI.

CALUMPIT—THE SEPULCHER OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

General Luna never doubted for a moment that the American troops would never force the passage of the Rio Grande. He had intended this to be the sepulcher of the American army. General MacArthur's division had been lying inactive at Malolos since April 1st, although General Lawton was conducting a brief but brilliant campaign south of Manila. The capture of the rebel capital had resulted in nothing more than driving them farther north. Plenty of time had been given them in which to fortify themselves as thoroughly as possible. General Luna had improved this opportunity by erecting on the north side of the Rio Grande at Calumpit the most formidable fortifications yet encountered. He had 5000 civilian laborers continually at work tearing up the tracks of the railroad and constructing superb intrenchments, rifle pits, etc. The trenches were roofed over with the rails torn from the roadbed to protect their men from the artillery. The ridge across had been destroyed and it must have seemed impossible to the rebel commander for any body of men to storm his trenches or drive out their defenders. In addition, he had a muzzle-loading cannon and a machine gun. Between the Bag Bag and Rio Grande rivers there is a distance of one and a half miles. It was not expected an attack would be made on the heavy defenses of the

Rio Grande for at least two days. The common belief was that the entire artillery strength would be moved forward from the Bag Bag some time on the 27th and a fierce bombardment begun, after which it was hoped that troops could be gotten across. Invariably the insurgents have been unable to endure for very long the explosive shells and shrapnel of our heavier guns, and they have a mortal dread of our machine guns. So the taking of the Rio Grande bridge was intended primarily to be an artillery achievement.

General MacArthur and General Wheaton were back at the Bag Bag waiting for the artillery to go forward. Besides the two three-inch guns under Fleming, which were already at the river, there were three more at the Bag Bag to be advanced, with one Utah Battery revolving cannon. The two Gatlings that were mounted on the armored train were taken down, placed on wheels and made in readiness for a simultaneous advance.. A general quiet hung about the headquarters back at the Bag Bag, and there was a feeling in the air that nothing would happen for a day or two.

The sound of firing came down early the following morning; the artillery was hurried forward from the Bag Bag. It was given out that the day would be employed in placing the new pieces and that the following day, April 28th, would see the grand attack made. This programme was not carried out, owing to a few things which happened on April 27th.

Major Young got his three guns of the Utah Battery placed under a nipa shack about 150 yards east of the freight house and about 400 yards from the insurgent bombproofs. The two Gatlings that came from the armored car were mounted at the same position, one on each side of the 3.2-inch guns. The Utah revolving cannon was moved down with Fleming on the river bank west of the track, and one of the 3.2-inch Sixth Artillery guns was placed in the freight-house.

The minute the insurgents saw these prepartaions they

opened with their cannon and machine gun and all their infantry. It was afterward learned that Luna had 5000 men with him, 3500 armed with rifles and 1500 with bolos. As a consequence the work of advancing our artillery was hot and dangerous and the American infantry was kept busy raking the tops of the insurgent trenches with volleys. The engagement became general and Funston determined to try crossing the river in daylight, following the same lines as were laid out the night before.

About the same troops were selected and the line went down the river only about a third of a mile, and in plain view from the bridge. From the freighthouse the farther bank could be seen, but not the American bank, for there was a slight bend in the river which shut from view the spot where Funston was to start across.

At a few minutes before 11 o'clock two men were seen from the freighthouse swimming out into the river toward the insurgent trenches. These men were White and Trembley of Company B—naked and unarmed and carrying a coil of rope, one end of which was secured on the southern bank. A fearful rifle fusilade at the same time was directed from the 120 men remaining on the trenches opposite, while the riflemen in the freighthouse raked the same position with a diagonal fire. Not an insurgent dared show his head above the yellow breastworks, but from farther up toward the bridge the enemy was vainly trying to kill the two swimmers. Bullets were dropping in the water around them and those who watched from the freighthouse were in a fever of suspense as the two men slowly neared the opposite shore. The noise at this time was deafening. The freighthouse was roaring like the sound of a barrel of exploding firecrackers, and the three-inch gun, with its muzzle poked through a hole in the brick wall, was being fired as rapidly as possible. Every loophole was manned with a rifleman and when his gun became too hot another would take its place.

Major Young's three guns and the Gatlings were thundering off to the right, and occasionally the insurgent cannon would let loose a noisy shrapnel. All of the Montana and Kansas men had crept up to where they could pour an effective and terrifying volley fire across the river, and the din of artillery and crash of musketry and explosion of shells made a grand uproar that must have struck terror in the trenches across the river.

After what seemed an age the two swimmers reached the insurgent bank and seemed to be looking around for something to which the rope might be attached. There was absolutely nothing, and they crept cautiously up to the breastworks, where a strong upright post was standing. A line of insurgents was seen darting out of the trenches and running crouchingly off toward the railway. White and Trembley dropped down and waited. No sound came from behind the trench and they threw a handful of earth over to see whether a movement would betray the presence of others. A few more natives hurriedly ran off to the right and disappeared in the trees, evidently terrified to find the Americans across the river. Then the rope was tied to the upright and the fire of our troops was turned farther up the river. Two more men with White and Trembley's rifles and clothes, as well as their own rifles, started across in a small canoe, but the canoe capsized, losing the extra clothes and rifles, and the occupants of the boat were barely able to reach the insurgent side safely.

Closely following this canoe came a raft with Colonel Funston and several soldiers. Their appearance drew a hot but wild fire from the insurgents, who were now apparently panic-stricken at the thought of a flanking force closing in on them. The last two rafts were hurried over, and with this force about fifty men in all, Colonel Funston began advancing along the beach, keeping up a steady enfilading fire, while the rafts were pulled back for the men re-

maining on the American shore. At the point where the little stream flows into the Rio Grande Funston stopped and fired into the insurgent trenches until he could see them getting out and retreating. This stream, though narrow, was deep and a crossing was hard to effect. The Americans moved up the bank, looking for a place to get over, when a strong force of insurgents, probably two hundred in number, began a fierce fire on them from farther up the railway, where they had retreated. At the same time the insurgents opened up with a Maxim machine gun and it seemed for a minute that the little group of Kansas men would be annihilated. Colonel Funston tells of this minute being the most exciting and desperate of the whole undertaking, and he confesses that his heart sank when he heard that machine gun. It was far to the right of the two hundred men who were firing from up the railway, and was probably posted in a culvert that ran under the railway track about one hundred yards from the bridge. A quantity of empty Maxim shells was afterward found near there, which supports this belief. Under this cross-fire Funston hurriedly drew his men back from the stream until they were protected in the clump of bamboos. The Maxim was being directed in a vertical arc, like a pumphandle, instead of horizontally, which would have been deadly to the Kansas men.

After the Maxim had ceased, Funston and his men rushed again to the small stream and could see that the insurgents were fleeing wildly to the rear and following the line of the railway. A small banco was found, and the Colonel, with Captain Orwig and eight soldiers, quickly crossed the stream and rushed like demons, yelling and shooting, up through the bomproofs on the heels of the stampeded insurgents. Simultaneously our soldiers began to edge across the bridge, using the railway of the footpath as a support. They were absolutely exposed and their progress was slow, but nearly one hundred were gotten across in this way. A num-

ber of us who had hurried forward from the freighthouse thought the fight was over, for the insurgents had all retreated and there was only a scattering fire in front as an occasional blue-coated figure darted into view along the track. Over on the left the Kansas men who had crossed the river were firing at the retreating insurgents. A mile and a half up the track was the railway station of Apalit, where a train with two locomotives was standing.

Then suddenly in the midst of all the relaxation and quiet that follows a brisk engagement went up the cry: "They're coming back—they're advancing in skirmish lines."

The situation was extremely bad. Only about two hundred soldiers were across the river. It would require a long time to get a big force across and it would be a deadly thing to move a solid line of men along the exposed bridge after the insurgents had approached near enough to sweep it with their volleys. There then ensued a wild hurry and excitement. The troops on the south side could not fire without endangering those already across and the same cause prevented the use of Gatlings or artillery.

Away over in the broad field to the left, about 2000 yards from the bridge, was a long line of men in dark clothes, slowly advancing in skirmish formation. Behind the lines were men in squads and along it, back and forth, rode an officer on a black horse, frantically giving orders. It was instantly assumed that the insurgents had discovered the weakness of the force that had flanked them and were going to attempt to regain possession of the bridge and its defenses before a greater force could be gotten across.

The insurgents were about 800 strong and were rapidly drawing nearer. From the fact that they wore dark khaki suits a momentary doubt arose whether or not they might be American soldiers who had crossed the river below in great numbers and were coming in toward the railway. This doubt was immediately dispelled by the insurgents opening fire on

the Kansas men in the woods to the left and on the soldiers thronging across the bridge.

Generals MacArthur and Wheaton, with their excited staffs, came up to the bridge and instantly ordered every available man to get over the bridge as fast as possible, and then sent orderlies flying away for reinforcements. The insurgents who had retreated on the right of the track now began firing from the woods near the town of Apalit, and the bridge became a most uncomfortable spot. Still the soldiers edged across, and as fast as they reached the other shore they were sent out to form a line beyond the bridge. The Kansas men in the woods, who had crossed with Funston, but who had not come up to the railway, were in great danger of being cut off by the advancing line of insurgents, but they held their ground and greeted the approaching enemy with regular, smashing volleys.

It was apparent that the insurgents were rattled and were not eager to advance, for at every American volley the line would drop, and the insurgent officer would ride back and forth urging them to advance. Twice they arose, and each time broke up, some retreating, while the officers vainly endeavored to hold them firm. After several attempts the whole line crumbled and beat a hasty retreat to the left, disappearing in the woods. Already a skirmish line of Montanas was deploying in the ricefield on the right and a line of Kansans was deploying on the left. As they marched forward toward the Apalit station a long running fight, as desperate and spirited as any action of the day, resulted. The insurgents gave way stubbornly before the crashing volleys that our soldiers poured into them. Then it was noticed that the two locomotives pulled out of Apalit station with the train, and it was believed that the insurgent Generals were getting their soldiers along to the next line of earthworks further on.

During this running fight, which covered over a mile,

many men were shot, and a great many were overcome by the deadly heat that hung on the ricefields. About forty insurgents were captured and a large number killed and wounded. I counted fifteen along the railway from the trenches to Apalit, and there were doubtless twice as many more in the fields on each side of the track which I didn't see.

Apalit was taken with but little effort, but the insurgents on leaving set fire to the town. A Spanish officer who had been fighting with the insurgents was wounded and gave himself up.

CHAPTER XXII.

SANTA TOMAS.

Demoralization seized the rebel leaders after the supposed impregnable defenses at Calumpit had been taken, and they made overtures for peace, sending Colonel Arguelles and Lieutenant-Colonel Vernal into the American lines to sue for peace. The two envoys were passed through the lines and safely conducted to the commanding General in Manila. It is possible that peace could have been secured at this juncture; but from whatever cause the negotiations came to naught, and before 4 a. m. May 4th the American forces were once more on the march from Apalit northward to Santa Tomas.

Mr. McCutcheon writes:

"Hale's brigade of South Dakotas, Nebraskas, Iowas and a detachment of Fourth Cavalry, with Major Young's three-inch guns, moved up the road following the river. General Wheaton's brigade took the railway, the Kansas regiment leading and the Montanas following. Two hand-cars, with a Gatling and a Hotchkiss revolving cannon mounted on them, were pushed along ahead.

"When Wheaton and MacArthur on the railway reached a point just this side of Santa Tomas the brigade halted. A bridge was seen about 1000 yards ahead, and it was almost a sure thing that it was guarded by trenches. Over to the left was the town of Santa Tomas, a mile from the railway,

and far up the track, a mile beyond the bridge, was seen the Santa Tomas station. Trenches guarded the southern approach to Santa Tomas, built so that the railway could be commanded by a cross-fire. No shot came from these trenches at the time, however, but they were watched as a hawk watches a chicken. Over in Hale's brigade the fighting had begun. The big guns were roaring with a sullen boom, and there was a regular crash of musketry mixed with the unmistakable clack-clack-clack of a Gatling. From the woods ahead of Hale the Filipinos had opened a very hot fire just as our men were crossing a little bridge about 1000 yards from the edge of the woods. We could see the white smoke leap out from one of our cannon, and a second later hear the shell burst in the edge of the woods and see the round cloud of smoke float away from the spot where it had exploded. From the distance where we were it seemed that a very fierce engagement was going on, but we could see that our firing line was gradually advancing and that the artillery was going forward. The latter was firing at very close range, for the report of the gun and the bursting of a projectile were only half a second apart.

"Wheaton had sent for a little scouting party along through the deep, marshy grass by the track to determine what defenses were at the other end of the bridge, and these men drew the fire of the insurgents who were waiting beyond. The Hotchkiss and Gatling were hurriedly taken off the hand-cars and a steady bombardment of the bridge ensued for several minutes. Several shells were thrown across into Santa Tomas in an attempt to develop the strength of the insurgents behind those trenches, and the Gatling was turned in that direction for awhile. Even under this fire the insurgents remained quiet, but a number of figures were seen running along behind the trench toward the bridge. A company of Montanas was thrown out to the left of the track and a company of Kansans was put out on the right. These men

formed in skirmish line and slowly moved toward the river. The excitement began. All along the stream came indications that the hornets' nest had been disturbed and bullets were coming from the front, the left and the right. Lieutenant Meade and his scouting party returned to avoid getting between the Gatling and the bridge. Lieutenant Naylor was working the Hotchkiss as fast as he could.

"When the rebels who were put to rout by Hale's brigade found their retreat nearly cut off by Wheaton they hurried west and reinforced those at the bridge. Here they maintained a hot fire upon the advance guards and on the two guns on the railway. Long lines of soldiers who were on the track opened up on Santa Tomas with their rifles.

"After forty minutes of hot fighting the insurgents began to break, many of them retreating back along the track and many cutting across through the marsh toward Santa Tomas. The town was burning furiously and we could see the big church enveloped in flames. Our troops immediately advanced to the bridge, firing volley after volley on the retreating insurgents, who could be plainly seen in the fields to the left and beyond the river. It was one of the most picturesque and spirited fights imaginable, for the insurgents were firing back viciously and both forces were in plain view. Nearly all of the engagements one sees, the insurgents' presence is only determined by the pop of his rifle and he himself is rarely seen, but here he was visible in considerable numbers and a grand duel took place across the marsh.

"The bridge was found to be almost impassable, for the center span had been let down and the soldiers were compelled to wade through the water and climb up to the opposite side. Under fire, this was a trying thing to do, but the soldiers on the railroad were keeping the insurgents going and the range was too great to make the crossing very dangerous. When the first men got over they immediately started after the fleeing enemy.

"All the men had exhausted their canteens and the suffering from thirst was terrible. Many of them drank the salty, brackish water of the river, and were glad to get it. The heat of that long march was the greatest I have experienced in the Philippines, for there was absolutely no shade the whole distance.

"A train at Santa Tomas station pulled out with the rest of the insurgents; Santa Tomas was taken after a little street fighting. Then came one of the most spectacular fights of the war—the kind you see drawn in pictures. It was Wheaton and Funston's charge on the trenches near the station at Santa Tomas."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SAN FERNANDO.

The capture of San Fernando, Aguinaldo's headquarters, was a tame affair, compared with several of the engagements which preceded it.

The procession was headed by General Hale and staff, accompanied by a small Hotchkiss gun drawn by a native pony. Part of the Iowas followed soaked with muddy water, having had to wade a stream and were deployed in an open field. Gradually the long line of soldiers formed in skirmish order and advanced upon the city. Another stream had to be crossed and into it the soldiers plunged and began crossing under a hot fire from the rebels on a bridge above.

"The fire from the bridge, where trenches were afterward found, was hot and vicious. Many of the soldiers had crossed and were delivering an enfilading fire from behind any little protection that was at hand. At every lull the men would advance to some new vantage point, and soon the insurgents began to break. The firing at the bridge ceased, and the sound of the Mausers indicated that the enemy was retreating through the town. It then became a running street fight, and the river was alive with our troops rushing through it to the enemy's bank to join the chase. Along between the flaming houses, where the heat of the road was terrific, over the rail-

way and through backyards the chase proceeded. In an impetuous sweep the town was cleared by our troops, but the insurgents got away to the northward and not one of them was captured. Scouting parties were sent on after them, but they were fleeing northward, far beyond pursuit."

CHAPTER XXIV.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

Headquarters Second Division Eighth Army Corps,
Office of the Chief of Artillery,
Manila, P. I., June 4, 1899.

Assistant Adjutant-General, Headquarters Second Division, Eighth Army Corps, San Fernando, P. I.:

Sir:—I have the honor to submit this, my report of the operations of the artillery of this division during the months of April and May, 1899.

Several of the appended reports have just been received. Thy describe the operations of the several units so minutely and accurately that it is unnecessary for me to make a detailed report. Appended please find the following reports:

A—Report of Captain E. A. Wedgwood.

B—Supplementary report of Captain E. A. Wedgwood.

C—Report of Lieutenant John F. Critchlow.

D—Supplementary report of Lieutenant John F. Critchlow.

E—Report of Lieutenant Adrian S. Fleming.

F—Report of Lieutenant C. H. Bridges.

G—Report of First Sergeant John A. Anderson.

The two Gatling guns which were obtained from the armored train and employed under the immediate command of Lieutenant Bridges at Calumpit have remained with the artillery and were used in the engagement at Santa Tomas,

one under Lieutenant Naylor, as mentioned in Captain Wedgwood's report, and the other under my own command; the latter expended 3000 rounds of ammunition during that engagement.

I append no supplementary report from Lieutenant Fleming, inasmuch as one of his pieces was detached during the period covered by his report to accompany General Lawton's advance to San Isidro, and has not since returned to this division, and the other piece was engaged but once during that part of May not covered by Lieutenant Fleming's report which engagement is reported in Captain Wedgwood's report.

I shall submit within a few days recommendations for brevets and certificates of merit based upon the operations of this campaign. I heartily concur in Lieutenant Critchlow's estimate of the services of Dr. Adams of the Montana regiment.

Very respectfully,

RICHARD W. YOUNG,

U. S. V., Chief of Artillery.

(A—Captain Wedgwood.)

San Fernando, P. I., May 18, 1899.

Major R. W. Young,

Commanding Battalion Utah Light Artillery.

Sir:—

Agreeable to your request, I have the honor to submit report of the operations of Battery A from April 1st to date.

On the first of April two Nordenfeldt guns, manned by two sections of battery were stationed at Waterworks Pumping Station; two 3.2-inch B. L. rifles and two sections at La Loma Church; two 3.2 B. L. rifles and two sections at Caloocan, and detachment of eight men and two non-commissioned officers were also stationed at Deposito, in charge of two revolving cannon and three Gatling guns. The detachment at Caloocan was under the immediate command of First

Lieutenant Gibbs, the remainder of the battery under my own. Up to the 24th of the month, Lieutenant Naylor was in charge of two Nordenfeldts and two sections of Battery B, stationed to the right of La Loma Church, on the line surrounding Manila, and for a portion of the time performed the duties of officer in charge of barracks. During all of the period covered by this report Lieutenant Webb has been detached from the battery and acted as commanding officer of a river gunboat. On the evening of April 1st, by command of General Hall, Brigade Commander, the detachment of La Loma Church marched to its former position at Waterworks Pumping Station. But two shots have been fired by this detachment, one shell on April 25th and one shrapnel on April 26th, each directed at the town of Maraquina.

The two Nordenfeldts were returned to the arsenal on the 12th of April, by order of Brigade Commander, they being Spanish property, and having been called for by that Government. In this connection I desire to say that these guns have proved a very satisfactory arm, although mechanically not as well made, they possess three distinct points of superiority over the B. L. rifle, viz., rapidity of fire, minimum of recoil and facility of aim.

By order of the Chief of Artillery, the two 3.2 B. L. rifles and sections one and two were transferred from Caloocan to Malolos on April 13th, transportation being by rail. I accompanied these sections in command, Lieutenant Gibbs taking command at the Waterworks. At Malolos these guns were supplies with mules.

An engagement occurred at Quinga, about five miles northwest of Malolos, on the 23rd of the month, in which the artillery were suddenly called to take part. Two guns of Battery A under my command, one of Battery B and one of the Sixth regular artillery, under the command of Lieutenant Fleming, left Malolos about the middle of the forenoon. We approached the scene of action under a heavy fire, and Private

Abplanalp, a driver of Battery B, was wounded in the hand and shoulder. An effective position, selected by the Chief of Artillery, was taken at the edge of the open country surrounding the town of Quinga, which position commanded the town and the intrenchments along the bank of the river on the left. All guns were brought into action with the greatest dispatch and as rapid a fire as possible, maintained for about forty minutes, at which time the insurgents could be plainly seen abandoning their trenches to their left and their barricades in the streets. At this time the infantry advanced and occupied a portion of the town, the artillery following as soon as it could be limbered up. Our average range of fire was about one thousand yards. Through the engagement we were under heavy fire from the enemy, and Private Davis was wounded in the right leg below the knee. Greater loss was doubtless prevented by the fortunate selection of position, our guns being masked from the enemy by the foliage, and, using smokeless powder, our exact position was not disclosed. Number one gun was brought into action in the town at the rear of the church, and three shots fired at retreating insurgents. We expended in this action shell and shrapnel.

Lieutenant Naylor reported at Malolos April 23rd for duty, and commanded the guns of Battery A in action at Bag Bag and Rio Grande Rivers, his report of operations is as follows: "Prepared to move agan insurrectos at Bag Bag and adjoining country in the early morning of April 24th. Had proceeded but a short distance from railroad station at Malolos, when we halted and awaited further orders from General MacArthur. In readiness to advance, we thus waited all day, and parking our guns in the evening, went into camp near by. About 7 o'clock in the morning of the 25th we advanced along the road leading to the Quinga River, with two troops of cavalry as an escort. Upon reaching the river, we took the road leading to our left along its bank. This road we followed to a point about twelve hundreds yards from the

Bag Bag bridge, where there is a big wash intersecting the road. After due precaution had been taken to avoid blundering into the enemy, we left section two gun in the wash under cover and proceeded with number one gun up the road about two hundred yards, and then took a road to the right, which leads directly to the ferry at the junction of the Quinga with the Calumpit river. We had not moved more than one hundred yards before we heard Lieutenant Critchlow's guns open fire, and immediately after the rapid-fire guns of the armored car, which latter seemer turned squarely upon us. The bullets from the rapid-fire guns continue to come so close that we were ordered to lie down by Major Young, in which position we were held for about ten minutes. This cross-fire having ceased, we went into action about twenty-five yards more in advance, firing at the enemy behind earthworks along the bank of the Calumpit River, enfilading their lines, thereby covering the advance of General Hale. After a few shots, number two guns was brought up into action, and from this point we expended sixty shell and twenty-three shrapnel at ranges varying from five hundred down to one hundred and fifty yards.

The enemy retired from their position, and with the bridge over the Bag Bag being destroyed, camp was made near its bank about two o'clock p. m.

The bridge over the Bag Bag being repaired, crossing of that river was effected on the morning of April 27th. The enemy were strongly intrenched on the further bank of the Rio Grande river, but had abandoned the intervening country between the Bag Bag and that river. A position was selected by the Chief of Artillery on the bank of the Rio Grande near its junction with the Calumpit, underneath a nipa hut, at two hundred yards' range from the enemy's earthworks. Some slight protection for the guns was constructed of rocks. Number two gun went into action underneath the hut, and number one in the road about twenty

yards to the left. The enemy's fire was heavy throughout the action, which terminated between eleven and twelve o'clock. Platoon expended sixteen shrapnel and one shell, ranges being from two hundred to fifteen hundred yards. Private Selmer wounded at camp by a stray Mauser bullet passing through the small of the back.

On May 2nd I, with two B. L. rifles, together with two of the Sixth Regular Artillery under Lieutenant Fleming, accompanied expedition under command of General Hale to Pulilan, returning the next day; we met no resistance.

On May 3rd camp was broken at Calumpit and our guns and escort wagons taken across the Rio Grande River. On May 4th, at daylight, an advance was begun towards the town of San Fernando. Lieutenant Naylor, with revolving cannon and Gatling, accompanying General Wheaton up the railroad track, I, with two 3.2 rifles, under command of Chief of Artillery, forming a portion of the advance guard of General Hale's Brigade proceeding up the wagon road, the position of number one gun in the advance being fifty yards in the rear of first company. No opposition was encountered until the town of Santa Tomas was approached, where the insurgents were located on the road. One gun and one Gatling were brought into action and a few shots fired to the front at about 600 yards' range, and a few to the right at about a thousand yards. The position being abandoned by the insurgents an advance was made to that point, when a halt was enforced by reason of partially constructed pitfalls in the road. These being wide ditches filled with water on each side, an advance was impossible until the guns were taken some distance to the rear, where the ground was solid and brought up again on the other side of the ditch and a causeway constructed across it.

While this was being done, the infantry had advanced half a mile to the front to the bank of a stream of water, where they were meeting strong resistance. Arriving at the

firing line, both guns and one Gatling were brought into action. After a few shots from number two, the vent bushing blew out, a portion lodging in the vent, and as it was not possible to remove it with the tools at hand, the gun was put out of action and one of Battery B's brought up in its place. The same accident happened to number one gun, but not until the last shot.

Under cover of our fire, the infantry closed into the town on the right and left of the road, but as there was no way of crossing the river, the artillery remained at this point throughout the action, a period of about two hours.

Our fire was directed principally to the front and left, although some few shells and shrapnel were thrown a little to the right of the road before the advance of the infantry was made. The range of fire varied from seven hundred to two thousand yards, and ammunition expended was shell and shrapnel.

Lieutenant Naylor reports operations along the railroad substantially as follows:

"On the morning of the 4th I reported to General Wheaton at five o'clock with one revolving cannon and one Gatling, each of which was mounted on a platform constructed on the trucks of hand-cars. A half-hour later the advance was begun, Gatling gun in the front. Arriving at a point about two thousand yards from the railroad bridge near Santa Tomas, which had been wrecked by the insurgents, we heard firing on our right, advising us that General Hale's Brigade had encountered the enemy. Advancing six hundred yards further, trenches and insurgents in uniform were observed and I opened with the Gatling, firing about one hundred rounds at about fourteen hundred yards' range. This was at the order of General Wheaton, but the range was too great for effective work. An advance of two hundred and fifty yards was made and about two hundred rounds

fired, then a further advance of about two hundred yards, where the guns were unloaded from the platforms.

At this point the fire of both guns was brought to bear on the enemy in their trenches on the opposite bank of the river, from which they commanded the bridge and the approaches. A company of infantry was deployed on each side of the railroad, and by their advance and our joint fire, the cossing of the river was effected. After crossing the bridge the infantry were subjected to a heavy flank fire from trenches further in advance, which, fortunately, was of short duration. As the insurgents retreated, I brought the Gatling to bear at about six hundred yards' range, with telling effect. Being unable to cross the bridge, my part in the action terminated at this point.

"The ammunition expended during the day was one hundred rounds for revolving cannon and three thousand eight hundred for Gatling. During this engagement my men were in the most exposed position, serving their guns and working them 'by hand to the front' on the railroad grade in plain view of the enemy."

As a factor in the success of these engagements, our effectiveness has been largely due to the ever prompt, cheerful and intelligent manner in which the men of the command have performed their duties; under all circumstances they have put forth their best energies valiantly. Sergeants Johnson and Kneass and Corporals Bachman and Jenson, and also Corporal Bjornson of Battery B are entitled to special commendation.

Lieutenant Naylor received personal commendation from General Wheaton for good work in the action of May 4th.

Respectfully submitted,

EDGAR A. WEDGWOOD,

Captain Commanding Battery A, Utah Light Artillery.

(B—Captain Wedgwood).

San Fernando, June 8, 1899.

Major R. W. Young, Commanding Battalion, Utah Volunteer Artillery.

Sir:—Complying with your request, I herewith submit supplementary report of operations of Battery A to June 1, 1899.

May 23rd, a detachment consisting of Sergeant Johnson and two men, with Hotchkiss two-pound gun, accompanied two troops of cavalry in a reconnaissance. Near the town of Santa Rita the enemy were encountered and a skirmish of about thirty minutes' duration ensued, when our force retired. Ammunition expended, eighteen rounds.

May 24th, a platoon of Battery A, together with Hotchkiss revolving cannon, manned by detachment of Battery B, took part in an attack on insurgents in their trenches on the far side of the open field on the south side of San Fernando. The officers present were myself, Lieutenant Naylor and Lieutenant Seaman.

At about ten o'clock a. m. troops of the Twentieth Kansas Infantry advanced on the right flank of the insurgent trenches, those of the Montana on the left. Our guns occupied position facing the center, near the road in the fringe of trees skirting the extreme south line of San Fernando. As soon as Kansas and Montana were well engaged, insurgents began retreating to the road commanded by our guns straight to the front. At this time we opened fire from the 3.2-inch rifle, eight shells and one shrapnel, from the revolving cannon fifteen rounds; further firing then became inadvisable on account of the near approach of our infantry to our field of fire.

This attack was well planned and admirably carried out. The insurgent loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was heavy.

About the middle of the afternoon of the same day, two

3.2-inch rifles and one Gatling gun were ordered out. I took them down the road beyond the old church leading to the north and went into action with both 3.2 rifles, one of which was B's and one Sixth Artillery. Lieutenant Seaman was with me. Each gun expended nine shells. Both did good shooting.

The position of detachments of battery remain the same as at last report.

Respectfully submitted,

EDGAR A. WEDGWOOD,
Captain Commanding Battery.

(Lieutenant Critchlow.)

San Fernando, P. I., May 15, 1899.

To the Chief of Artillery, Second Division, Eighth Army Corps.

Sir:—

Pursuant to your instructions, I have the honor to submit the following report of operations and movements of that part of Battery B, Utah Light Artillery, which has been under my immediate command, from April 1, 1899, to May 15, 1899.

In camp before the Hall of Congress at Malolos, on the 3rd of April, was ordered to man the Hotchkiss revolving cannon and a Hotchkiss mountain gun (to be secured from the First Nebraska Regiment), and to send same with reconnaisance party. Said detachment, under First Sergeant John A. Anderson, left camp at six a. m., and proceeded with cavalry, eastward to the town of Quinga. No resistance was met, but the enemy was seen to be in some force a short distance beyond the town. The detachment did not go into action, returning to camp after a few hours.

On the 7th of April, I was ordered to take one 3.2-inch gun and to accompany a reconnaisance party at six a. m. I joined two troops of the Fourth Cavalry, taking Section 3. We proceeded northeast along the Pulilan to the Quinga river at a point near the town of Pulilan. The object of the reconnoisance was to discover a ford without attracting the enemy's attention. This was successfully accomplished. The ford was found, and the enemy was seen intrenched and intrenching on the opposite bank. We withdrew unnoticed. No shots were fired.

On the 18th of April the city of Malolos was attacked by the enemy. One section (Section 2) of Battery B was ordered out, and proceeded to west limit of city. It was found impossible to get nearer than about one thousand yards distant from the attacking party because of a river, over which there was no substantial bridge. We first went into action on the bank of this river, firing several shells in the direction of insurgents' fire. A better position was soon found some hundred yards to left, and several bodies of insurgents were routed and dispersed, and never repeated the attack from that direction. The range varied from one thousand to two thousand yards. The ammunition expended was sixteen shrapnel and eight shell.

On the 21st day of April I was ordered to send one section to Bocane to join General Lawton's command. The Second section, under command of First Sergeant John A. Anderson, proceeded to Bocane accordingly, leaving at 6 a. m., under escort of one troop of the Fourth Cavalry. Since that time this section has been in that command, and a report of its operations will be submitted at a later date.

On the 23rd of April a cavalry reconnoisance party became unexpectedly implicated in an engagement with the enemy to the extent that reinforcements of infantry and artillery were required. Section three of Battery B, two sections

of Battery B, two sections of Battery A, Utah Light Artillery, and one piece of the Sixth United States Artillery, were ordered out and went into action on the Quinga road, about 1000 yards from the enemy intrenched in front of the town of Quinga. A brisk fire was sustained by the insurgents for about three-quarters of an hour, inflicting considerable damage upon our troops. Considering the fact that the artillery was masked from view, but not protected from the effect of the hostile fire, it was to be expected that there should be at least several casualties. Fortunately only two were sustained, a driver in Battery B, shot in the right hand and arm, and a cannoneer in Battery A, shot in the right leg. Upon dislodging the enemy from this position, the artillery advanced to the town, one piece of the Sixth Artillery and one of Battery A, Utah Light Artillery, going into action again, in the streets against the retiring enemy. During this latter action, Captain Wedgwood was wounded and returned to Malolos.

At this time, Lieutenant Fleming was directed to bring from Malolos his other section and the revolving cannon (Hotchkiss) manned by seven men from Battery B, under Corporal M. C. Jensen, in order to proceed with General Hale on the following day. Meanwhile the platoon of Battery A and my section went into action on Quinga road and shelled the town of Pulilan, with the object of causing the insurgents to vacate the town, or present less resistance to the troops on the next day's advance. We fired at ranges varying from 1800 to 2100 yards. The ammunition expended by my section for the day was fifteen shell and five shrapnel. These three sections, with an escort of cavalry, returned to Malolos for the night. For the part taken by the detachment with the Hotchkiss gun, I would respectfully refer you to the report of Lieutenant A. S. Fleming, Sixth Artillery, as it was under his command from this time until Calumpit was taken.

On the following day it was intended that the platoon of Battery A and section of Battery B should proceed to the Quinga river at a point opposite Pulilan to work in conjunction with General Hale, but with a necessary delay occuring in that brigade, this movement did not occur till the 25th. We went into camp on the east side of the railroad at Malolos.

On the 25th of April we broke camp at 6 a. m. and proceeded under escort of the Fourth Cavalry east on the Pulilan road to the Quinga river, as above indicated, thence north toward the Bag Bag River. At this point my section went into action, about 150 yards on the right of the railroad and about 350 yards from the enemy's trenches, constructed on the far side of the river; the platoon of Battery A, some hundred yards to my right. We took position on the road, which gave us an unobstructed view of a portion of the earthworks, but was partially screened from the greater part of their defenses by a small bamboo fence. No protection from the effect of the insurgent fire was available. We opened fire first upon the trenches in view, then gradually elevating to 1100 and 1300 yards, getting meanwhile very little return fire. Simultaneously, General Hale's Brigade became warmly engaged on the opposite side of the Quinga river. After firing some twenty-five rounds, as above described, and receiving only desultory fire, I advanced the piece seventy-five yards, first going forward alone as a measure of precaution. The portholes in the enemy's works were plainly visible and apparently unoccupied, but a vicious fire was at once directed against the section in its new position, now only about 225 yards from that of the enemy. Our fire, at once directed at the line of portholes, and, though the piece was fired as rapidly as possible, one and sometimes two volleys succeeded every shot. Meanwhile, the infantry was fifty yards in the rear, prone, and therefore masked from the enemy, and unable, from their position, to render any real support. This was rectified as soon as possi-

ble. To retire to a less exposed position, thus inviting an uninterrupted fusilade from the enemy, was manifestly impossible. Early in the action Private Max Maddison was killed instantly, Private Frederick Bumiller shortly afterward sustained a fatal wound, and later Private John Braemer was seriously wounded, while two other cannoneers were struck on their clothing by glancing balls. The piece is also not without scars of an undoubted character. Thus it will be seen that in a detachment of eight men, five were struck, two killed and one seriously wounded—an exceedingly high percentage. This action lasted about one and one-half hours, during which time fifty-nine rounds of ammunition were expended.

In the Hotchkiss detachment above alluded to, Corporal M. C. Jensen, Battery B, sustained a fatal wound in the capture of the Bag Bag. We went into camp on the south side of the river.

This section, together with a platoon of Battery A, Utah Light Artillery, under Lieutenant Naylor, and two Gatling guns next went into action on the Rio Grande. Breaking camp at 8:30 a. m., the guns were moved across the hastily repaired bridge by hand and installed in position about 100 yards from the enemy. By the direction of the Chief of Artillery, hasty protection was thrown up beneath a nipa hut, which formed an effectual mask to the enemy. The action was short but effectual. The artillery engaged consisted of a platoon of the Sixth Artillery, under Lieutenant Fleming, and a Hotchkiss revolving cannon, under Corporal Bjornson, on the left, and the above-mentioned guns on the right. In less than an hour we had taken the strongest position we had yet encountered—the American forces engaged numbering about 1500, against 5000 insurgents. By my section seven shells and one shrapnel were expended. The artillery was then parked on the hither bank on the river on the left of the railroad track.

On the 3rd day of May the artillery was taken across the Rio Grande on a raft, preparatory to an advance toward San Fernando.

On the following day we broke camp at 6 a. m., all the artillery proceeding along the road through Apalit, excepting the Hotchkiss cannon, manned by a Battery B detachment, and one Gatling, mounted on trucks, which, under Lieutenant Naylor, advanced along the railroad track.

Obstructions taking the form of pit-falls were encountered in the road, some four miles from Calumpit. With little delay, a road passing around them was made and the advance continued.

At about 10:30 a. m., the section was brought into action against the enemy, which had taken position beyond a bridgeless river some 900 yards distant, first firing to the right of Battery A's position, then to the left at ranges varying from 900 to 1600 yards. Then the insurgent fire at this point was not heavy, though a number of casualties occurred about us in the infantry ranks. The latter soon advanced and masked our fire, driving the demoralized insurgent forces a distance of several miles. Meanwhile, the detachments on the railroad, under Lieutenant Naylor, were doing most effective work against trenches in their front, assisting very materially in the capture of Santa Tomas.

From my piece thirteen shell and five shrapnel were fired. Theoretically, shrapnel would have been the proper projectile to use in this engagement, but the frequency with which it burst in the bore of the piece rendered its use again unsafe. It being impossible to cross the river until some means was constructed, we returned to a point about three-quarters of a mile from the scene of the action and camped for the night.

The following day, May 5th, at about 11 a. m. we began transporting the guns and equipage across the river above mentioned on a small raft constructed by engineers, this

tedious and laborious task consuming the remainder of the day, and went into camp about one mile beyond. On May 6th we proceeded to San Fernando, which the enemy had partially burned and evacuated the previous day. Our guns were parked in an enclosure in the south portion of the city, and the men afforded the shelter of a commodious house.

During the period covered by this report, eighty-nine shell and fifty-five shrapnel were fired.

This, in brief, is the history of these detachments of Battery B, directly under me. Without pausing, as I should do if writing more at length, to point out the great strength of the enemy's positions in certain places, their superiority in numbers, the unhesitating spirit of the men under me, and their bravery and discipline under fire, particularly at the Bag Bag, where, for a time, it seemed as though all must be annihilated.

Sergeant Boshard acted as gunner after Acting Gunner Braemer was wounded. All did their duty and are worthy of your consideration.

Corporal Bjornson was substituted for Corporal M. C. Jensen, killed, in command of the men on Hotchkiss gun, and am informed his work has been excellent.

I am also pleased to note the uncomplaining philosophy with which my men have met hardships, and for some time inferior rations.

During the period covered by this report, the other sections have been stationed as follows: First section in field near La Loma Church, Section four at Caloocan, Sections five and six, with Nordenfeldts on the line to the right of La Loma Church. Until the 23rd day of April, Lieutenant Naylor was in command of the fifth and sixth sections; Lieuteant Seaman of the fourth section, and Lieutenant Hines of the first section, until shortly prior to being ordered on board the gunboat Laguna de Bay.

In conclusion, I desire to call to your attention the most excellent services of Dr. Adams, Major and Brigade Surgeon,

who, apparently always present at the extreme front, rendered prompt assistance to my cannoneers at the Bag Bag fight, at the very evident peril of his life.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN F. CRITCHLOW,

First Lieutenant, Commanding Battery B, Utah Light Artillery.

(D—Lieutenant Critchlow—Supplementary).

San Fernando, P. I., June 8th, 1899.

To the Chief of Artillery, Second Division, Eighth Army Corps.

Sir:—Pursuant to your request, I have the honor to submit the following supplementary report for the month of May, 1899:

Subsequent to entering San Fernando, on May 6th, 1899, the section and detachment of Battery B mentioned in my last report, with the addition of a Hotchkiss automatic gun, manned by a corporal and two men of this battery, a period of comparative quiet ensued, the duty since that time being in the nature of a garrison.

On May 24th the Hotchkiss revolving cannon, Coporal Bjornson, took part in an attack upon the insurgents occupying trenches on the south side of this city. The range of fire was about 1600 yards. The action, so far as this piece was concerned, was short, as the infantry soon masked the field. Ammunition expended, fifteen rounds.

On May 25th, 1899, Section three, Sergeant Boshard, was called upon to fire at insurgents on north side of city. During the short engagement seven rounds of shell were expended. Lieutenant Seaman assumed command of the piece, as I was in Manila at this time.

The positions of the various detachments remain the

same as in last report, with the exception that on May 31st the two sections at Caloocan and vicinity were removed to Balinag, by order of Commanding General, where they now are stationed under Lieutenant Seaman.

They were at this time provided with four mules each.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN F. CRITCHLOW,

First Lieutenant, Utah Light Artillery.

(E—Lieutenant Fleming).

San Fernando, P. I., May 16, 1899.

The Chief of Artillery, Second Division, Eighth Army Corps.

Sir:—Pursuant to your instructions, I have the honor to submit the following report on the operations of my platoon of Light Battery D, Sixth Artillery (Dyer's), from April 1, 1899, to the present date.

Late in the afternoon of April 3rd (the platoon being at that time in camp at Malolos) I received instructions to be ready at six a. m. the next day to join a reconnoitering party to be composed of the First Montana, U. S. V., a detachment of the Fourth Cavalry, my platoon and Lieutenant Davis's Colt's automatic gun.

Accordingly, at the prescribed time the platoon was put in march on the road leading northward to the Bag Bag River. This road was unquestionably the worst over which I ever saw artillery moved. Indeed, the first mile and a half of it was in such condition that no less than ten places from ten to fifty feet in length had to be corduroyed and several little bridges had to be repaired. The mules also gave great trouble by miring themselves. About eleven a. m. the column reached the railroad crossing about one thousand yards south of the Bag Bag River. Shortly afterward the enemy was located in the vicinity of the railroad bridge over the

river, and one of my guns went into action near the railroad crossing. At my request, Lieutenant Cleland Davis, United States Navy, took command of this gun, and taking personal command of the other, I conducted it across the railroad and along a road parallel to the railroad and about six hundred yards from it. This road makes a slight bend some two hundred yards south of the river and ends at the river. It had been reported that there were insurgents in the trenches on the north (right) bank of the Bag Bag River, and upon reconnoitering I found this to be true. On both sides of the road the country was impassable for artillery on account of dense thickets, so that to get the gun into action it was necessary to pass the bend in the road referred to and move about thirty to forty yards along the road in plain view of the enemy, intrenched not more than 300 yards distant, and having an enfilading fire along the road. The piece was unlimbered out of sight around the bend and run by hand to the front some sixty yards, when turning to the left through an opening previously made, it gained its position, which was screened from view but entirely exposed to fire. During this advance to the support of the infantry not a single shot was fired to cover our unprotected advance, and I was afterward informed that they had orders not to fire. Yet, while making it, we were exposed to a vicious fire, which was most mercifully inaccurate.

As soon as this gun was in position I reported the fact to the Chief of Artillery and suggested that the other section and Lieutenant Davis's Colt's automatic gun be brought up. In the meantime I did not open fire, as the infantry had not yet engaged the enemy and were awaiting orders. A few moments later the Chief of Artillery arrived and directed me to open fire. This I did, with good effect on the limited portion of the enemy's extensive works which could be covered by the fire of one gun, the range being about three hundred to four hundred yards. Yet so numerous were the enemy

and so widely distributed that every shot from the gun was followed by a hailstorm of bullets. A dozen rounds were fired as rapidly as possible, with no support from our infantry between rounds, by which time the cannoneers, previously wearied by getting the gun into position by hand over a long stretch of difficult ground, were exhausted, and I was directed to cease firing. In the meantime the other gun had come up and I at once installed it on the left of the road, under exactly the same conditions as prevailed when the first gun was installed. But one shot was fired from this gun during my temporary absence. No further firing was done by the gun which was first placed in position.

About an hour later I received orders to withdraw both guns as quietly as possible, which resulted in their being withdrawn—as they had been advanced—in full view of the enemy, under heavy fire, and without any support whatever. In fact, the only assistance I had from the infantry, which lay in skirmish order on both sides of and between the guns, was rendered by some ten or twelve gallant men of the Montana regiment, who volunteered to help advance and withdraw the guns, which could only have been moved with fatal slowness by the small number of cannoneers with my platoon. Some of these men and some of my own were shot through their clothing, but fortunately there were no casualties among them. I had two mules slightly wounded, but not incapacitated for duty. As soon as the guns were withdrawn the column returned to Malolos.

On the afternoon of April 11th, in accordance with your instructions, I proceeded to Bacaue by rail with one gun of my platoon (with its team of four mules) and a Hotchkiss revolving cannon (unhorsed), manned by a detachment of Battery B, Utah Light Artillery, under the immediate charge of Corporal M. C. Jensen, of the same battery, and reported to Brigadier-General Wheaton.

At daybreak the next morning I accompanied his bri-

gade in its advance on Santa Maria. About six a. m. a couple of shrapnel were fired by his order at what was thought to be an earthwork in a patch of woods, but nothing was developed. He then directed me to open fire on the church in Santa Maria. Only the dome could be seen and thick woods between our position and the church made it impossible to observe the fall of a single shot. The range was long—about thirty-five hundred yards—and the fire was so unsatisfactory that I stopped it after firing five rounds.

During this advance the artillery followed the firing line at a distance of from seventy-five to one hundred yards, and though somewhat delayed at the only critical period of the day by necessity of making a detour to avoid the fierce heat of the burning nipa huts of a village fired by our firing line, it arrived on the firing line and went into action there a very few minutes after our troops had opened fire on the insurgents in Santa Maria. A few shots, in conjunction with the infantry fire, dislodged them. At this time the Hotchkiss cannon, which had followed the left of the line across the fields, being drawn by a detail of twenty infantrymen, came up, it having been found necessary to return to the road on account of the rough and broken nature of the country. Both guns went into action a hundred yards further on, firing at a few insurgents who still clung to a position in a cornfield, and later firing at the retreating enemy. Only three or four projectiles were fired from the field gun and perhaps twenty-five to thirty from the Hotchkiss cannon. Returning, we reached the railroad about ten p. m., but being unable to secure transportation that day, we camped with the infantry bridge guard and, taking the first train the next day (April 13th), reached Malolos at eleven a. m.

A period of quiet ensued, lasting until the morning of April 23rd. About 10:45 a. m. on that date word suddenly reached me that one of my sections was ordered to proceed at once to Quinga. One section of Battery B, Utah Light Ar-

tillery, was also placed under my command by the Chief of Artillery. About 11 a. m. these two guns, and also two guns of Battery A, Utah Light Artillery, left Malolos for Quigna, arriving within half a mile of that village by noon. Here the First Brigade, Second Division, was awaiting the arrival of the artillery, preparatory to renewing the attack on the enemy intrenched in the outskirts of the village. In a very few minutes a position was selected and the artillery was in action. Nor did the enemy long remain in the trenches, which were at an average distance of one thousand yards from our position. Some of them retreated in column, affording a fine target, although but a momentary one, on account of the many trees. In this engagement the two guns under my charge fired about thirty projectiles. One of the drivers of the Utah section under my charge, Private Albpnap, Battery B, Utah Light Artillery, was shot while with his team in rear of the firing line just before the guns went into action, the ball passing through his hand and grazing his shoulder. One shell was also fired after entering the village. Some two hours later I was directed by the Chief of Artillery to return to Malolos and bring up the other section of my platoon. Arriving there, I found that the Hotchkiss revolving cannon had also been ordered to Quinga by the Division Commander. I reached Quinga on my return about 6 p. m., and was directed by the Chief of Artillery to report to General Hale, commanding the First Brigade, Second Division, for instructions. Having done this, the artillery under my command was encamped for the night near the cathedral. I should also state here that during my temporary absence at Malolos, the section which had been in action during that day was again in action just before dark, firing some four shells and shrapnel at close range into the trenches of the insurgents immediately across the Quinga River.

Before daybreak the next morning one section (Sergeant

Markland's) was installed on the bluff overlooking the Quinga River, commanding the insurgent trenches and the bamboo foot-bridge on which it was expected to cross most of the troops. In the meantime the other section (Acting Corporal Jones's) and the Hotchkiss cannon took the position from which Corporal Jones had done his last firing the preceding afternoon. This position was well screened, and while it commanded the enemy's trenches, it did not command the bridge head, so that the guns were run forward into an open field before opening fire. Fire was opened at 6 a. m., all three guns firing rapidly. I was at the last position described and Corporal Miller directed the first of the other guns (Markland's section) and, observed from my position, his work was admirable.

In a few moments the enemy retired from his most advanced trenches—those at the river—and began firing from a fringe of trees one thousand yards distant. He was searched out with shrapnel and soon retired again. In the meantime the infantry began to cross the river by the bridge and by fording. After covering their crossing until it became evident that no immediate resistance was to be apprehended, the artillery forded the Quinga River and was all assembled on the further side an hour before the last of the infantry had crossed. After crossing the Quinga River the enemy was next struck about a mile northward on the Pulilan road, and one section of my platoon went into action behind a slight rise in the road, firing shrapnel against insurgents in a breastwork one hundred yards distant down the road. At the second shot they abandoned it and I hastened to the other two guns, which, by direction of the Brigade Commander, were coming into action on the right side of the road. A rather large number of the enemy was seen about a thousand yards to our right moving toward our rear. A few shrapnel and a few shots from the Hotchkiss cannon caused them to

alter their purpose, if this was to attempt a flank movement, and they hastily retreated.

The brigade stopped at Pulilan for dinner and thence continued the advance toward the Bag Bag River. The enemy was again encountered about 4 p. m., intrenched just to the right of the road, and from the end of this trench, just to the right of the road, occupying a curved line slightly concave toward us, one thousand or more yards in extent and twelve hundred to fifteen hundred yards distant from us. When they opened fire the artillery had just halted a few yards in rear of the firing line and I had followed the Brigade Commander a few rods off the road to the right. Here there was a deserted insurgent earthwork, which, strangely enough, faced directly toward the line then occupied by the enemy. This work afforded excellent cover from my guns, and I at once brought them into action behind it and opened fire almost as soon as our infantry did. The Hotchkiss cannon did good work here, although it became jammed for the second time in action that day, due to poor ammunition. Only four or five shots were fired from the field guns before our infantry advanced and the enemy fled. The command encamped for the night very near the captured position.

At 6:45 a. m. on the following day (April 25th) it was again on the march. No sign of the enemy was seen until we came in sight of the railroad bridge over the Bag Bag River, where the enemy was strongly intrenched. At 10:30 a. m. one section (Sergeant Markland's) went into action on the right of the Quinga River and opened fire at 1700 yards on the insurgent position on the right (north) bank of the Bag Bag River, which is a continuation of the Quinga. A number of shells and shrapnel, probably twenty-five, were fired, and the fire was kept up as long as it was possible without danger to our infantry, which had again begun to advance. The cannoneers were under rather a heavy fire, and the limber had been somewhat withdrawn in order to

insure the safety of the mules. In some much-to-be-regretted way, the limber-pole was snapped in two while the gun was in action, so that it was impossible in the limited time which ensuing circumstances allowed, to get this gun into the closer action which resulted at the river bank. Yet, had that action been of longer duration, this gun could have done good work, as the pole was temporarily repaired and the gun brought forward in wonderfully short time, although it arrived just too late to be of further actual service.

In the meantime, about 10:35 a. m., the other section and the Hotchkiss cannon went into battery by direction of the Brigade Commander, some 300 yards nearer the insurgent position. After firing a few shots, the guns were ordered forward. I conducted them (one 3.2-inch field gun and one Hotchkiss revolving cannon) to the river bank oposite the insurgent trenches and about sixty yards from them. They were taken under a vicious fire, unlimbered, the field gun being loaded. The position was, of course, far closer than necessary, and entirely exposed, except for a slight ridge or breastwork some fifteen inches in height in front of it. But this ridge had a shallow ditch on our side of it and this afforded good protection to our infantry, which had just occupied it, so that if the artillery was to be used at all it was necessary for the guns to advance to that line.

The accompanying sketch shows the relative positions of the First and Second Brigades of the Second Division, and the position of the insurgents. It will be noticed that each brigade, in addition to its direct fire, had an enfilade fire against the enemy.

All the artillery of the division was now, at 11:15 a. m., in action, that with the Second Brigade having first opened soon after my first shots were fired. Yet the enemy's fire was scathing. Bullets struck the gun, the ground and passed through the clothing of the cannoneers, yet fortunately at this time only one man was wounded. The guns were worked as

rapidly as possible, now firing against the trenches facing us, now enfilading the other face of the enemy's work. When the insurgents' fire began to slacken slightly, I sent Corporal Jenson, with his Hotchkiss cannon, further to the right, where some opposition was still being encountered, and he did his work splendidly.

At this period the infantry began fording at the fork of the rivers, and as soon as a number of them had reached the further side of the river the insurgents abandoned their positions. During this entire action my platoon fired thirty shells and forty-two shrapnel and about one hundred and thirty projectiles were fired from the Hotchkiss revolving cannon. Private Simmons, Light Battery D, Sixth Artillery, was shot in the right leg above the knee, wound slight. Corporal Jenson, Battery B, Utah Light Artillery, was shot in the abdomen and died of his wound the next day. One mule was shot through the leg, but was not permanently disabled.

I desire especially to mention Corporal Jenson for gallantry in this action for good, efficient service during the two days he was under my command. His fearlessness undoubtedly cost him his life. I desire also to mention Acting Corporal Jones for his cool, splendid work under a close and galling fire. In fact, all the cannoneers did their duty and more.

About 1:30 the artillery forded the Rio Chico, all the ammunition being taken out of the limber chests and carried across by hand. The ford was most difficult; the exit, where shallow, having muddy and precipitous banks. At one point both guns and limbers disappeared entirely from sight. After crossing this river my command encamped in the immediate vicinity for the night.

At 11 a. m. the following day (April 26th) I received orders to move forward and take position on or near a road running, roughly speaking, parallel to the Rio Grande and about 500 yards from it. The position had been well selected and commanded the insurgent earthworks on the opposite

side of the Rio Grande, and west of the railroad admirably, being, at the same time, screened from hostile view. At 3:15 p. m. I was directed to open fire on the enemy's works, and some seventeen 3.2 projectiles and perhaps twice as many Hotchkiss projectiles were fired at ranges varying from 800 to 1000 yards, with apparently good effect. The insurgents had a gun (about a 3-5-inch muzzle-loading rifled howitzer), which they fired several times before we took position, but to no good effect; but it was on the opposite side of the railroad and we were unable to locate it definitely or reach it from our position. At 6:10 p. m. it was again fired, but was silenced after the first shot, although subsequent investigation proved that it was impossible for us to make a direct hit from where we were. At 7:30 a. m. the next morning, by direction of the Chief of Artillery, I moved one section (Sergeant Markland's) to the railroad storehouse, where a porthole was knocked through the brick end of the building. As soon as it was installed, this gun was ordered by Brigadier-General Wheaton to begin firing. The other two guns opened fire shortly afterward, firing slowly. Soon the enemy's fire slackened and all but ceased, and, being with them at the moment, I stopped the fire of the two guns, which still retained their position of the preceding day.

As there was considerable firing further down the river, I then moved the Hotchkiss revolving cannon down the road and opened fire on the detached works, which lined the other bank at short intervals. The hostile fire was soon silenced, but the revolving cannon had scarcely regained its former position, when I again hurried it down the river to cover the crossing on rafts of part of the Twentieth Kansas, under Colonel Funston. This crossing was entirely successful. Although a number of insurgents who had been driven from their trenches endeavored to re-enter them, they were easily repulsed by a few well-directed shots from the Hotchkiss cannon. Leaving this gun to meet any emergency that might

arise, I returned to the gun located in the warehouse. It was doing beautiful work and the insurgents were already beginning to run. A number of shrapnel were burst among them as they retreated. Seeing a chance to use the Hotchkiss on the right of the road, I hastily sent for it and it came up with remarkable promptness, but nothing was left for it to do. During this affair of April 27th twenty-eight shrapnel and thirty-three shells were fired by my platoon and about seventy projectiles by the Hotchkiss. There were no casualties.

That afternoon all of the divisional artillery encamped together on the left bank of the Rio Grande.

On the afternoon of May 1st the chief of artillery directed me to report at 5 o'clock the following morning to Brigadier-General Hale at the Bag Bag river with one section of my platoon, one section of Battery A, Utah Light Artillery, and one Gatling gun. Second Lieutenant Naylor, Utah Light Artillery, was also attached to this command. Accordingly, I reported to General Hale at 4:50 a. m. on May 2nd, and was directed to ford the Rio Chico and wait for the infantry. This was done by 4:45 a. m. The column proceeded to Pulilan, where it camped until the following morning, when it returned to the Bag Bag and I returned to the camp at the Rio Grande. That same day (May 3rd) all of the artillery was ferried across the river, and at about 6:45 the next morning took part in the advance on Santa Tomas and San Fernando. My guns were at the rear of the artillery column, and although always well up, such was the nature of the country and such the positions of the enemy that at no time could all the guns be brought to bear, so that my guns took no part in the fight which occurred at Santa Tomas and vicinity. Two unfordable streams with no bridges over them delayed the progress of the artillery until provision was made by the engineers for our crossing. Yet, as there was no further fighting during the next day or two, this delay was immaterial. The artillery reached San Fernando on May 5th, where it has since

been in camp. On May 11th I received orders to send one section of my platoon to report to Major-General Lawton, and I selected Sergeant Markland for this duty. He left San Fernando with his section the same afternoon.

During the fight at the Rio Grande it became necessary to send Sergeant Hamilton Markland, Light Battery D, Sixth Artillery, with a limber, to the rear for ammunition. It was a hazardous duty, as during nearly the entire trip (about two miles) he was under a warm fire (although not an aimed one). He was supported by none of the excitement of battle, though exposed to all its dangers; yet he returned with the ammunition in almost an incredibly short time. So important do I consider this service that I unhesitatingly recommend that he be granted a certificate of merit.

During the bombardment of the insurgent trenches at Quinga river on the morning of April 24th, Corporal William Miller, Light Battery D, Sixth Artillery, had independent charge of his gun, which was in position some 300 yards further up the river than the main battery. His gun was not over 100 yards from the enemy and had practically no protection from their fire. During the action both pivot bolts of the elevating device broke simultaneously, completely disabling the gun. Yet this able gunner, under a fire which he could not return, calmly repaired the breakage and then continued his fire. He is certainly entitled to a certificate of merit for "distinguished service."

I also recommend that certificates of merit be awarded to Corporal M. C. Jensen, Battery B, Utah Light Artillery, and Acting Corporal Charles E. Jones, Light Battery D, Sixth Artillery, for distinguished service during the engagement at the Bag Bag River on April 25th, the details of which I have given above.

Yours respectfully,

ADRIAN S. FLEMING,

Second Lieutenant, Sixth Artillery.

(P—Lieutenant Bridges).

Guiguinto, P. I., May 29, 1899.

Major Young,

Chief of Artillery, Second Division, Manila, P. I.

Sir:—I have the honor to make the following report:

At 8 o'clock on the morning of April 25th, 1899, the armored train was pushed from Malolos to a point on the track about 1200 yards from the enemy's intrenchments on the Bag Bag River. From this point at about 11 a. m. we opened fire on the enemy's works, and, advancing slowly under fire, we continued firing with good effect until within about 150 yards of the intrenchments, when the enemy retreated, leaving the trenches to be captured by our infantry. Our only casualty during the engagement was John Tournquist, private, Sixth Artillery, wounded.

The enemy having destroyed a span of the bridge over the Bag Bag River, it was impossible to advance farther with the armored train. By order of Major Young, Chief of Artillery, Second Division, two Gatling guns were removed from the train and mounted on field carriages. We proceeded with the Utah Battery on April 27th to take position in front of enemy's intrenchments behind the Rio Grande River at Calumpit. The position selected for the artillery was at a point on the right of the Montana regiment, about 200 yards from the enemy's intrenchments. In the engagement there on April 27th, the Gatlings did very effective work in keeping down the fire on the Utah battery. No casualties in this engagement.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed.) C. H. BRIDGES,

Second Lieutenant Twenty-second Infantry, Commanding Armored Train.

P. S.—I am authorized by Lieutenant Bridges to add that

there was fired from the armored train at Bag Bag the following ammunition: Six-pound shells, 140; Hotchkiss one-pounders, 1000; Gatling (smokeless), 6000.

R. W. YOUNG,
Major, etc.

(G—Sergeant Anderson).

Candaba, Luzon, P. I., June 1, 1899.

Sir:—I have the honor to report the operations of the second section of Battery B, Utah Volunteer Artillery, since leaving my battery commander at Malolos, April 21, 1899. I received orders on April 20th to report to Lieutenant Boyd of the Fourth Cavalry, to be escorted to Bocane, reaching there in the afternoon of the same day. April 22nd Colonel O. Summers took command of the Provisional Brigade. I reported my detachment and received orders to march April 23rd, my position being on the left of the Thirteenth Minnesota Infantry. About 4 p. m. orders came to take the artillery to the front. We advanced about two miles on the gallop, going into action on the brow of the hill overlooking Norzagaray. We opened fire on the insurgents intrenched 1500 yards in front of us, firing four shrapnel and one percussion shell and silencing the front line. The natives tried to turn our right flank, so action right was ordered and we threw three shrapnel into their advancing column, sending them in all directions. We were then ordered to withdraw for the night.

April 24th we started on the march for Norzagaray at 5 a. m., the section of artillery advancing with the firing line. The natives opened fire about one mile from camp. The section went into action four times and used ten shrapnel, shelling the timber in front of our advance. At 800 yards from the town, Colonel Summers gave orders to shell the city with percussion shell. I directed ten percussion shells at stone build-

ings, and then we entered town and went into camp. We had advanced two miles and gone into action five times in one hour.

Col. Summers, before the staff officers and the commander of the Thirteenth Minnesota regiment, complimented the detachment for its efficiency and quickness in handling the gun.

About 10 a. m. the natives opened fire on our left flank from across the river. I was ordered out and we went into action and fired four shrapnel and three percussion shells, dislodging the enemy and sending them running toward the foothills.

April 25th we received orders to march to Angaut, about three miles distant. The natives opened fire on us at 1500 yards, and Colonel Summers ordered the infantry to lie down and the artillery to open fire. I went into action with the gun at 1400 yards, firing eight shrapnel at natives on the outer edge of town, and nine percussion shells at a church and stone wall surrounding it. After entering town the natives opened fire on our left. I was told to use my own judgment in the matter, and I went into action in three places, using nine shrapnel and six percussion shells at ranges from 800 to 1500 yards. During the engagement the entire town was burned. We were then ordered back to Norzagaray to await General Lawton. The same day the natives opened fire on our watering place from across the river, and I was ordered to dislodge them. We went into action, firing one percussion shell at intrenchments and three shrapnel at retreating natives, killing and wounding quite a number of the latter.

On the 26th I received orders to report to Lieutenant Scott of the Sixth Artillery. We went into camp below Ongaut until May 1st. On May 1st, under direction of Lieutenant Scott, my section went into action on the west side of San Rafael, using sixteen shrapnel and one percussion shell. On May 2nd, under Lieutenant Scott's direction, we went into

action, firing five shrapnel and one percussion shell at 2000 yards' range, entering Baliuag.

May 4th I received orders to report to Col. Summers. I started at once to San Miguel. Corporal Peterson being sick, he was sent to the hospital. The insurgents were strongly intrenched at Maasin. They opened up a heavy fire on our front, and I was ordered to fire upon them at once. The gun went into action, firing one percussion shell and four shrapnel, all taking effect on the breastworks. Colonel Summers complimented J. W. Meranda on his good shots. We went into camp at Maasin until May 13th.

On the 13th we marched to San Miguel and camped there till the morning of the 15th, when we started for San Isidro. On the night of the 16th, Lieutenant Scott's battery came up with us, and I again reported to him. May 17th, on account of Lieutenant Scott's guns getting stuck in the river, I was ordered to the front with my gun. I fired three percussion shells at retreating natives before Lieutenant Scott joined us, then fired two percussion shells under his directions. On May 18th, one section of the Sixth Artillery was attached to my command.

On May 20th we marched down the river, crossing about twelve miles below San Isidro, then marching down to Canda, crossed the river again.

May 24th I received orders to report to Major Bolance of the Twenty-second U. S. Infantry, for duty, and have been here since.

Respectfully,

JOHN A. ANDERSON,

First Sergeant, Battery B, Utah Volunteers, Commanding Detachment.

CHAPTER XXV.

SANTA CRUZ.

General Lawton, with the First Division of the Eighth Army Corps, left San Pedro Macati, on the Pasig River, on April 8th. The troops were embarked on cascoes and towed up the river to the lake, where they were met by the "Laguna de Bay," Major Grant's flagship, and towed across the entire length of the lake to Santa Cruz. On April 10th the "tinclad fleet," consisting of the flagship, "Oeste" and "Napindan," shelled the thicket along the shore with lead and shells. The following transcript is from the logbook of the "Oeste":

"6:30.—Major Grant ordered 'Oeste' around the point to the west to protect right flank of party about to land northwest of town. 'Laguna de Bay' lay close in front of Santa Cruz docks; 'Oeste' pulled round into a little cove as close in as possible, and 'Napindan' lay a half-mile down the beach to our right and a little in advance of General Lawton's lines, as they came on toward and back of the town.

"7:20 a. m.—Scarcely had we anchored when a company of natives started across the open, about 1500 yards distant and between us and the 'Napindan.' A one-pounder was exploded right among them, the first shot. Most of them lay down, others running for cover, and several shells were fired in quick succession.

"The party of cavalry that had landed on our left was

moving up in extended order, when a line of smoke burst out not 300 yards in front of them.

"'Laguna' began sending her twelve-pounders over the heads of the cavalry into the trenches, which until now had not been discovered, and our starboard Gatling, one-pounders and every rifle that could be used were sending a storm of lead and shell into the works nearest us with a will and precision remarkable.

"The cavalry (on foot) was advancing over a perfect level with no protection at all, firing as they came, and when those on the right flank were within 120 yards of the enemy, a feint of charging was made, which entirely unnerved them, and running, falling, scattering and then gathering again, seeming to be perfectly rattled, they made for the trees, a short distance back, and we made use of the opportunity, which was certainly a rare one.

"8:10 a. m.—Firing had ceased in our quarter, and the cavalry waited for Lawton's line, which soon came up abreast of us, running and firing. 'Oeste' and 'Napindan' were then ordered around to the 'Laguna.'

"'Napindan' ran in alongside 'Laguna' and began using her six-pounders, and 'Oeste' was sent to patrol the mouth of Santa Cruz River, two miles north. As we steamed away the troops came through the palms on the left of town, a drove of natives ahead of them, and the Gatling played havoc among the distracted insurrectos.

"The natives made a last stand here, but in a minute they were lost to view among the victorious Americans.

"9:45 a. m.—A flag was seen on the church, and we knew Santa Cruz was ours."

Grundwig, one of the cavalrymen, descvribed the work of the tinclads as the most beautiful he ever saw. "So entrancing was the sight," he said, "that I actually forgot to fire my own rifle in watching the 'Laguna,' which seemed to be a little floating hell vomiting death over our heads. The

BRIG.-GEN. H G. OTIS IN THE FIELD, WITH STAFF AND ORDERLIES.

slaughter was terrible, and we were burying dead niggers for two days. We could not bury them fast enough to prevent the dogs and hogs from eating them."

Payate and another town were captured, with the help of the tinclads, and the expedition returned April 17th to Manila.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAWTON'S EXPEDITIONS.

On April 21st General Lawton's expedition started out from Manila to march north along the Novaliches road, or rather trail, and head off the retreat of the insurgents whom General MacArthur was to assail in front. The following day Novaliches was taken. San Juan del Monte followed next, and they reached Norzagaray without meeting any resistance to speak of, the natives never imagining that an American force could possibly appear in their rear. At Norzagaray they met the Minnesotas and Oregons, with one troop of Fourth Cavalry and some Utah guns. This force had captured Angat two days previously. Before San Rafael a sharp cavalry skirmish took place, and Balinag fell with slight resistance. San Miguel was captured by Young's scouts, but at the dear price of that matchless scout's life.

One column penetrated the mountains as far as Sibul Springs, a beautiful sulphur spring frequented by Manilaese. A second column captured San Isidro after a hot fight and reached Gapang, after capturing which they returned to San Miguel, whence they ultimately returned to Manila, via Malolos.

Another expedition to head off the insurgents under Generals Lawton and Hale, headed north on June 2nd. The two columns made a combined attack on Tay Tay, Antipolo

and Morong. From the start it was a running fight all the way through the Maraquina Valley to Antipolo. The pursuing forces of Hall's column fought without a mouthful to eat for twenty-four hours. Despite the energetic advance, this resistance so delayed their arrival at Tay Tay that the natives escaped, when Lawton captured it.

Morong had been captured the day before by the Washingtons, assisted by the "Napindan." All efforts to head off the nimble-footed Tagalos had proved fruitless, and this expedition returned to Manila.

On June 12th General Lawton captured Paranique, after a very hot fight, and the next day Las Pinas fell, after a most spirited resistance. These were the last important engagements of the campaign, except those previously recorded as occurring around San Fernando.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOME AGAIN.

Several attacks were made upon San Fernando by the insurgents, in the vain hope that they might recapture it by some lucky accident, or else that they would be properly employed in doing so. The last engagement in which any of the Utah Batterymen were engaged occurred at San Fernando June 23, 1899. The Tagalos war was virtually over. The enemy might keep up a guerrilla warfare in the jungles of Luzon indefinitely, but Aguinaldo's soldiers had become a demoralized rabble, and the serio-comic farce had been played to its logical finale. It was a year since they had sailed into Manila Bay; they had fought a hundred fights; they had done their full duty; had written the name of Utah in letters of blood upon the soil of Luzon, and of gold upon the pages of history, and now, worn and weary, they turned wistful eyes toward the setting of the sun, and wondered if it were true indeed that they were to return to their dear native land.

At last the official confirmation of the rumor came, and preparations for their return began to be made. The ceremony of formally turning over their guns to the regulars was like the disruption of a life's comradeship made sacred through sacrifice and suffering.

July 1st they embarked for home on the United States transport "Hancock" and entered the bay of San Francisco

OUR FAMOUS BATTERY BOYS.

OUR FAMOUS BATTERY BOYS.

July 31st, the anniversary of their baptism of blood. On the return they stopped over at Nagasaki and Yokohama, Japan. Their conduct there elicited the following editorial from the Tokio Daily Herald:

"Saturday, July 15th.—For the last few days we have had in Yokohama nearly 3000 American volunteers, who have completed their term of service in the Philippines, and are now homeward bound. They are the Utah and Nebraska Regiments, on board the 'Hancock,' and the Pennsylvania Regiment on board the 'Senator.'

"Many remarks have been made about the general appearance of these men, who, coming as they do from hard fighting against the Filipinos—and the Utah and Nebraska Regiments have done some of the severest fighting—do not always present the spotless purity of appearance usual in soldiers on parade.

"They are not all big men, some—and, in fact, most of them—showing clear traces of the campaigning and mental worry to which they have been subjected by their sunburnt skins and somewhat cadaverous cheeks. But one thing is apparent to everybody, and that is the exemplary behavior of this large number of men on shore leave.

"A few thousand soldiers are a small army, and nobody who has watched them can have failed to remark, as they roam over the town, their quiet and friendly demeanor toward Japanese and foreigners alike, and the entire absence of drunkenness among their ranks. The police, on whom the brunt of keeping order devolves in the first instance, reported both in Nagasaki and here, that they have not had a single case of refractory behavior or intoxication to deal with.

"Large numbers of these volunteers have made the Grand Hotel their headquarters, and there they can be seen at leisure. All of them seem to have 'money to burn,' for they have bought curios and souvenirs of Yokohama in large quantities.

"And this is not to be wondered at, as, aside from the fact that the American soldier is the best paid soldier in the world, we find that their ranks are not made up of vagabonds, who were out of a job in the first place and took the chance to get employment, but of intelligent men, among whom are bankers, lawyers, merchants, farmers, mechanics, etc., who left their homes when the country called for volunteers to fight for its cause. And these men have done honor to their country and to their flag. They have shown that gentlemen can be fighters, and are proving now that fighters can be gentlemen."

In an interview Major Grant said many of the men were so thin and sallow and changed in appearance that often on shipboard, while inspecting the hospital of the vessel, he was obliged to ask the names of this one and that one, although he knew each man as well as a year's close contact with him could make.

The few days rest at the Presidio has done wonders for the boys; they are sprucing up remarkably and rapidly getting into condition for muster out and the doings at home.

The same exemplary conduct in San Francisco occasioned high encomiums from the local press. In their march to the Presidio the school children had strewn flowers in their path. At their camp the citizens had done all to do them honor. Here they recuperated rapidly, and by the time they were mustered out one could hardly recognize in the hale, stout men the same gaunt, worn and cadaverous forms which disembarked from the "Hancock."

While they were recuperating and awaiting their muster out, the press and people of Utah were making the most extensive preparations to give them an ovation worthy of their record.

They were mustered out at the Presidio, California, August 16, 1899, but they were persuaded to keep together in a body to receive the welcome home intended for them by the

people of their State. Adjutant-General Burton was on the ground to take care that nothing was lacking to make them comfortable. Colonel Bruback was on hand to care for their transportation, which had been provided by the liberality of their fellow-citizens, and everything possible was provided to show Utah's appreciation of the splendid crown of glory which their valor and fortitude had placed upon the brow of the youngest of the States. A great number of the most prominent citizens had gone to San Francisco, and had assured them of the wild enthusiasm at their return, which was rising higher and higher as they approached the Capital City.

Friday, August 11th, the Governor issued the following proclamation:

"The people of Utah are grateful to Almighty God for the deliverance of their volunteers, who went forth at the call of the President to do battle for the Republic. The last of them are on the Pacific Coast, returning from the Philippine Islands, where for more than a year they have endured the hardships and sufferings of active war;

"Now, therefore, I, Heber M. Wells, Governor of the State of Utah, by virtue of authority vested in me by law, do hereby proclaim Saturday, the 19th day of August of this year, a legal holiday for the purpose of general thanksgiving and rejoicing, and do advise and request that all places of business be closed on that day, and that all the people of the State unite in welcoming home the brave men who have fought so valiantly and endured so well, and in rendering thanksgiving and praise to the Father who has preserved them from the shafts of their enemies and from the ravages of disease; and in our rejoicing let us not forget to minister to the wants, and comfort the hearts of those who mourn the loss of their dear ones who laid down their lives in the service of our beloved country.

"In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and

caused the great seal of the State of Utah to be hereunto affixed.

"Done at Salt Lake City, this eleventh day of August, A. D. 1899.

(Seal.)

"HEBER M. WELLS.

"By the Governor—

"J. T. HAMMOND, Secretary of State."

He appointed a huge committee of representative citizens to undertake the task of raising necessary funds and providing appropriate methods and ceremonies for the public reception of the Utah Volunteers. Never were such duties undertaken with greater alacrity or executed with quicker dispatch or higher efficiency.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the gentlemen upon whom devolved the duty of raising money. In an incredibly brief period they had secured about $15,000.00—much more than sufficient to carry out the very elaborate plans of the decorations and other sub-committees.

The most striking feature of these preparations was the erection of a truly beautiful and artistic arch of triumph at the intersection of Main and Second South Streets, the business center of the city at that time.

At 8:30 a. m. Saturday, August 19th, the train bearing the veterans of a hundred battles rolled into the station at Ogden. A public demonstration, which must have been extremely gratifying, was everywhere apparent as they rode on the street cars up to Lester Park, where a most elaborate and tasteful breakfast had been spread on tables beneath the trees, under the auspices of the local Red Cross Society.

At noon the train rolled into the Oregon Short Line railway station, and the veterans jumped hurriedly to the ground amid the vociferous applause of the thousands who crowded every available viewpoint, and the shrieking of innumerable steam whistles. Despite the ovation which every

S.S. CHINA IN MISSION BAY WITH 1ST COL. AND UTAH "A&B" LIGHT BATTERIES.

way-station en route had tried to accord them, they were not prepared for the wild abandonment of feeling with which they were greeted in Salt Lake City. The day was perfect, all the city was out, and over 15,000 visitors had arrived to swell the dense multitude which thronged the route of march.

The Deseret Evening News said of the demonstration:

"Fifteen months to the day after leaving Salt Lake to ship for war service in a land 10,000 miles over the sea, the Utah Volunteers re-entered their homes.

"May 19, 1898, beheld the batteries march away, and the glorious Godspeed they were accorded will never be forgotten. But if their leave-taking was a memorable one, what shall be said of the stupendous, soul-stirring, lung-splitting, heart-throbbing welcome which they were accorded as they again set foot in their native city today?

"It was a perfect delirium of greeting, a frenzy of popular enthusiasm; the town turned itself topsy-turvy with delight over its heroes and probably while life lasts they will not forget the whole-souled nature of that welcome home."

The parade was over a mile in length, covering seven full blocks, and it was compact, each section following as closely on the heels of the other as possible. Its military character was, of course, the chief feature. Troop C, Ninth Cavalry, from Fort Douglas, made a fine appearance and carried themselves like true soldiers.

The N. G. U. made a most creditable showing, and so did the Rough Riders, the Volunteer Cavalry and the Engineers.

A fine feature of the parade was afforded by fraternal societies represented and the military organizations of the I. O. O. F., K. of P. and A. O. U. W., which made a striking appearance in their handsome uniforms. The Elks also showed up well. There were eleven bands in the parade, which seemed to vie with each other in friendly rivalry. The

bands were, however, not as well distributed in the procession as they might have been. The following is the order in which the procession moved:

FIRST DIVISION.

Chief of Police Hilton and platoon of officers.

Grand Marshal, General William H. Penrose; Adjutants, Major W. H. Bird, Captain F. M. Bishop; aides, A. J. Malloy, R. L. Colburn, George E. Blair, E. L. Carpenter, G. H. Naylor and J. W. McHenry.

Five orderlies to the Grand Marshal supplied from the Ninth Cavalry, with troop colors.

First Regiment Band.

Ninth United States Cavalry, under command of Lieutenant G. P. White, eighty-two men.

Utah National Guard, First Infantry, Colonel M. L. Ritchie, Captain Alford, Adjutant.

First Battalion, Major Lund; Company A, Lieutenant Gilbert and thirty-seven men. Company B, Captain Hassing, Lieutenant Durrant and thirty-one men. Signal Corps, Captain Greenewald, Lieutenants Tobias and Scott and sixteen men.

Second Battalion, Acting Major A. A. Smith commanding. Company C, Captain Cannon, Lieutenants Terry and Carstenson and forty-five men. Company E, Captain Haywood, Lieutenants Riley and Birmingham and twenty-three men.

The Grand Army of the Republic, Colonel M. M. Kaighn commanding; Major R. G. Sleater, Staff Adjutant. McKean Post, Major W. A. Stanton commanding. Maxwell Post, Captain W. M. Owens commanding, 200 veterans of the Civil War.

Company K, United States Volunteer Engineers, Cap-

tain F. J. Mills, Lieutenant W. B. Dougall and twenty-five men.

Old cannon captured by the batteries.

Battalion Utah Light Artillery, Major F. A. Grant commanding. Major Grant, Major R. W. Young, Lieutenant F. T. Hines, Adjutant.

Battery Band, W. F. Aldrach, leader.

Battery A, Captain E. A. Wedgwood, First Lieutenant G. W. Gibbs, Lieutenant W. C. Webb, Lieutenant J. A. Anderson.

Battery B, Captain J. F. Critchlow, First Lieutenant R. C. Naylor, Lieutenant G. A. Seaman.

Following the returned heroes was Battery C, Captain F. W. Jennings and seventy men.

Troop I, Torrey's Rough Riders, Second United States Volunteer Cavalry, General John Q. Cannon commanding, Captain J. Wash Young, Lieutenants A. J. Burt and Sid Hooper.

Troop C, United States Volunteer Cavalry, Captain Joseph E. Caine commanding; platoon commanders, Sergeants Richards, Atkinson and Porter, Corporals Colbath and Young. Sergeant Price carried the guidon; eighty-five men in line.

Veteran Artillery, Captain A. J. Taysum commanding. Two historic old cannon drawn along decorated with flags and bunting.

Float with the alligator killed in the Pasig River near Manila by the battery boys. The monster, fourteen feet long, with open jaws, was swathed in an American flag and was in charge of Mascot Patrick Donohue.

Float with forty-five young ladies, who pinned the badges on the battery boys. Ladies dressed in white and wearing red, white and blue ribbons.

SECOND DIVISION.

Aides, W. T. Dinwoodey, Joseph H. Grant.

Knights of Pythias Uniformed Band, thirty-five pieces, under direction of Conductor Pederson.

Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, about eighty strong, with banners and badges.

I. O. O. F. Society, Cantons Colfax and Thomas in uniform, followed by subordinate lodges in the city and from Bingham and elsewhere, 200 strong.

Volunteer Veteran Firemen, under command of Chief Ottinger, men dressed in red shirts and hauling fire apparatus. Forty strong.

Letter-Carriers' Association, twenty-five strong, with banner in form of a letter addressed on one side to Major Young and on the other to Major Grant.

Select Knights of the A. O. U. W. Order in uniform, fifty strong.

Painters' and Decorators' Union, thirty strong, with handsome banners and flags.

Hyrum and Wellsville Bands, followed by citizens of those towns.

THIRD DIVISION.

Aides, Dr. W. F. Beer, Harry Herrick.

Held's band, twenty pieces.

Italian society, with banner inscribed "Societa Italiano di Christophoro Colombo," and American flags.

Logan band, thirty pieces.

Woodmen of the World, 100 strong, with banners and flags.

Independent Order of B'nai Brith, with banners and flags.

Federation of Labor, 100 strong, with flags.

Springville drum corps.

Bountiful contingent, with Kaysville band and banner "Davis County's Welcome to the Volunteers," ladies on horseback dressed in striped red, white and blue costumes.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Aides, George M. Nolan, Dr. J. A. Hensel.

Ogden band, forty pieces, and Ogden citizens with flags and banners.

Railroad employees.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Aides, George M. Cannon, James E. Jennings.

Eureka and Bingham bands, twenty and twenty-five pieces each, followed by residents of Eureka and Bingham.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Aides, Charles Wells, George A. Smoot.

Springville K. O. T. M. band, thirty-five pieces, followed by Springville citizens.

Union band, twenty pieces, followed by Union citizens.

Bartholomew's horse show brought up the rear.

The route lay down South Temple to Main, down Main under triumphal arch to State via Third South, past reviewing stand at north entrance to County and City Building, and on to Liberty Park, where the formal reception was to take place.

The exercises were opened with an invocation by the venerable head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, whose prayer was reported as follows:

"All-wise and Holy Father, we, Thy servants and Thy children, who have come into the world for the accomplishment of certain purposes, come before Thee this beautiful and lovely day, and we ask Thy blessing upon us for the few

moments that we call upon Thee. We thank Thee, Holy Father, that Thou hast given us this favorable opportunity to show our desires and wishes to honor these pioneers, officers and soldiers that have been employed a long time in Thy service, and have shown a willingness to sacrifice their lives to carry forth the flag of this great Nation and this magnificent Republic to islands far away; that they are willing to sacrifice their lives in upholding and sustaining the flag that we love so well. We thank Thee, Holy Father, that we have had this opportunity of thus displaying our feelings and our love for these magnificent heroes who have accomplished wonders in the interest of these United States—this great Rpublic, the foundation of which was laid by noble, generous men, inspired of Thee, and that Thou hast been favorable to this Republic and hast raised up men and boys that have been willing to serve their country. We ask Thy further blessing upon them, and may they live long in the land to see the fruits of their labor, and see the flag that they have sustained so nobly, even at the sacrifice of lives—see it wave over the land of Luzon and a good government established there, where liberty shall be given to every man in the land.

"We ask Thee for Thy blessing for those that have gotten up this blessed scene and have accomplished this great work of showing the feelings and the love and the gratitude for what has been accomplished by these sons of Utah.

"And now, Heavenly Father, take us into Thy care, and may those that have thus fought so bravely live in a way in which they shall be worthy, after they have finished their lives in this life, to come forth in the spirit of life from whence we all came, and there receive that reception which is far greater than our imagination can conceive; greater than that which we have been able to give this day. And now we consecrate ourselves unto Thee, and the praise and the honor and the glory shall be given unto Thee now and forever."

The Governor followed with a very appropriate felicitous and eloquent address of welcome, prefacing with:

"All day long there has been a tumult of conflicting emotions in my breast, each struggling to be uppermost, joy over your return, pride over your achievements and satisfaction over the way Utah receives her soldier boys. I know my own emotions are but a reflex of all our citizens."

Major Grant then presented the battalion's two tattered guidons to the State, in a neat little speech.

Senator Rawlins, the only United States Senator from Utah at that time, had been selected as orator of the day. With commendable moderation, he refrained from expatiating his well-known anti-Administration opinions, and only raised the issue by asking: "Whence did this war come? When will it end? And whither will it lead?" Which he adroitly and with unusual tact avoided by saying, "Of these things I am not to speak." Otherwise it was a summary of the leading events of the war, some well-expressed compliments to the soldiers, and concluded thus:

"And now let us all join in the earnest wish that there will come an end to this sacrifice of human life; that the time may speedily arrive when we may think no more of these cruel wars and savage tribes; that the brazen gates of war may be closed, and the white-winged messenger of peace be permitted once again to hover over and bless the land."

Col. Kaighn, representing the G. A. R., spoke well, feelingly and proudly of and for his organization, and welcomed the returned volunteers "into the ranks of the tried and true defenders of our country," in a few well-chosen and appropriate words.

Hon. W. H. Roylance, Speaker of the House of Representatives, presented the medals in behalf of the State of Utah, in a brief, but faultless speech. Major R. W. Young responded for the volunteers. Colonel John Q. Cannon was unavoidably absent, and the Star-spangled Banner by the

band closed the public ceremonies, and released the hungry soldiers for the "feast of fat things upon the tables," which had been spread in the park under the auspices of those angels of war, the ladies of the Red Cross Society. This was a royal banquet, to which the tired and hungry soldiers addressed themselves with an enthusiasm which proclaimed their appreciation better than words.

One by one they drifted away into the outer and wider circles of human interests, where they must face a longer, fiercer and more exhausting fight than that of the Philippine jungle.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAJOR RICHARD W. YOUNG.

Richard W. Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, April 19, 1858. His father, Joseph A. Young (deceased) was a son of President Brigham Young, and his mother was Margaret Whitehead, who was still living at the time of his return with the disbanded batteries from the Philippine islands. His wife was Miss Minerva Richards, daughter of Henry P. Richards, one of the best and most respected citizens of Salt Lake City. She bore to Major Young eight children, one of whom is dead.

Our hero was a cadet from the State of Utah at West Point, where he received his military training, and whence he graduated with high honors. Later he served on the staff of General Hancock, and for a time was Judge Advocate in Washington, participating in some court-martial proceedings of national renown.

The life of a soldier in times of peace offered but few attractions to a temperament as ardent and energetic as that of Richard W. Young; consequently, we find him next practicing law in Salt Lake City, having resigned his commission in the United States Army. In the practice of the law the future military hero did not find scope enough in which to exercise the restless energy and lofty enthusiasm of his soul; so for several years we find him editor of the leading Demo-

cratic daily of this section, the Salt Lake Herald, which owes to him no insignificant part of its proud success.

At a lecture given by Dr. A. Prentiss in the Salt Lake Theater, for the benefit of the battalion, I was honored with an invitation to present the name of Major Richard W. Young to the splendid audience there assembled, and now repeat a part of what I said upon that brilliant occasion:

"When war's loud alarm drum beat through the land, and the voice of our country called her sons to the field, it found the subject of these remarks following the avocation of peace. Engrossed in the pursuits of happiness to be found in the pleasant association of friends, and the joys of the domestic circle. Among all the men I may count as friends, I never knew one to whom the pleasures of domestic life were so dear as to him. Gentle in his demeanor, social in his disposition; his heart bubbling over with the milk of human kindness formed a perennial fountain to his good nature; broad-minded and considerate in his views with regard to the opinions of others, yet frank and courageous in the maintenance of what he thought to be right—he was, take him all in all, a man than whom none was fitter to adorn the walks of peace.

"And yet as those men who are gentlest with women are fiercest to fight men, so this man, so well furnished with the elements to qualify him for the pursuits of peace, possessed also the qualities which go to the making of a soldier—a warrior.

"He had graduated with distinction at the military school of our country, and he could not conceive it to be the part of gratitude or of honor, for a graduate of West Point to remain at home when the Nation was calling her sons to arms, and hence he offered his services to our country.

In the spring of 1898 he received his appointment as Captain of Battery A, Utah United States Volunteers, and ranking officer of the Utah Artillery battalion. He was at the time in the prime of life, being forty years of age, and in excellent

health. With characteristic vigor and ability, he assumed the task of fitting the more or less raw material of which the batteries were composed at that time, for the terrible work awaiting them beyond the wide Pacific. How efficiently was this duty discharged and how effective was his work, the unparalleled career of that now famous command abundantly testifies. Through all the trying scenes, in camp and field, in barracks and battles, with the courage, coolness and bearing of the born commander, he conducted himself as a knight sans peur et sans reproche.

The subsequent biography of Major Young is in a large measure the story of the Utah Batteries in the Spanish and Philippine campaigns in the Island of Luzon. Elsewhere in this history the part he played in those stirring scenes will appear, but, in order to acquaint the reader with the heart and mind of the gallant young officer, one or two extracts from his letters are subjoined.

To his wife, under date of April 7th, he writes:

"I am writing in a church, one corner of which has been occupied by the artillerymen as quarters. The church is the one in which Aguinaldo took the oath of office, and in which the sessions of the Filipino Congress were held.

"This morning a scouting party, composed of two and one-half companies of cavalry and one gun under Critchlow, has gone out to find whether the river is fordable.

"Our objective point now is Calumpit, six miles up the country, on the largest stream of this slope (the Rio Grande), and we must have it.

* * * * *

"The little devils had a piece of light artillery, which they shot at us. I was considerably overcome by the heat. There were thirty-five men totally disabled.

"The heat is a serious question in future campaign work. It will very much limit our operations.

* * * * *

"We are all so wild to get home. Every moment here is lonesome. I have no home. My things are piled in a small, dirty room in barracks, and the barracks themselves are dirty. I suppose I might get permission to run down to Manila and right back, but I should not know what to do if I were there. I prefer to remain here in camp, sleeping among tombs, without any sort of advantages. Oh, for the transport, the ocean, the Golden Gate, Ogden, home! In a few weeks I will be there."

In all his reports he exhibits a keen discernment, as well as a sympathetic appreciation of his officers and men; his praise is as generous as it is deserved, and through all of them breathes the spirit of the comrade, as well as that of the commanding officer. In his report, covering the period from the 4th to the 15th of February, he says of Lieutenant Seaman's detachment:

"I am satisfied that no troops during this advance have performed more dangerous service than the detachment under Lieutenant Seaman in their perilous progress upon the Caloocan road; too much, therefore, in my judgment, cannot be said in praise of their intrepidity and efficiency."

Of Lieutenant Fleming's two guns:

"During the advance on Caloocan, this platoon did very effective work under a heavy small arms fire from the enemy."

He also speaks of Grant's and Critchlow's guns, which took part in the movement, as follows:

"Extremely accurate work was done; one of the best shots of the campaign was at a party throwing up earthworks at the cemetery gate, the left side of the gate being destroyed at an estimated range of 2600 yards by the first shell. Shrapnel proved to be effective at a range of 2000 yards in driving a party which advanced fearlessly from the right to take a flanking party under command of Major Bell, U. S. V. engineers."

A compliment is paid to Wedgwood's battery, the men of

which dragged their guns on the night of February 4th, for three miles without assistance, and driving the enemy back in great numbers, and paved the way for the infantry advance.

Webb's two guns are described as silencing the enemy's fire in almost every instance over an arc of nearly 180 degrees.

The two Nordenfeldts under Lieutenant Gibbs are said to have been handled with skill and efficiency. In one case the guns were brought down at double time on a 500 yards slope in the face of a heavy fire. This was in open view of the enemy and at close range and was one of the boldest and most commendable acts of the campaign, says Major Young.

"I desire to commend most heartily and without distinction the officers and men in the organization under my command. The amount of labor done by the men dragging guns and constructing earthworks has been prodigious and it has always been done cheerfully. All have been fearless. Compelled to advance along open roads, usually in plain view of the enemy without the opportunity of concealment, they have unshrinkingly served their guns.

"It has, too, been a feature of these operations that in every advance the gunners have gone forward practically on the line of skirmishers. Their willingness to work and their intrepidity have not been more conspicuous than the skill with which they have handled their guns and their accuracy of aim."

In a letter to Adjutant-General Burton he writes, May 14th, 1899: "Of course, you know in part what a merry time we have had here since February 4th. I have not slept without my trousers, shoes and stockings on more than once since the fracas started. Our days have been toilsome and our nights much disturbed. Personally, I have been in over twenty-five engagements, besides being under fire numerous other times when we were not replying. Our batteries have shot away between 3500 and 4000 rounds of ammunition. We have blown out vent after vent, and have had to have new

breech blocks on several of our guns. We have had eleven men die, eight killed and three of natural deaths, and have had seventeen or eighteen wounded. The record would have been much greater had it not been for our wonderful luck and the fact that there has always been a part of the command lying idle for the time guarding some weak but threatened part of the line. On one of Critchlow's guns at Bag Bag the other day two men were killed, one had his knee shot away, two were struck with spent bullets, and the piece was struck in several places. At the same time a corporal on another piece was killed, and shortly after another man wounded. Such work as that is nearly annihilating. We have commanded the—what shall I say?—admiration of the division, time after time; our boys have taken our guns, all exposed, up to within even sixty yards of entrenched 'niggers,' but of all this I can better tell you some evening when you, your wife and the Governor are seated with me at home and we sit down for a little 'chalktalk.'"

But Richard W. Young was more than a gallant soldier and an able commander. His remarkable administrative abilities attracted the attention of his superiors, and won the admiration of the Commanding General. The State of Utah may well be proud of the fact that one of her sons, the subject of this sketch, was one of the two Americans selected to compose the first Supreme Court of the Philippine islands. As a Justice of the Philippine Supreme Court, he will fill a position of tremendous responsibility and arduous labor, at the same time one of exceptional honor and unique usefulness to his country.

B. H. ROBERTS, M. C.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MAJOR F. A. GRANT.

When history recounts the last battles in defense of our Nation's honor, high in the rank of military heroes will stand the gallant commander of the Utah Volunteers.

Major Frank A. Grant was born in Kingston, Canada, in 1855. The science of war he studied in Kingston Military College, when he graduated with honors in ..... Soon after leaving college he came to the United States, settling in Detroit, and vowing his future allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. Here, through his own energy and business tact, he succeeded in winning the confidence of a steamship company, which appointed him one of its officers. Whilst doing duty for his company on the boats which plied on the lakes, he acquired valuable knowledge which made him the successful marine of the Pasig River. He came to Utah in 1889. Since his arrival in the State he has been ranked as a safe and successful business man, and socially a man of a most congenial disposition.

When the call for volunteers came he was the first to offer his services. The Chief Executive of the State, knowing that Major Grant was a thorough soldier and would make a most efficient commander, appointed him Captain of Battery B. He donned the military garb becoming his rank, headed a column of Utah volunteers, and left that day for San Francisco. Here he remained for some time awaiting orders to set

sail for Manila bay. Final orders came, and he, with his brave comrades embarked on the transports which were to bear them to Manila.

He was placed in charge of the flotilla that did such admirable work in exploring the Pasig River. In this responsible position he proved himself a veritable naval commander. When Santa Cruz was attacked by the brave squadron of the Fourth Cavalry, Major Grant, by a strategic movement of the Laguna de Bay, protected them from being slaughtered by the enemy, who were safely and advantageously intrenched on the hill sides. When the insurgents saw the position of the "boys in blue," who, resting on a small promontory that jutted into the lake, were unable to reconnoiter their harbor of safety they poured hot shot and shell into their ranks. Major Grant, realizing to its fullest extent the peril of the occasion, shouted to his command, "Turn the Gatlings on the devils, don't let them shoot down our boys without replying." How well they fought and followed the war cry of their military commander may be learned from the fact that after a short, sharp and vigorous battle the insurgents were routed and Santa Cruz came under the dominion of the Stars and Stripes. Whilst victory crowned every attack made by the flotilla, the plaudits of his grateful countrymen he would share with the brave heroes who carried out his commands. Unselfish in his nature, and with the generous impulses of a true soldier, Major Grant won the confidence and good will of his superiors, and endeared himself to every man in his command. He entered the army as Captain, but, owing to his military tactics and his success as a strategist, in directing on the upper Pasig River the attack on Santa Cruz from the Laguna de Bay, he was deservedly promoted to the rank of Major. Under this meritorious title he was mustered out of the service of the United States. He, with his loyal and heroic volunteers, returned to Salt Lake, August 19th, 1899. A royal reception awaited them. From all parts of the State special trains brought

MAJOR FRANK A. GRANT.

[Photo by Johnson.]

crowds who wished to see the conquering heroes of the Pasig River. The ovation given will never be forgotten. Major Grant pronounced it a sufficient recompense for all the Utah boys endured. Frank A. Grant has returned to civil life, studiously and modestly avoiding notoriety. As a loyal, patriotic citizen, he gave his services to his country. Caesar, after conquering Pharnaces, announced his victory in three memorable words, veni, vedi, vici. Major Grant can as truly say of his expedition to the Philippines, veni vidi vici. The State of Utah feels proud of its volunteer soldiers, and doubly so of the great fighter who led them to victory.

D. KIELY, Vicar-General.

The editor of the History of the Utah Volunteers has interviewed a great number of the returned batterymen in regard to their experiences, and he has found a general and enthusiastic admiration for Major Frank A. Grant. When one considers the great friction which must invariably arise between officers and volunteers under our American military system, and the strong irritation which the volunteer must invariably experience in forgetting his own individuality and merging his sense of independence into that of the vague martial sentiment generally known as esprit de corps. The strong feeling of admiration with which Major Grant has inspired the volunteer soldiers of the Utah Battalion is most remarkable. As one of the most intelligent privates expresses it, "If a fellow was in trouble, or wanted any favor, even if it was to borrow a dollar, some one would always say, 'Go to Captain (afterwards Major) Grant, and he will fix you up.' He will do anything for the boys."

Another non-commissioned officer admiringly stated that "He was as brave as a lion and after the ball opened, he was always to be found where he ought to be."

But the most striking, unstinted and unimpeachable tribute of praise was the spontaneous admiration with which the Colorado boys, who stopped off for an hour or two in Salt

Lake September 11th, always associated the name of Frank A. Grant. One asked if the Major wasn't one of the big Mormons. Considerable surprise was expressed when told that he was not, and another of the Colorado boys said, "Why we thought he must be a big man here, because, I will tell you, he could not be much bigger than he is out in Manila. We all thought Grant and Young at the very top of military greatness and honor."

"The fact is," said another, "there are no more famous names connected with the campaigns in the Philippines."

Said another, "Those Utah boys are simply out of sight. They are wonders. I believe they could take the ear off of a Filipino pony with one of their shells."

Said another, "They are the marksmen of the world, and you can just bet Young and Grant and all your officers and men were just the heart of the whole army."

Another remarked somewhat deliberately, "Your Dewey of the army is all right. He made a record that any man might envy. His tin-clad fleet would make his fame in any navy, and his work in the field would make him famous in any army."

There were quite a number of admiring expressions and eulogistic sentiments uttered by all with whom I came in contact, and there certainly was not a discordant note heard in the universal panagyric.

CHAPTER XXX.

CAPTAIN E. A. WEDGWOOD.

Captain Wedgwood was born in Lowell, Mass., May 2, 1856; father's name was Andrew J.; mother's, Theresa A. Gould. Served as Sheriff of Hall county, Neb., 1885 to 1890. In 1890 moved to Provo City, Utah, which place has since been his home. His profession is that of attorney-at-law. Was appointed First Lieutenant in Battery B by Governor Wells May 4, 1898. Was with the battery at Camp Kent, Utah, and at Camp Merritt, San Francisco, Cal. June 14th, under orders from headquarters, he left San Francisco for Utah to recruit one hundred and four additional men for the batteries. With recruits, left Salt Lake for San Francisco June 29th, arriving there July 1st. June 20th he was taken sick with typhoid fever, but kept upon his feet and performed his duties until July 3rd. July 5th Lieutenant Disc, California Heavy Artillery, was placed in command of recruits. July 6th was taken to Lane Hospital, San Francisco, where he remained until August 8th. Recruits sailed for Manila July 22nd on transport "Rio Janeiro," under command of Lieutenant Foster, where they arrived and joined batteries on August 28th. August 10th he reported to General Miller for duty and was attached to Wyoming Light Battery. August 17th was granted thirty days' sick leave by order from Department Headquarters. August 23rd relinquished sick leave and was attached to Twenty-third United States In-

fantry at his own request. Left San Francisco on the "Scandia" August 27th; arrived in Manila October 4th and reported for duty October 7th. Appointed Captain of Battery A by Governor Wells November 23rd; mustered in as such November 24th; commanded sections one and two in the battle of February 4th and 5th at Sampalog Cemetery; remained in command of those sections, near Blockhouse 5, until February 20th; on that date took command of artillery at Waterworks Pumping Station, and participated in engagements at that point until April 12th. April 13th, with Sections one and two, joined artillery, under command of Major Young, at Malolos. Participated in the battle of Quinga, April 23rd. Slightly injured at Quinga; rejoined battery at Calumpit April 27th. Participated in the battle before San Fernando, with Gen. Hale's brigade, at Santa Tomas, May 4th. Artillery entered San Fernando May 6th, where he remained with it and participated with it in engagements at that point until June 24th, when it returned to Manila, preparatory to return home.

CAPT. EDGAR A. WEDGWOOD.

[Photo by Johnson.]

CAPT. JOHN F. CRITCHLOW.

[Photo by Johnson.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

CAPTAIN JOHN F. CRITCHLOW.

Captain John F. Critchlow was born at Tonawanda, near Buffalo, in New York State, in 1867. He attended the Rochester University, and after graduating therefrom he entered the University of Pennsylvania. He there studied medicine for several years and was graduated in 1894. Early in 1896 the Captain came to Utah and, locating in Salt Lake City, he began the practice of medicine. For some time he was a practicing physician at St. Mark's Hospital. He was hardly settled down in his new home in this State when the opportunity was presented him of joining the Hospital Corps of the National Guard, and while discharging the duties assigned him as a member of the corps, the call came for volunteers.

On the field he has distinguished himself, and those who have followed the acts of the "Utah boys" will ever remember the recorded deeds of valor performed by Captain Critchlow. The fact that he left here as Second Lieutenant and has worked up by merit to a Captaincy, is perhaps a stronger testimony than any words can be of the undaunted courage and the excellent services of this estimable young man.

Captain Critchlow was one of the officers specially mentioned by Major Young in his report to Governor Wells, and to the War Department, for deeds of heroism performed upon the battlefield under circumstances of a most trying character. It was for them that he was promoted.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE A. SEAMAN.

Lieutenant George A. Seaman was born in Richville, Morgan County, Utah, February 28, 1870. He is a son of Hon. John Seaman. He was educated in the public schools of the State, the Ogden High School and the Normal Department of the University of Utah. In three years he completed the normal course and received his diploma. He learned military tactics at the State Military School, graduating as Honor Cadet.

In 1891 he became principal of the Harrisville schools. He accepted a call in the spring of 1893 to go as a missionary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to Great Britain. Returning in 1895, he resumed his work of teaching at the Weber Stake Academy. The following February he was married to Lottie Fox, made his home in Ogden, and later was principal of schools at Wilson Lane and East Bountiful, being employed at the latter place when the call came for volunteers.

He enlisted as a private in Battery A, May 3, 1898. When the batteries were organized he was made Gunner Corporal, which position he held until November 25, 1898. When the organization became a battalion he was appointed Second Lieutenant of Battery B, and was made commissary officer for the battalion January 4, 1899.

During the Filipino insurrection he held a number of exposed positions, four of his men being wounded during the engagements. While commanding a detachment at Caloocan, February 13, 1899, he received a flesh wound in the right leg, which confined him to the hospital five weeks. After recovering from his wound, he returned to the field, where he remained until the battalion went into camp preparatory to embarking for home, leaving with the company July 1, 1899.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LIEUTENANT FRANK T. HINES.

Frank T. Hines, the son of Frank L. Hines, was born in Salt Lake City April 11, 1879. At the age of 12 Hines started to gain an education, graduating from the public schools of Salt Lake at the age of 17. He studied civil engineering at the State Agricultural College at Logan, and there gained an insight into military tactics.

When the non-commissioned officers of Battery B were chosen, Hines was made the ranking Duty Sergeant of that battery and remained such until July 16, 1898. He was promoted to First Sergeant, vice Louis B. Eddy. This position he held during the campaign against Manila, taking an active part in the baptism of fire on July 31 to August 1st.

In the bombardment of Manila on August 13th, First Sergeant Hines was in command of one piece of artillery and received special mention for his work upon this occasion.

During the dreary hours of garrison duty from August 13, 1898, to February 4, 1899, First Sergeant Hines and Don C. Musser founded the American newspaper "Freedom."

On March 17, 1899, at the age of 19 years, he was again promoted to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Second Lieutenant Orrin R. Grow.

Lieutenant Hines took part in most of the engagements of his battery, not missing one day's duty, besides serving as second in command on the United States gunboat "Laguna

LIEUT. GEO. A. SEAMAN.

[Photo by Johnson.]

LIEUT. FRANK T. HINES.

[Photo by Johnson.]

de Bay" for over a month prior to the return of the batteries. Upon the promotion of Captain Grant to Major, Lieutenant Hines was made Battalion Adjutant, which position he held with honors until the batteries were mustered out on August 16, 1899, at San Francisco, Cal. He has the distinction of being the youngest artillery officer in the Eighth Army Corps.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LIEUTENANT R. C. NAYLOR.

Lieutenant R. C. Naylor was born in Salt Lake City in 1873. He is physically and soundly a true soldier son of whom Utah may well be proud. His education was received in the public schools of Utah Territory. The education there received was rounded off with a training at the University, from which he was graduated with honors. He afterward taught school for several years and was engaged in that labor in Farmington when the call to arms was sounded. Those who were best acquainted with him were not surprised that he stepped to the front and cast his lot with those who were willing to brave all danger for their country if need be. Lieutenant Naylor was always possessed of a certain amount of military spirit, which showed itself in time of peace by his joining the National Guard, in which he was a Captain for two years. He afterward became a Major, and later he held the rank of Assistant Inspector-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He discharged the duties of this office for two years just previous to his departure for the battle front. He is a worthy representative of a free State, whose determination to enter the lists was born of a military spirit which led him to consider no sacrifice too great if obedience to his country's call was demanded.

June 28th he was promoted to First Lieutenant and assigned to Battery B. He has the proud distinction of having

invented the "artillery charge," which the short-range work of the Utah Battalion on the firing line was facetiously called. He was recommended for gallantry and efficiency by General Hale. His treatment of his men was so appreciated by them that Sections five and six, his regular platoon, presented him with a handsome sword, and Sections five and six, Battery B, which he commanded for a month and a half, presented him with a gold watch.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LIEUTENANT ORRIN R. GROW.

Second Lieutenant Orrin R. Grow, the youngest of the commissioned officers of the Utah batteries when they left this city for the Philippines, was born in the Nineteenth Ward of Salt Lake City, October 20, 1873. As a lad he attended the district schools of this city and later was enrolled at the University of Utah, where he remained several years. He commenced his military life in 1889, when he joined the Denhalter Rifles as bugler. He was soon promoted to a sergeant's position—then to a Lieutenancy.

On March 23, 1892, when the Denhalters joined the National Guard of Utah in a body, Mr. Grow, then First Lieutenant, was unanimously chosen Captain of the company, which has been known ever since as Company A. Later he was elected Major of the First battalion, which position he held when war was declared with Spain.

Governor Wells appointed Mr. Grow Second Lieutenant of Battery B. He left with the battery for Manila May 20th, 1898, and remained with that organization until January 13th, 1899, when he sailed for home, because of serious ill health. He arrived home February 21st, 1899.

At that "baptism of fire," as the battle of Malate, July

LIEUT. RAY C. NAYLOR.

[Photo by Johnson.]

LIEUT. ORRIN R. GROW.

[Photo by Johnson.]

31st, 1899, was called, the young Lieutenant won the undying admiration of the men who served under him. No veteran could have commanded the situation with greater coolness and intrepidity. His comrades delight to call him "the hero of Malate." Col. Hawkins, who was in command of the trenches, commended him for gallantry and efficient service.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM C. WEBB.

Was born in England March 15, 1873, and came to Utah several years ago, and made Salt Lake his home.

Like Lieutenant Grow, he was a member of the Denhalter Rifles before the National Guard was organized. When the Denhalters joined the State militia, he was a Second Lieutenant, and held that position in the Guard. When Grow was promoted from Captain of Company A, N. G. U., to Major of the First Battalion, Webb was elected Captain, which position he held until he was appointed Second Lieutenant of Battery A of the Utah volunteers.

While in the Philippines he made an excellent record as a cool, steady, fearless officer. He was in command of the gunboat "Oeste," which caused the natives of the islands so much annoyance as it plied up the Pasig river. Lieutenant Webb is an assayer by occupation. He fitted out, armed and armored the two gunboats "Oeste" and "Covadonga," commanding each in turn.

The appointment to a Lieutenancy in the regular army came in accordance with a request from the President to General Otis that he choose Second Lieutenancies from each volunteer regiment doing service in the Philippines one man distinguished for gallantry and efficient service. Lieutenant

Webb is certainly deserving of the appointment. Only eleven men were so designated by General Otis.

Extract from a Salt Lake daily:

"The energy, enthusiasm and utter indifference to danger displayed by Lieutenant Webb in many a battle have endeared him to his comrades and furnished themes for correspondents, not only of Utah papers but of other States, and particular reference has been made to his conduct in the leading illustrated weeklies of the East."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FIRST LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. GIBBS

was born in Framingham, Mass., June 5, 1857. He completed his education at the Newton High School of Newton, Mass. The father of Lieutenant Gibbs was a veteran of the Civil war and a descendant of one of the old and highly respected families of Massachusetts. Lieutenant Gibbs was connected with the National Guard of Massachusetts, Montana and Utah, holding commissions as Captain of Cavalry, Montana; Captain and Major of Light Artillery, Utah. He organized the first troop in Montana and the first light battery in Utah; afterwards was Major of Utah Battalion of Light Artillery, N. G. U. He is Past Colonel of Montana Division Sons of Veterans, being organizer of the first Sons of Veterans camp in that division. He was chief of the Helena Fire Department two years, and is a member of the National Association of Fire Engineers. He served eight years as deputy and under-sheriff of Lewis and Clark county, Montana, and was deputy sheriff for two years of Salt Lake county, Utah. When volunteers for the Spanish war were called for he tendered his services to Governor H. M. Wells of Utah and was commissioned First Lieutenant of Light Battery A, Utah Artillery, U. S. V., serving with that organization through the Spanish war in the Philippines and against the insurgents until command was mustered out August 16, 1899. During the whole campaign was acting ordnance officer of the battalion. He is credited on his discharge with thirteen engagements with the enemy. He was recommended for brevet for skill and bravery at the battle of Santa Mesa February 5, 1899.

LIEUT. W. C. WEBB.

[Photo by Johnson.]

LIEUT. GEO. W. GIBBS.

[Photo by Johnson.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LIEUTENANT J. A. ANDERSON.

Lieutenant J. A. Anderson is one of the boys who worked himself up from the ranks during the war. By sheer force of ability and reliability in times of trouble he was promoted to the position he now occupies. When the battalion went away to try its fortunes in the Philippine archipelago he was a duty Sergeant in Battery B. War, while not to his liking, quickly developed in him an unconquerable spirit of Mars, which proved of benefit not only to himself but to the cause that he and his comrades represented.

Lieutenant Anderson is 25 years of age. He was born in Smithfield, Cache county, and is a millman by trade. He was promoted from Battery B into a Lieutenancy in Battery A.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ROSTER OF BATTERIES A AND B, UTAH LIGHT ARTILLERY, U. S. V., MUSTERED INTO THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES, MAY 9TH, 1898.

From original muster rolls of Utah's Volunteers:

BATTERY A.

Captain—Richard W. Young, Salt Lake City.
First Lieutenant—George W. Gibbs, Salt Lake City.
Second Lieutenant—Ray C. Naylor, Salt Lake City.
Second Lieutenant—W. C. Webb, Salt Lake City.
First Sergeant—Ethan E. Allen, Salt Lake City.
Quartermaster Sergeant—Harry A. Young, Ephraim.
Veterinary Sergeant—John H. Meredith, Kaysville.

Sergeants—

Joseph O. Nystrom, Salt Lake City.
Daniel H. Wells, Salt Lake City.
Emil V. Johnson, Salt Lake City.
Emil Lehman, Salt Lake City.
Ford Fisher, Salt Lake City.
Will F. Aldrach, Clear Lake.

Corporals—

Arthur W. Brown, Salt Lake City.
William D. Riter, Salt Lake City.
Alfred L. Robinson, Mount Pleasant.
Charles E. Varian, Salt Lake City.

Charles R. Mabey, Bountiful.
A. L. Williams, Salt Lake City.
Lewis P. Hanson, Salt Lake City.
Noble A. McDonald, Salt Lake City.
William Kneass, Salt Lake City.
George S. Bachman, Salt Lake City.
George A. Seaman, Bountiful.
William Call, Bountiful.
Thomas R. Smith, Logan.
Mark E. Beasant, Pleasant Grove.
George O. Larson, Dover.

Farriers—

Hans P. Hansen, Salt Lake City.
William M. Clawson, Kaysville.

Artificers—

Buriah Wilkins, Coalville.
Vincent A. Smith, Park City.

Saddler—

Victor E. Marthini, Park City.

Musicians—

Elmer G. Thomas, Salt Lake City.
George R. Fisher, Salt Lake City.

Wagoner—

James W. Allred, Ephraim.

Privates—

Joseph F. Anderson, Ephraim.
Louis P. Anderson, Ephraim.
John W. Beemus, Gunnison.
John H. Berlin, American Fork.
Robert L. Bostwick, Salt Lake City.
Archibald Bradford, Murray.
John W. Campbell, Salt Lake City.
Harold L. Caulkins, Salt Lake City.
P. B. Christensen, Ephraim.
Theo. Christensen, Salt Lake City.

Theo. Cleghorn, Salt Lake City.
Thomas Collins, Salt Lake City.
William T. Denn, Nephi.
George E. Doty, Richmond, Utah.
George Duffin, Salt Lake City.
Leonard Duffin, Salt Lake City.
William Earl, Centerville.
William G. Ellis, Salt Lake City.
Alfred Eckstrand, Salt Lake City.
William Edwards, Salt Lake City.
Frank W. Emery, Park City.
Oscar A. Feninger, Park City.
George Frankenfield, Salt Lake City.
P. B. Frederickson, Eureka.
Ezra S. Funk, Sterling.
Leo N. Gledhill, Gunnison.
Frank T. Harmer, Springville.
W. H. Hennefer, Salt Lake City.
Samuel H. Hesburg, Salt Lake City.
Joseph J. Holbrook, Bountiful.
Chester J. T. Hope, Salt Lake City.
Ephraim B. Howells, Park City.
Lindsay Hudson, Salt Lake City.
Thomas J. Hughes, Park City.
Aner O. Humphrey, Springville.
William Jacobsen, Salt Lake City.
Charles G. Jenicke, Salt Lake City.
Peter Jensen, Newton.
Henry O. Jones, Newton.
John T. Kennedy, Park City.
Ray Kenner, Sterling.
Charles W. Krogh, Salt Lake City.
Warren Larson, Ephraim.
William H. Leaver, Salt Lake City.
John B. Lickelderer, Salt Lake City.

Arthur L. Louder, Nephi.
Ernest E. Lowry, Sterling.
August E. Lyngberg, Salt Lake City.
Heile M. Madsen, Gunnison.
Nelson E. Margetts, Salt Lake City.
Joseph H. Morgan, Park City.
David Mortensen, Salt Lake City.
Michael McMurray, Clear Creek.
W. F. McLaughlin, Park City.
William Nelson, Jr., Salt Lake City.
Neils Neilson, Pleasant Grove.
Theo. M. Newman, Salt Lake City.
Charles Parsons, Salt Lake City.
William E. Perret, Salt Lake City.
Frank E. Peters, Salt Lake City.
Charles Peterson, Salt Lake City.
Frank C. Peterson, Ogden.
M. C. Phillips, Salt Lake City.
James Quinn, Park City.
Severn Rasmussen, Park City.
E. W. Rauscher, Nephi.
W. J. Robinson, Park City.
Wilbur I. Rowland, Salt Lake City.
John L. Robison, Pleasant Grove.
Isaac Russell, Salt Lake City.
Michael F. Ryan, Salt Lake City.
William A. Ryver, Salt Lake City.
Emil F. Selmer, Salt Lake City.
Harold E. Sleater, Salt Lake City.
J. W. Sorensen, Salt Lake City.
Stanley Staten, Springville.
Edgar W. Stout, Halliday.
Arthur L. Thomas, Jr., Salt Lake City.
Lehi Thomas, Coalville.
John A. Tilson, Salt Lake City.

William Tipton, Springville.
Francis B. Tripp, Salt Lake City.
Francis Tuttle, Bountiful.
Edward G. Wood, Logan.
John R. Woolsey, Kaysville.
S. A. Wycherley, Coalville.
Homer W. Wyne, Salt Lake City.
John G. Young, Salt Lake City.
John F. Zahler, Bountiful.

BATTERY B.

Captain—Frank A. Grant, Salt Lake.
First Lieutenant—Edgar A. Wedgwood, Provo.
Second Lieutenant—John F. Critchlow, Salt Lake.
Second Lieutenant—Orrin R. Grow.
First Sergeant—Louis B. Eddy, Eureka.
Quartermaster Sergeant—Don R. Coray, Provo.
Veterinary Sergeant—Felix Bachman, Provo.

Sergeants—

Frank T. Hines, Salt Lake.
Louis M. Fehr, Salt Lake.
Horace E. Coolidge, Manti.
Chas. G. Forslund, Salt Lake.
J. A. Anderson, Logan.
Charles Aspdunld, Fairview.

Corporals—

Peter Olsen, Logan.
Richard L. Bush, Logan.
Robert Stewart, Plain City.
A. E. St. Morris, Salt Lake.
John T. Donnellan, Salt Lake.
Theo. L. Genter, Salt Lake.
W. Q. Anderson, Logan.
G. B. Wardlaw, Ogden.
Andrew Peterson, Jr., Manti.
Nephi Otteson, Manti.

C. C. Clapper, Mercur.
Nephi Reese, Mercur.
John U. Buchi, Provo.
James J. Ryan, Mercur.
John A. Boshard, Provo.

Farriers—

Fred. P. J. Blake, Salt Lake.
Fred. D. Sweet, Ogden.

Artificers—

Frank Dillingham, Eureka.
Lee A. Curtis, Ogden.

Saddler—

Louis Miller, Ogden.

Musicians—

Fred. H. Crager, Salt Lake.
Joseph F. Grant, Salt Lake.

Wagoner—

Antone Liljeroth, Provo.

Privates—

John Abplanalp, Heber.
M. H. Ackaret, Ogden.
David M. Anderson, Peterson.
Peter Anderson, Richfield.
Bert W. Austin, Bingham.
John Baker, Eureka.
John W. Beasley, Provo.
C. G. Billings, Eureka.
Einer Bjarnson, Spanish Fork.
Stephen Bjarnson, Spanish Fork.
Godfrey J. Bluth, Ogden.
Arthur Borkman, Mercur.
Fred A. Bumiller, Salt Lake.
James K. Burch, Ogden.
John Braman, Bingham.
Augustus Branscom, Ogden.

John D. Bridgman, Salt Lake.
Joseph W. Carr, Ogden.
V. L. Chamberlin, Ogden.
F. D. Chatterton, Salt Lake.
Eugene Chatlin, Castle Gate.
Theo. Christensen, Salt Lake.
W. J. Collins, Salt Lake.
R. F. Conover, Provo.
F. H. Coulter, Ogden.
Jasper D. Curtis, Ogden.
John Dalgetty, Eureka.
Phillip Dallemore, Lehi.
E. V. de Montalvo, Mercur.
Elmer Duncan, Heber.
James M. Dunn, Tooele.
D. A. Dunning, Provo.
H. H. Dusenberry, Provo.
Joseph Doyle, Mammoth.
W. H. Farnes, Salt Lake.
J. B. Ferguson, Park City.
J. E. Flannigan, Mammoth.
P. B. Florence, Ogden.
Charles I. Fox, Salt Lake.
M. T. Goodwin, Heber City.
Loren C. Green, American Fork.
Parker J. Hall, Ogden.
Walter S. Hall, West Portage.
Jacob A. Heiss, Salt Lake.
Peter Herbertz, Castle Gate.
John Hogan, Ogden.
T. A. Hoggan, Jr., Manti.
Parley P. Holdaway, Provo.
G. H. Hudson, Mercur.
John W. Hughes, Eureka.
Hans Jensen, Hyde Park.

M. C. Jensen, Castle Gate.
D. C. Johnson, Springville.
John B. Kell, Eureka.
Samuel King, Eureka.
George Lacey, Manti.
G. R. Larson, Manti.
D. V. Lawson, Joseph.
S. C. Lewis, Salt Lake.
James McCabe, Eureka.
Leonard McCarty, Manti.
J. W. Meranda, Eureka.
A. P. Nielson, Spanish Fork.
Reinhardt Olsen, Milton.
Marshall Quick, Provo.
Richard H. Ralph, Eureka.
George R. Rees, Silver City
C. W. Robinson, Ogden.
W. H. Savage, Eureka.
Hyrum C. Scott, Provo.
P. D. Schoeber, Salina.
W. H. Shearer, Salt Lake.
Jerome Smith, Tooele.
Junius C. Snow, Provo.
Harry S. Snyder, Provo.
Henry L. Souther, Mercur.
John P. Tate, Tooele.
Thomas W. Thornberg, Ogden.
Moroni Turner, Heber.
S. P. Tyree, Ogden.
Frank J. Utz, Mercur.
John R. Vance, Eureka.
Benjamin Van Syckle, Ogden.
A. N. Walters, Ogden.
G. H. Wheeler, Ogden.
J. W. Walters, Ogden.

J. G. Winkler, Salt Lake.
W. A. Wright, Salt Lake.
John D. Zollinger, Providence.

Recruits enlisted by Lieutenant Edgar A. Wedgewood to fill Batteries A and B to maximum strength:

Privates—
Robert Alexander, Salt Lake City.
David G. Archer, Salt Lake.
Glen Benzon, Salt Lake.
John R. Bagge, Salt Lake.
Harry J. Bean, Salt Lake.
Peter J. Benson, Provo.
Ray S. Burton, Salt Lake.
Caleb J. Bywater, Salt Lake.
Arthur C. Caffal, Salt Lake.
Gust Carlson, Salt Lake.
Millard Chaffin, Salt Lake.
James W. Connell, Salt Lake.
Ralph Collett, Salt Lake.
William Crooks, Eureka.
Clarence S. Curtis, Salt Lake.
David J. Davis, Salt Lake.
Leo Ducker, Salt Lake.
Alfred Ellis, Silver City.
George W. Engler, Ogden.
Willard Evans, Salt Lake.
Everett B. Ferris, Salt Lake.
August Fichtner, Salt Lake.
George Fowler, Salt Lake.
Jack Gilroy, Salt Lake.
Edgar A. Grandpre, Ogden.
George Grantham, American Fork.
Ned C. Graves, Salt Lake.
Walter Griffiths, Salt Lake.

Wilhelm I. Goodman, Salt Lake.
Thomas S. Gunn, Salt Lake.
Francis R. Hardie, Salt Lake.
George Harris, Salt Lake.
Charles Heatherly, Salt Lake.
Charles S. Hill, Wellington.
Thomas Hollberg, Salt Lake.
Ernest E. Hopkins, Provo.
Jacob Huber, Provo.
Wilmer E. Hubert, Salt Lake.
John E. Ingoldsby, Salt Lake.
Joseph C. Ivins, Salt Lake.
Elmer Johnson, Salt Lake.
Louis E. Kahn, Salt Lake.
Richard Kearsley, Salt Lake.
Ralph Kidder, Salt Lake.
Matthew Kleinly, residence not given.
Murray E. King, Kingston.
Henrich Klenke, Salt Lake.
William G. Knaus, Salt Lake.
James A. Lee, Salt Lake.
Thomas Leonard, Eureka.
Joseph J. Meyers, Salt Lake.
Max Madison, Salt Lake.
Fred S. Martin, Salt Lake.
Milton Morton, Provo.
John W. Morton, Provo.
George Moir, Salt Lake.
Barr W. Musser, Salt Lake.
Don C. W. Musser, Salt Lake.
Wm. G. McComie, Salt Lake.
Wm. McCubben, Salt Lake.
Daniel McKay, Salt Lake.
Angus Nicholson, Salt Lake.
James P. Nielson, Eureka.

John D. Norris, Denver, Colo.
Arthur F. Ohmer, Rawlins, Wyo.
Louis C. Peterson, Salt Lake.
John A. Pender, Ogden.
Louis J. Pennington, Brigham.
Ernest M. Pratt, Salt Lake.
William Rae, Provo.
Alexander Rae, Provo.
August Rademacher, Ogden.
Thomas Redall, Salt Lake.
Robert Reid, Salt Lake.
William Richmond, Provo.
Edward Roberts, Jr., Salt Lake.
John B. Rogers, Salt Lake.
Geo. E. Rowland, Eureka.
Fred W. Schaupp, Eureka.
Frank B. Shelly, Salt Lake.
Thomas Shull, Eureka.
George Simmons, Salt Lake.
Harry Smith, Salt Lake.
Sidney J. Smith, Salt Lake.
Bismarck Snyder, Park City.
Knud Sorensen, Eureka.
Hans Sorensen, Salt Lake.
Joseph S. Sorensen, Salt Lake.
Charles Z. Stout, Salt Lake.
George Taylor, Eureka.
Odell D. Tompkins, Salt Lake.
Frank A. Vincent, Salt Lake.
Chris Wagener, Salt Lake.
Edward P. Walker, Salt Lake.
Charles A. Walquist, Salt Lake.
Joseph Wessler, Ogden.
George E. Weber, Park City.
Frank Wickersham, Salt Lake.

Albert R. Williams, Salt Lake.
Geo. W. Williams, Salt Lake.
James E. Wonnacott, Salt Lake.
James H. Yates, Diamond.
Carlos Young, Salt Lake.
Wm. W. Burnett.

NOTE BY MAJOR R. W. YOUNG.

On the mustering in of the two batteries, the War Department declined to accord to them a battalion organization, or to appoint a Major, it therefore resulted that the two batteries were under command of the senior Captain, Captain Young, at the time of their muster in, during their journey to San Francisco and at Camp Merritt. At the latter place the batteries were made up a battalion under General Otis' orders, and remained as such until the date of sailing, June 15th. The batteries went on different vessels, and so the battalion organization went by the board. They remained segregated and under the command of their respective Captains until the battalion was again formed by General Greene, August 25th. Captain Young, by reason of seniority, was in command, and this relation he maintained without further interruption than that occurring in the month (Sept. 25-Oct. 25, 1898), when Captain Grant and he were on leave of absence, until June 7, 1899. At the latter date Major Young was assigned to special duty as Associate Justice on the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands; Captain Grant then assuming command.

Captain Grant was detached from duty with the battalion February 17, 1899; remained continuously absent until the beginning of June, 1899, during all of which time his battery was commanded by Lieutenant Critchlow. Captain

Grant was mustered in as Major on the voluntary discharge of Major Young, June 29, 1899.

Major Young was mustered in as Major in November, 1898, his rank and pay dating back to July 14, 1898, the date of the organization of battery C, under cable instructions from the War Department. At the same time Lieutenant Wedgwood was promoted to the Captaincy of Battery A, Lieutenant Critchlow to the First Lieutenancy of Battery B, and Corporal Seaman to a Second Lieutenancy in Battery B.

Twenty-four of the Utah Volunteers will remain at Manila. They do this of their own choice, to engage in business or work of some kind in the islands. It is a significant fact that only two of them, Geo. Brantham and Elmer Johnson, have re-enlisted. Following are the names of those members who remain in Manila: L. P. Hansen, Frank B. Shelly, John B. Rogers, August H. Richter, John A. Tilson, Herbert Meyer, C. F. C. Peters, H. P. Hansen, P. B. Frederickson, Geo. Brantham, Elmer Johnson, Sergeant St. Maurice, Charles Osplund, Thomas O. Thornburg, George Simmons, Charles I. Fox, Thomas Schull, August Branscome, Bert W. Austen, Charles C. Hill, Jasper D. Curtis, Fred F. Blake, Don C. W. Musser and Isaac Russell. Barr Musser is at home, but will return to the islands soon.

The batteries were organized into a battalion by General Greene, August 25th, 1898, as follows:

R. W. Young, Major commanding Battalion.

F. A. Grant, commanding Battery B.

E. A. Wedgwood, Captain of Battery A.

First Lieutenant Geo. W. Gibbs, Battery A, Ordnance officer.

First Lieutenant J. F. Critchlow, B, Quartermaster.

Second Lieutenant Orrin R. Grow, B, Summary Court Officer.

Second Lieutenant Ray C. Naylor, A, Commissary Officer.

Second Lieutenant Wm. C. Webb, A, Adjutant.
Second Lieutenant Geo. A. Seaman, B.
Sergeant Emil Lehman, Sergeant Major.

KILLED IN ACTION.

BATTERY A.

Quartermaster Sergeant Harry A. Young, February 6, 1899, on road between Deposito and Pumping Station.
Sergeant Ford Fisher, May 14, 1899, San Luis.
Corporal John G. Young, February 5, 1899, Santa Mesa.
Private Wilhelm I. Goodman, February 5, 1899, Santa Mesa.

BATTERY B.

Emil F. Selmer.
Corporal Moritz C. Jensen, April 26, 1899, Bag Bag.
Private Frederick Bumiller, April 26, 1899, Bag Bag.
Private Max Madison, April 25, 1899, Bag Bag.
Private George H. Hudson, August 24, 1898, Cavite.

DIED OF DISEASE.

BATTERY A.

Corporal George O. Larsen, December 10, 1898, Manila.
Corporal John T. Kennedy, March 15, 1899, Manila.
Private Oscar A. Fenniger, June 5, 1899, Manila.
Private Charles Parsons, April 20, 1899, Manila.

BATTERY B.

Private Richard H. Ralph, July 12, 1899, Nagasaki.
Quartermaster Sergeant Don R. Coray, died after discharge, from sickness contracted in the service.

LIST OF WOUNDED.

BATTERY A.

Captain E. A. Wedgwood, April 23, 1899.
Private David J. Davis, April 23, 1899.
Private Ray Kenner, April 21, 1899 (accidentally).
Private William H. Leaver, July 31, 1898.
Private F. Selmer, April 26, 1899.

BATTERY B.

Second Lieutenant George A. Seaman, April 11, 1899.
Sergeant George B. Wardlaw, February 4, 1899.
Sergeant Andrew Peterson, March 11, 1899.
Corporal Henry L. Southers, March 24th, 1899.
Corporal William Q. Anderson, August 24, 1899.
Private John D. Abplanalp, April 24, 1899.
Private John Braman, April 26, 1899, at Bag Bag.
Private Parker J. Hall, March 25, 1899, at Mulahon.
Private Joseph G. Winkler, July 31, 1898.

The first volunteer enlisted was Private A. L. Thomas, Jr., son of Ex-Governor Thomas, who was honorably discharged for physical disability contracted in the service.

PROMOTIONS OF COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Captain R. W. Young, to Major, commanding battalion.

Captain F. A. Grant, brevet Major, to Major commanding battalion.

Second Lieutenant John F. Critchlow, to First Lieutenant, Quartermaster, Captain.

First Lieutenant Wedgwood to Captain.

Second Lieutenant R. C. Naylor, to First Lieutenant.

Quartermaster Sergeant Dr. Harry Young, to First Lieutenant.

"GUN DETACHMENT."

WHERE ONE OF UTAH'S SHELLS STRUCK.

Scene in Tondo District, Manila, after the fight in town. 104 Filipinos were killed.

Sergeant John A. Anderson, to Sergeant, Quartermaster Sergeant, Second Lieutenant.

Sergeant Frank T. Hines, First Sergeant, Second Lieutenant, Adjutant.

Private George A. Seaman, to Corporal, to Second Lieutenant.

THE LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL ENGAGEMENTS OF THE BATTALION UTAH LIGHT ARTILLERY.

With Spaniards—

Malate, July 31, 1898, and August 1, 1898.

Malate, July 31, and August 2-5, 1898.

Manila, August 13, 1898.

With the Tagalos—

Tondo District, February 4, 1899.

San Palog, Santa Mesa, February 4 and 5, 1899.

Binondo Cemetery, February 5, 1899.

Santa Ana, February 5, and 6, 1899, to pumping station.

Caloocan, February 10, 1899.

Near Caloocan, February 10, 1899.

Maraquina, February 12, 1899.

Guadaloupe, February 13 to 15, 1899.

Daily firing at La Loma to quell sharpshooters till March 25, 1899—

Pasig Island, February 14th.

San Pedro Macati, February 18th.

North and east of pumping station, February 22nd.

Balig Balig, February 23rd.

Near La Loma church, February 23rd.

Mariquina road, February 24th.

Mariquina, February 25th.

Guadaloupe, February 26th.

San Pedro Macati, March 1st to 3rd.

Guadaloupe, March 4th.

Maraquina road, March 6th.

Pumping Station, March 6th to 7th.
San Juan del Monte, March 7th.
San Francisco del Monte, March 10th.
Gaudaloupe, March 13th.
Pasig City, March 14th.
Santa Cruz, March 15th.
Maraquina, March 16th.
Morong, March 17th.
Jalajala, March 17th.
San Francisco del Monte, March 19th.
Binanganan, March 20th.
Maraquina, March 25th.
Caloocan, March 25th.

Near San Francisco del Monte—
Pasig City, March 25th to 26th.
Tuliahan river, March 26th.
Bulucan river, March 28th.
San Mateo Valley, March 31st.
Tay Tay, March 31st.
Santa Cruz, April 9th to 10th.
Pagoanjan, April 11th.
Quina, April 12th.
Quinga, April 23rd.
Bag Bag, April 25th.
Calumpit, April 29th.
Santa Tomas, May 4th.
Sexmoon, May 7th.
Guagua, May 7th.
San Luis, May 14th to 16th.
On to Candaba, 17th to 18th.
San Fernando, May 24th to 25th.
Cainta, June 3rd.
Morong, June 4th.
Muntinlupa, June 10th.
San Fernando, June 16th to 22nd.

The foregoing list was compiled by Sergeant Joseph O. Nystrom. It does not include some minor skirmishes and gunboat engagements, in which small details of the batterymen served.

Special mention might be made of acts of individual heroism, such as the splendid work of Sergeant Harvey Dusenberry in saving 100 Oregons who were cut off on the road to Caloocan, but it is impossible to even mention the individual deeds of heroism within the limits assigned to this work.

For the sake of completeness, the Tribune's published list of engagements is added:

ENGAGEMENTS OF BATTERY A.

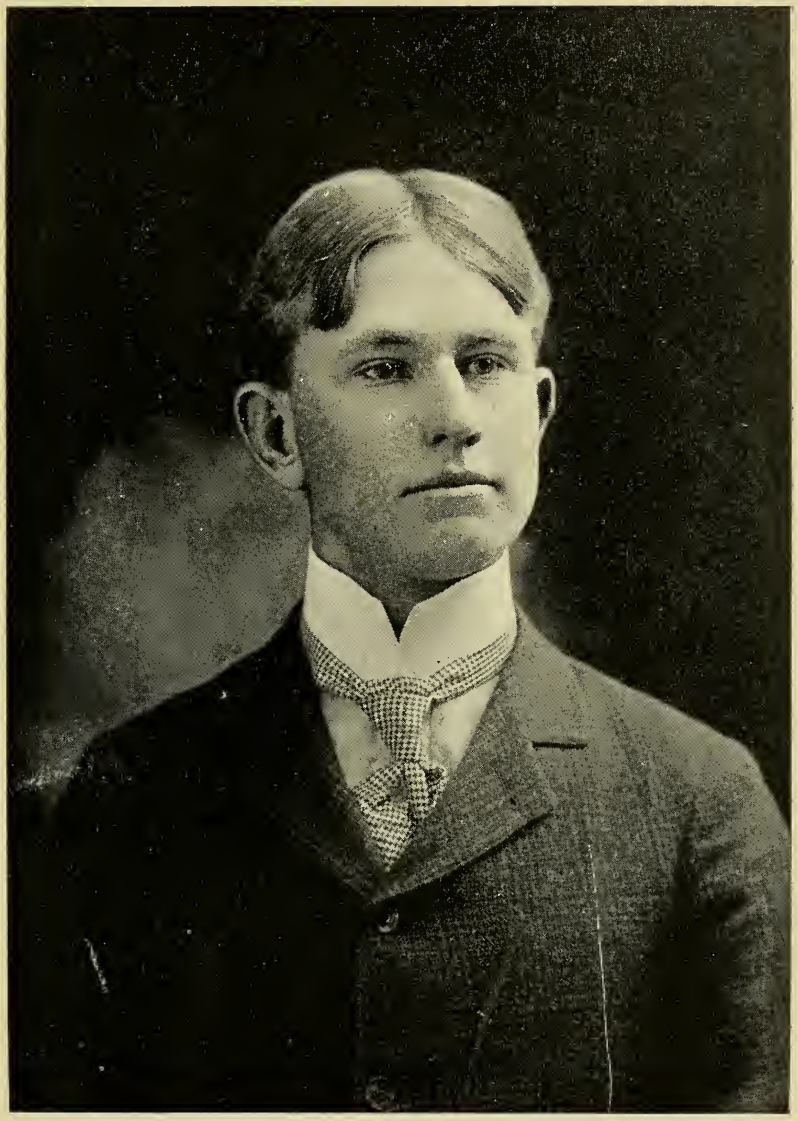
1898—

July 31st, Malate.
August 1st, Malate.
August 2nd, Malate.
August 13th, Capture of Manila.

1899—

February 4th, Santa Mesa and San Palog.
February 5th, Santa Mesa and San Palog.
February 5th, Santa Ana.
February 6th, Advance on Pumping Station.
February 10th, Near Caloocan.
February 13th, Guadalupe.
February 14th, Pasig Island.
February 22nd, North and East of Pumping Station.
February 18th, San Pedro Macati.
February 23rd, Near La Loma Church.
February 24th, Mariquina Road.
February 25th, Mariquina.
February 26th, Guadalupe.
March 1st, San Pedro Macati.

March 3rd, San Pedro Macati.
March 4th, Guadalupe.
March 6th, Mariquina Road.
March 6th, Pumping Station.
March 7th, South of San Juan Del Monte.
March 7th, Pumping Station.
March 10th, Near San Francisco Del Monte.
March 13th, Guadalupe.
March 13th, Pasig City.
March 15th, Santa Cruz.
March 16th, Mariquina.
March 17th, Morong.
March 17th, Jalajala.
March 17th, Near San Francisco Del Monte.
March 20th, Binangonan.
March 25th, Mariquina.
March 25th, Pasig City.
March 25th, Caloocan.
March 25th, Near San Francisco Del Monte.
March 25th, La Loma Church.
March 25th, Talapapa.
March 26th, Malinta.
March 26th, Binangonan.
March 26th, Pasig River.
March 26th, Tuliahan.
March 27th, Marilao.
March 28th, Bulican River.
March 29th, Biguba.
March 31st, San Mateo Valley.
March 31st, Tay Tay.
March 31st, Malolos.
April 9th, Santa Cruz.
April 10th, Santa Cruz.
April 11th, Pagsanjan.
April 12th, Orina.



SERGT. FORD FISHER.

"FRIENDS."

April 23rd, Quinga.
April 25th, Bag Bag.
April 27th, Calumpit.
May 4th, Santa Tomas.
May 7th, Sexmoan.
May 7th, Guagua.
May 14th, San Luis.
May 16th, San Luis.
May 17th, Expedition to Candaba
May 18th, Expedition to Candaba.
May 23rd, Santa Rita.
May 24th, San Fernando.
May 25th, San Fernando.
June 3rd, Cainta.
June 4th, Morong.
June 10th, Muntinlupa.
June 16th, San Fernando.
June 22nd, San Fernando.

ENGAGEMENTS OF BATTERY B.

1898—
July 31st, With Spaniards before Manila.
August 1st, With Spaniards before Manila.
August 2nd, With Spaniards before Manila.
August 3rd, With Spaniards before Manila.
August 5th, With Spaniards before Manila.
August 13th, Capture of Manila.
1899—
February 4th, Outbreak of Insurrection.
February 5th, Lico, Cemetery Ridge, La Loma.
February 6th, Santa Mesa, Deposito.
February 10th, Waterworks.

February 24th, Taking of Caloocan, followed by nearly daily skirmishes.

March 17th, Repulsed second attack at La Loma.
March 25th, Early morning advance from La Loma.
March 25th, Talipape Road.
March 25th, Taliahan Road.
March 26th, Near Marilao River.
March 27th, Near Marilao River.
March 29th, Near Marilao River, pontoon bridge.
March 29th, Bigua.
March 30th, Guiguinto.
March 31st, Taking of Malolos.
April 7th, Repulse attack, Malolos.
April 21st, Quinga.
April 23rd, Bag Bag River.
April 25th, Calumpit.
May 3rd, Santa Tomas.
May 3rd, Santa Tomas River.
May 21st, Repulsed attack at San Fernando.
June 5th, Repulsed attack at San Fernando.
June 16th, Repulsed attack at San Fernando.

Note—This list does not include six or seven separate engagements by a small detachment of Battery B's men on Lawton's advance up the Rio Grande, nor the times the battery was under skirmish fire. Nor does it include all the engagements on the gunboats.

CHAPTER XL.

IN MEMORIAM OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

Most of them were but boys when they went away. Not many of them had ever seen the ocean. They had grown up under the shadows of our mountains; had dreamed away the beautiful days, and did not know their own powers. Their lives had been bounded by a narrow horizon, save when their ambitions were aroused, and even then they were in doubt how, in a crisis, they would bear themselves. And they had their loves and were planning how this year or next, their wild oats all sown, they would begin life's work in earnest. Their lives were all summer, and many of them were as thoughtless as swallows, and their days were as filled with songs as are the lark's.

Suddenly there was a call for country-defenders, a call for men to follow the red chariot of war into foreign lands, and to offer American breasts as a rampart in the path of their country's foes.

These young men heard the call and were among the first to respond. They shook off their careless ways, and those who held their ears near the ground when that sublime roll of the States was called reported that the steady tread of Utah's soldiers was among the first to be heard.

They went away exultant; at last they had a purpose in life; and, by the thrill which they felt in their souls, they

believed they were capable of looking fate in the face and making a record for themselves, no matter whether their path was to be lined with roses or with thorns.

In camp they did their work; when crowded on shipboard and as the Golden Gate sank in the sea abaft their ship, with a seven thousand mile voyage before them, they sang their songs and told their stories, that the lengthening distance between them and home might not be brooded over.

When, through the inefficiency of the transport managers, they found their food stowed away under tons of ammunition, and a great hunger seized them, they drew their belts tighter and continued to tell stories and to sing.

At last their destination was reached. Strange tropical scenery greeted their eyes, and a strange race gathered around them.

Then their work in the trenches began, and their first baptism of fire came in the night, and, with the lightning blazing like bale fires around them, and the peal of sullen thunders, and the voices of the typhoon drowning their own, they hurled back the enemy that had assailed them, and knew from that moment that they had souls self-contained enough for any demand that might be made upon them.

Then came the long war and the daily fighting for months, and they met it by night and day, in the jungle and in the open; no swamp, no river, no intrenchment and no foe could stop them. The necessities of the war made them ubiquitous; they were everywhere, on river, on land, and when a stronghold was to be stormed, their guns first cleared the way, until in an army where all were heroes the men of Utah made for themselves a conspicuous name.

They earned it, for they never retreated, never lost a battle or a flag, never started for the foe that thy did not scatter it as the wind scatters the chaff from the threshing floor. When their terms of enlistment expired, they fought on, week after week, until their places could be supplied.

CAPT. WALTER C. SHOUP.

[Photo by Johnson.]

There is but one sad memory in all their record. Some did not return. Some went down in the storm of battle; some lingered, but died of their wounds; some fell by disease, for war demands its inexorable sacrifices, and Utah supplied its quota.

The dead are sleeping under perennial flowers and the sob of the Pacific against the coral shore is their everlasting lullaby, but they are missed and mourned.

The record of the volunteers is nowhere dimmed. They went away boys; they returned men. They made for themselves great names; by their deeds they exalted the name of their State.

They have all won for themselves an appreciative people's gratitude, a nation's praise.

To their neighbors and friends their welfare will always be a concernment. They did more than drive back a treacherous foe; they exalted themselves, and they never can afford to sully the fame that they won.

The nation holds them in loving remembrance; the State greets the living with warm welcomes and all hails; to their dead, in tears, it extends "all hails and farewells."

C. C. GOODWIN,
Editor of the Salt Lake Tribune.

LIEUT. HARRY A. YOUNG.

Lieut. Harry A. Young was born in Salt Lake City, February 24, 1865. His father was Lorenzo Young, a brother of President Brigham Young, and one of the Pioneers of Utah. He was educated at the public schools of the city and at the University of Utah, from which institution he graduated with high honors. After fulfilling a mission for the Mormon church, of which he was a devoted member, he went east and studied

medicine, fitting himself very thoroughly for the practice of his profession. Upon the completion of his medical course he returned home and started practicing his profession in the city of his birth. After spending several years in Salt Lake he removed to Ephraim, Sanpete county, where he was established at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. He was mustered into the service at Fort Douglas as Quartermaster's Sergeant of Battery A, and sailed with his command to the Philippines.

There was no better officer in the quartermaster service than Harry A. Young, and during the early days of the insurrection he did double duty, that of the cares of his office and using his medical skill in alleviating the sufferings of the wounded on the field. It was in this latter capacity that his skill and zeal drew the attention of the Surgeon-General of the Army in the Philippines, who in a report to the department at Washington recommended his promotion to a Lieutenancy. After delay, his commission was made out and forwarded to the islands, only to reach there after the gallant soldier had laid down his life. This sad event occurred on the 6th of February, 1899. The circumstances of his death will never be known, but it is supposed he was on one of his errands of mercy, when he fell in with a band of insurgents, who brutally murdered him. There was no truer man, no better soldier than Dr. Harry A. Young.

GEORGE H. HUDSON

Enlisted as a private in Battery B, Utah Light Artillery. He was unmarried, and a native of Polk county, Oregon. He gave his age as 28; occupation, blacksmith; residence, Mercur. Dr. M. Hudson, Baker City, Ore., was to be notified in case of death. Private Hudson was the first of the Utah artillerymen killed. He was shot by a Filipino in a street fight at Cavite August 24, 1898.

SERGEANT FORD FISHER

Enlisted as a Sergeant in Battery A, Utah Light Artillery. He was unmarried; was born at Seaford, Dela.; gave his age as 22; calling, civil engineer; address, Salt Lake. In case of death I. M. Fisher was to be notified. He was killed at Rio Grande on May 14th.

Ford Fisher was every inch a soldier and had he not been stricken down by the ambushed enemy, would today have been home with the stripes of a Lieutenant upon his broad, manly shoulders. He was a true representative of the young intelligent American soldier. He met death on a gunboat while at the post of duty.

JOHN GRANGER YOUNG.

Corporal John Granger Young was killed in the first battle of Cavite, on February 5, 1899, just one day before the death of his close relative, Dr. Harry Young, in fact, Dr. Young attended to his wounds just prior to his own death. Corporal Young was in the front line of the fighting when a bullet struck him full in the breast. He was conveyed to the hospital and tenderly cared for, but died a few hours afterwards. Corporal Young was the son of the late William G. Young. His mother is Martha Granger Young. He was born August 28, 1871, at St. Charles, Ida. He filled a mission to New Zealand in 1894.

GEORGE O. LARSON

Enlisted as Corporal in Battery A. He was unmarried. He gave his birthplace as Dover, Utah, and his age as 18. He was a student at school. His mother, who was to be notified in case of his death, resided at Dover. He died at Manila December 10, 1898.

JOHN T. KENNEDY

Enlisted as a private in Battery A, Utah Light Artillery, and was afterward promoted to be Corporal. He was unmarried, and a native of Ottawa, Canada; gave his age as 26, occupation, farmer; residence, Park City. Andrew Kennedy of Ottawa, Canada, was to be notified in case of death. He died at Manila, March 15, 1899.

OSCAR A. FENNINGER

Enlisted as a private in Battery A, Utah Light Artilley. He was unmarried, gave his birthplace as Yates City, Ill., his residence, Park City; occupation, butcher; age 26. In case of death, Frederick Fenninger of Orleans, Neb., was to be notified.

MAX MADISON.

Private Max Madison, who was killed, was one of Wedgwood's recruits, a private, 32 years of age when he enlisted; a native of Denmark, and by occupation a laborer. He enlisted June 27, 1898, at Salt Lake City for the period of two years. He was unmarried and his parents live at Omaha. In case of death notice was to be sent to the Dennis Pioneer, Omaha, Neb. He was killed in battle with the Filipinos at Bag Bag March 25th.

FRED A. BUMILLER

Enlisted as a private in Battery B. He was unmarried. He gave his age at enlistment as 34; occupation, butcher; residence, Salt Lake City; birthplace, Holzhollern, Germany. C. W. Lickman, Salt Lake City, was to be notified. While here Private Bumiller was employed at the Royal meat market. He was wounded in the abdomen in a battle with the Filipinos on March 25th and died in the hospital six days later.

CHARLES PARSONS

Enlisted as a private in Battery A. He gave his age as 21, his occupation jockey, his residence and birthplace, Salt Lake City. He was unmarried; and in response to the inquiry as to who should be notified in case of his death, he said he had no parents or guardians. As a matter of fact, his parents reside in the Sixth ward, Salt Lake City, but he was enlisting without their knowledge. Died at Manila April 20, 1899.

EMIL F. SELMER

Enlisted as a member of Battery A. He was unmarried, and was a hotelman in Salt Lake City. He gave his age as 40, and birthplace, Aarhus, Denmark, case of death Ida A. Selmer, Aarhus, Denmark, was to be notified.

RICHARD H. RALPH

Enlisted as a private in Battery B. He was a single man, gave his age as 26, birthplace, St. Anne's Chapel, England, residence, Eureka; occupation, miner. In case of death, Wm. Honey, St. Anne's Chapel, England, was to be notified. Private Ralph died in the hospital at Nagasaki, Japan, July 12, 1899.

MOWRITZ C. JENSEN

Enlisted as a private in Battery B, and was afterwards promoted to be corporal. He was a native of Denmark, and unmarried. He gave his age as 25; occupation, laborer; residence, Castle Gate. In case of death, notice was to be sent to Mrs. Jensen, Arnburg, Denmark. Corporal Jensen was shot in the abdomen in battle with the Filipinos, March 25th, and died six days later.

WILHELM I. GOODMAN

Was one of Wedgwood's recruits to fill up the batteries when the organization was enlarged, and was assigned to Battery A. He was unmarried, and gave his age as 26, his birthplace, Hoganess, Sweden; occupation, tailor; residence, Salt Lake. In case of death, word was to be sent to Goodman Johnson, Ornakarr, Hoganess, Sweden. He was shot and killed at Santa Mesa, near Manila, in the battle of February 5th.

Other Utahns serving in the late war who have died.

FREDERICK B. FOWLER

Enlisted as a musician in troop I, Second regiment of U. S. volunteer cavalry, Torrey's Rough Riders. He was unmarried and a resident of Brigham City. He gave his age as 21, occupation, carpenter; birthplace, Hilliard, Wyoming. In case of death J. K. Fowler, Corinne, was to be notified.

ALBERT W. LUFF

Enlisted in troop C, First Utah U. S. volunteer cavalry, in May, 1898. He was 21 years of age; birthplace, Hooper, Utah; residence, Salt Lake City; occupation, plumber. In case of death, H. W. Naisbitt was to be notified. He went with troop C to California, where he was taken ill with fever and died. His body was brought to Salt Lake City for interment.

ALBERT W. HARTVIGSEN

Enlisted at Fort Douglas in May, 1897, was assigned to the Fourth Cavalry, becoming a private in Troop E. He was the son of Emil Hartvigsen of Sandy, Utah, and was 19 years of age. He had been employed as a smelterman at Murray.

On March 10th he was accidentally shot, at Manila, with a revolver in the hands of Private Stolkman of the same troop, and died the next day.

WILLIAM TUFTS

Enlisted at Fort Douglas, and was assigned as a private to Troop E, Fourth U. S. Cavalry. He was a native of Salt Lake City and son of the late Elbridge Tufts. His widowed mother now resides in this city. He was 21 years of age at the time of enlistment. He was wounded in a charge on the Filipino position at Malabon, and died a few days later, April 6th, in the division hospital at Manila.

MORLEY G. HASSARD

Enlisted in the Wyoming volunteers. He was a resident of Salt Lake City, where his parents now reside, but was in the employ of the Salt Lake Implement company, in its Wyoming branch. He was a well-known bicyclist in this city. He died of typhoid fever in the hospital at Manila, on November 13, 1898.

WILLIAM A. PARKER

Enlisted in Wyoming, in Company H, Second U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, Torrey's Rough Riders. He was 18 years of age at the time of enlistment, and was unmarried. He was born at Heber City, Utah, September 27, 1880, and had gone to Wyoming a few weeks before his enlistment. He was stricken with typhoid fever at Jacksonville, Florida, October 10, 1898.

BURTON C. MORRIS

Enlisted in the Rough Riders and was duly mustered in with his comrades. He was a young man of 29 years of age, very

popular, and gave promise of being a good and valuable citizen of Salt Lake City. He was murdered July 17, 1899, by John H. Benbrook.

DON R. CORAY,

Of Provo, who contracted his fatal sickness in the service of his country, lived to reach his home and spend the few last days of his life with his family.

UTAH VOLUNTEER MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

To the enthusiastic interest and indomitable energy of Mr. William Glassmann, with the aid of a number of like-minded friends, is to be credited the movement which culminated in the above named association. It is incorporated under the laws of Utah for $100,000. The certificates are for $1 a share, and no one can subscribe for more than one share. The certificates are artistic poems of patriotism in technique, being beautifully engraved and having portraits of President McKinley, Admirals Dewey, Schley and Sampson, Generals Miles and Lawton and the two Utah Majors, Richard W. Young and F. A. Grant.

The monument is to be copied after the famous Washington monument at the National Capital, to be composed of native stone; each county and city to furnish a slab, to contain an elevator, which will carry observers to the top free of any cost, and to be worthy of the cause it commemorates and the people who erect it. Its height is to be 150 feet and it is to be erected in Ogden.

The following gentlemen constitute the present personnel of its officers:

William Glassmann, president.
John A. Boyle, vice-president.
C. P. Jennings, secretary.
David Eccles, treasurer.
Isaac L. Clark.
Angus T. Wright.
Henry C. Bigelow.
Nels C. Flygare.
Thomas G. Burt.

JOINT RESOLUTION OF THE LEGISLATURE OF UTAH IN COMMENDATION TO THE UTAH BATTERIES.

On February 6, 1899, the Legislature of the State appointed a committee from both Houses, consisting of Senator Whitney and Representatives Parry and Jackson, to prepare a resolution expressing the thanks of Utah to the Batteries then in the Philippines.

In accordance therewith the committee on February 8th reported, recommending the adoption of this resolution:

TRIBUTE TO UTAH SOLDIERS.

"Resolved, By the Governor and the Legislature of the State of Utah, that the thanks of this commonwealth are due and are hereby tendered to the officers and men of Batteries A and B, Utah Light Artillery, for the gallant conduct displayed by them in the several engagements in the Philippines.

"Utah in unison with her sister States blends with tears of grief for the fallen, songs of rejoicing for the heroes who survive to tell the tale of valor and victory."

The reading of the resolution was the signal for a hearty round of cheers, and after a few words of comment it was adopted by a rousing chorus of ayes.

A copy of the resolution bearing the signatures of the Governor, the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House was sent to the batteries.

[ADDENDA.]

LIEUTENANT SIDNEY K. HOOPER

Was born in Salt Lake City, twenty-eight years ago, and belonged to one of the foremost families of Utah. His father was Captain William H. Hooper, who was a delegate to Congress and at one time President of the Deseret National Bank, one of the fame institutions of the State, and his mother was Marie Knowlton Hooper, a lady identified with the first social circles of Utah.

He attended school in Salt Lake City and later matriculated at the military school of the Bishop Scott Academy at Portland, Oregon, where he acquired that knowledge and practice in military tactics which fitted him so well to fill his commission in the famous troop to which he became attached.

Later, he studied law at Harvard, and subsequently engaged in the insurance and railroad business in Salt Lake City. He enlisted in Salt Lake City as a private in the Torrey's Rough Riders; but at the muster in of that force at Cheyenne, he was commissioned First Sergeant, and, later upon the promotion of Captain Cannon to the Lieutenancy of the command, he received the commission as Second Lieutenant of the troop. He went with his regiment to Jacksonville, Florida, and remained with it until he was mustered out of the service, discharging the duties of his office so efficiently as to meet with the generous approbation of his military superiors.

Mr. Hooper was what is called a rich man's son; that is, he was wealthy, inheriting his wealth from his father. He did

not hesitate to sacrifice his social position, wealth and ease, which that wealth afforded, to serve in the camp and field at the call of his country as a private. It is just such examples which astonish the military critics of foreign countries, when they contemplate the volunteer system of America.

[Note—Received too late for classification.—Editor.]

CAPTAIN WALTER C. SHOUP,

Son of George L. Shoup, United States Senator from Idaho and late Colonel of Third Regiment Colorado Cavalry, was born June 5th, 1872, at Salmon City, Idaho, where he lived until ten years of age and then removed to Dubuque, Iowa, and after having graduated from the public schools of that city returned to his native city in 1888, and during the succeeding two years served in the capacity of Private Secretary to the Governor of Idaho. In 1891 he entered the law department of Yale University and graduated in the class of '93 with the degree of LL. B., and the same year was admitted to practice in the State of Connecticut. He then removed to Salt Lake City, Utah, where he continued in the practice of his chosen profession until the outbreak of the war with Spain. Captain Shoup was enrolled at Salmon, Idaho, on May 4th, 1898, for service in the Spanish war, in the company which afterwards became Troop "D," Second U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Torrey, and mustered into service of the United States May 19th, 1898, at Ft. D. A. Russell, Wyoming, as First Lieutenant; and on June 24th, '98, his regiment left Ft. Russell, Wyoming, for Camp Cuba Libre, Jacksonville, Florida, arriving there July 2nd, 1898. Captain Shoup served as Regimental Ordnance Officer, Judge Advocate and Squadron Adjutant, and on September 17th, '98, was promoted Captain and assigned to the command of Troop "D." He was mustered out of service at Jacksonville, Florida, on October 24th,

1898, and in July, 1899, associated himself with Mr. George N. Lawrence and resumed the practice of the law in Salt Lake City, Utah.

[Note—Received too late for classification.—Editor.]

ASSISTANT SURGEON T. GEORGE ODELL

Is the son of George T. Odell, was born April 3rd, 1873, at Ogden, Utah, from whence his parents removed to Salt Lake City. After completing his studies at the local schools of the latter place Surgeon Odell entered the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, at which institution he remained until the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain. He volunteered for service in the navy, and was on June 28th, 1898, commissioned as assistant surgeon with the rank of Ensign in the United States Navy, and was assigned on July 5th, 1898, to the receiving ship Vermont, from whence he was later transferred to the U. S. S. "Caesar."

After September 25th this vessel was in Cuban waters; most of the time at San Juan, Porto Rico. During his service in Cuban waters Ensign Odell was called upon to attend the distinguished commander of the squadron, Admiral Schley, who had sustained a sprain, while descending the steps of the Hotel Inglterra, and was unable to get about. He has many tales to tell of the patience, endurance and good nature of the great Admiral with which he became acquainted during his daily visits.

Ensign Odell was one of three American officers detailed to receive the surrender of Moro Castle at San Juan, and he still has the keys of the gate of that famous fortress as a memento of his trip.

After the war Surgeon Odell returned to the University of Pennsylvania, and, re-entering his class, graduated from that institution in 1899 with high honors; since which time he

has been practicing his chosen profession in his home, Salt Lake City.

[Note.—This biographical sketch was omitted from its proper place on account of having been received too late.—Editor.]

ERRATA.

Page 417, The bodies were brought home, since the chapter was written.

Page 95, after the words, "describes the storming of the hill," turn to 96 and begin at "when the afternoon came," read continuously to the words "Guess not," page 98; then turn back to 95, resume at "But the ammunition wagons."

Page 98, then turn back to 95, resume at "But the ammunition wagons.

APR 29 1948
H 282 85

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper pro
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2003
PreservationTechnolog
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVA
111 Thomson Park Drive

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 010 486 080 1